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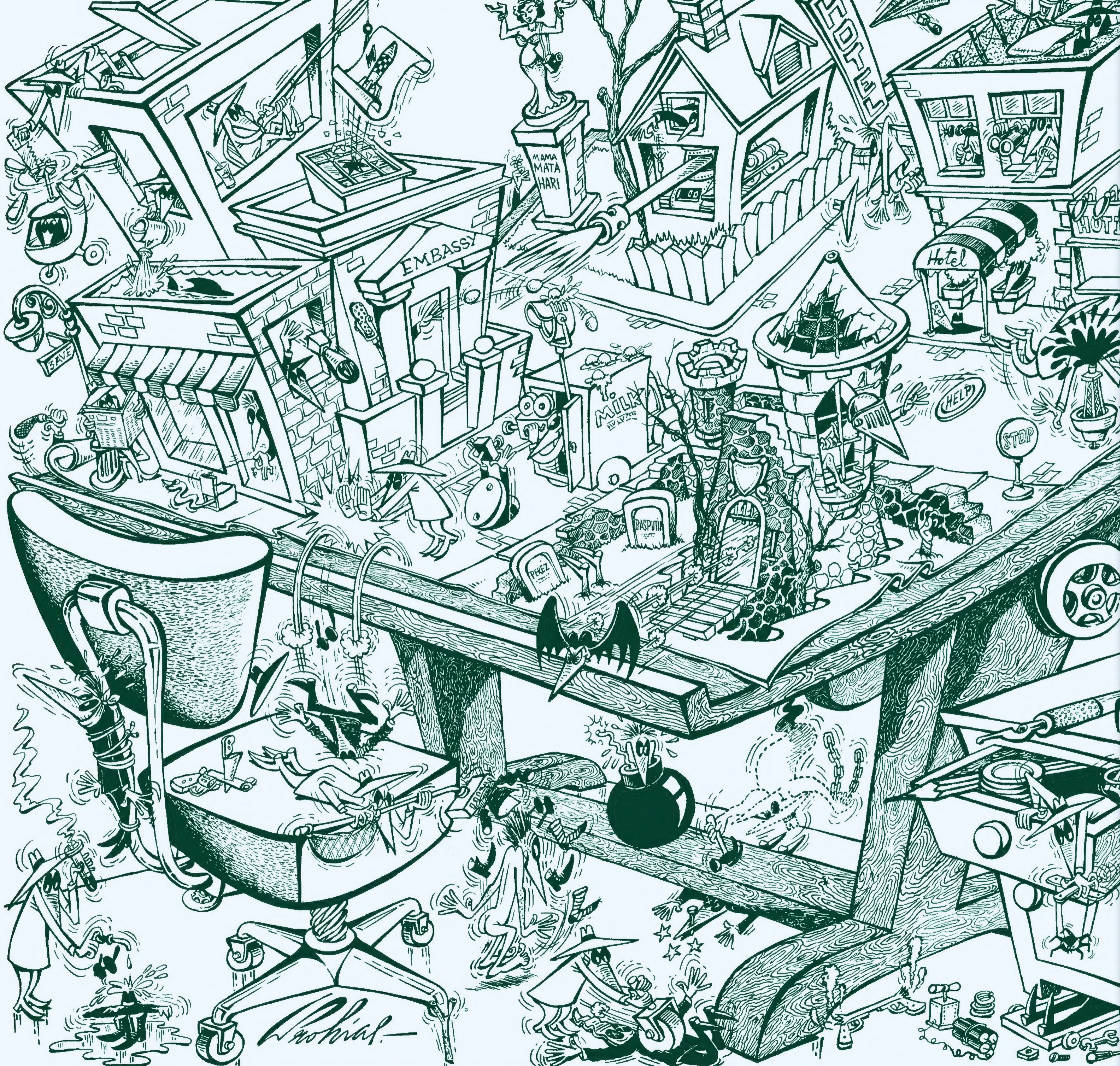


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ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD'S BIG BOOK OF SPY VS. SPY CAPERS AND OTHER SURPRISES (Warner Books, 1978)

# MAD

NO. 18 APRIL 2021

**WILLIAM M. GAINES** FOUNDER

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- 02** Spy vs. Spy, MAD #60, Jan 1961
- 03** MAD Visits the Producer-Director of "Charades", MAD #88, Jul 1964
- 08** Spy vs. Spy: Big Bang
- 11** Spy vs. Spy, MAD #184, Jul 1976
- 13** Wishin' for the Impossible, MAD #347, Jul 1996
- 18** Spy vs. Spy, MAD #359, Jul 1997
- 20** Ho-Hum Land, MAD #532, Oct 2013
- 26** Forget Smart, MAD #272, Jul 1987
- 28** Spy vs. Spy Mini Tribute Poster, MAD Presents Spy vs. Spy, Jan 2011
- 30** 8 "James Bomb" Bomb Movies, MAD #165, Mar 1974
- 39** A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at the Making of Austin Powers - The Spy Who Shagged Me, MAD #386, Oct 1999
- 40** Extreme Home Makeover with Alexa & Siri: Big Brother Edition
- 42** MAD's Thumbs Up/Thumbs Down Review - Why You Should or Shouldn't See Austin Powers in Goldmember, MAD #421, Sep 2002
- 44** Spy vs. Spy, MAD #268, Jan 1987
- 45** Spy vs. Spy, MAD #153, Sep 1972
- 46** 24 Viewers, MAD #429, May 2003
- 52** Spy vs. Spy, MAD #319, Jun 1993
- 53** Spy vs. Spy, MAD #237, Mar 1983
- 54** James Bond Villains' Pet Peeves, MAD #365, Jan 1998
- 56** Spy vs. Spy, MAD #88, Jul 1964

**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS** The Usual Gang of Idiots

**INSIDE BACK COVER** A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

**VARIOUS PLACES** Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

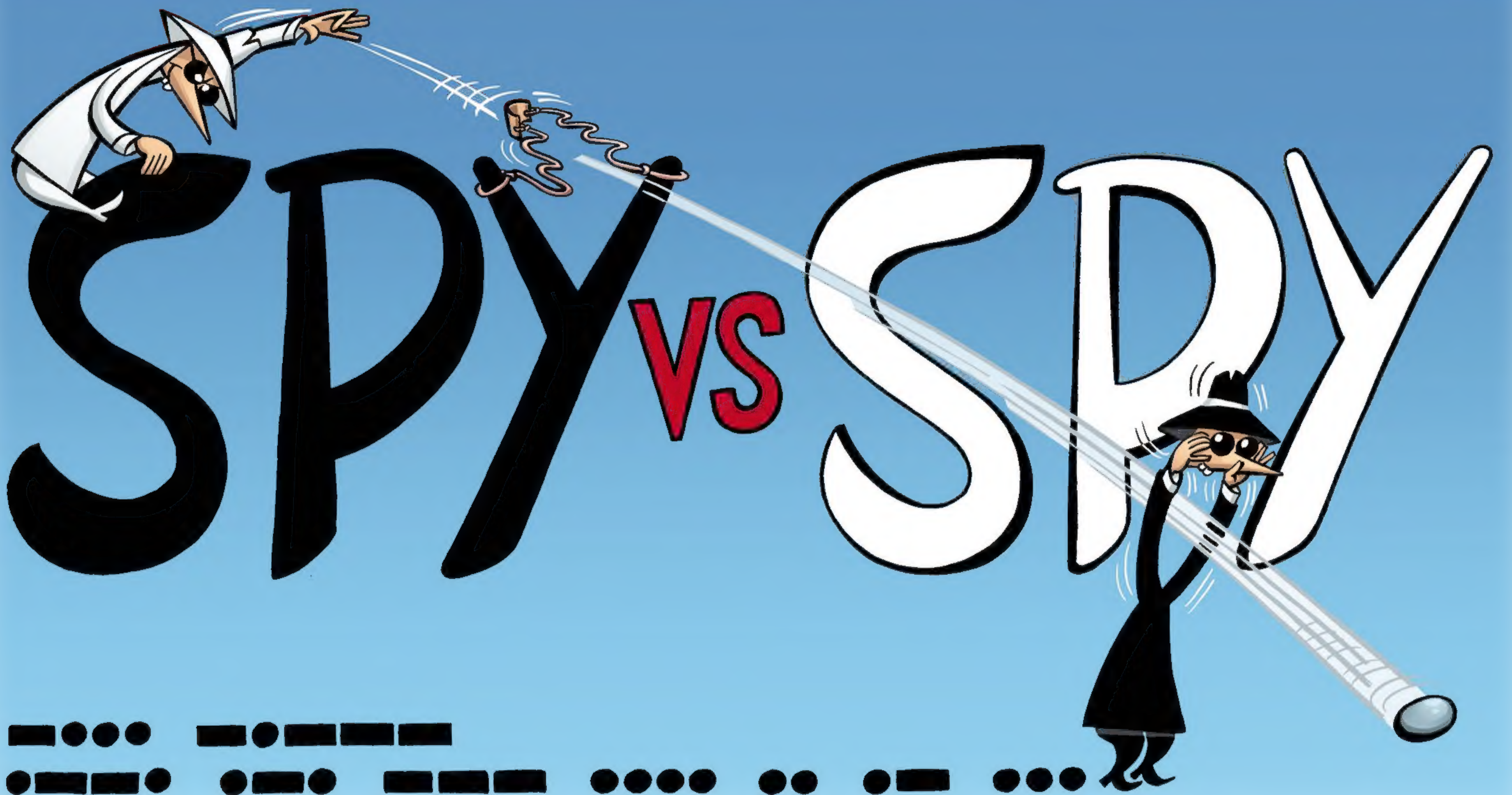
**COVER ARTIST** Peter Kuper

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

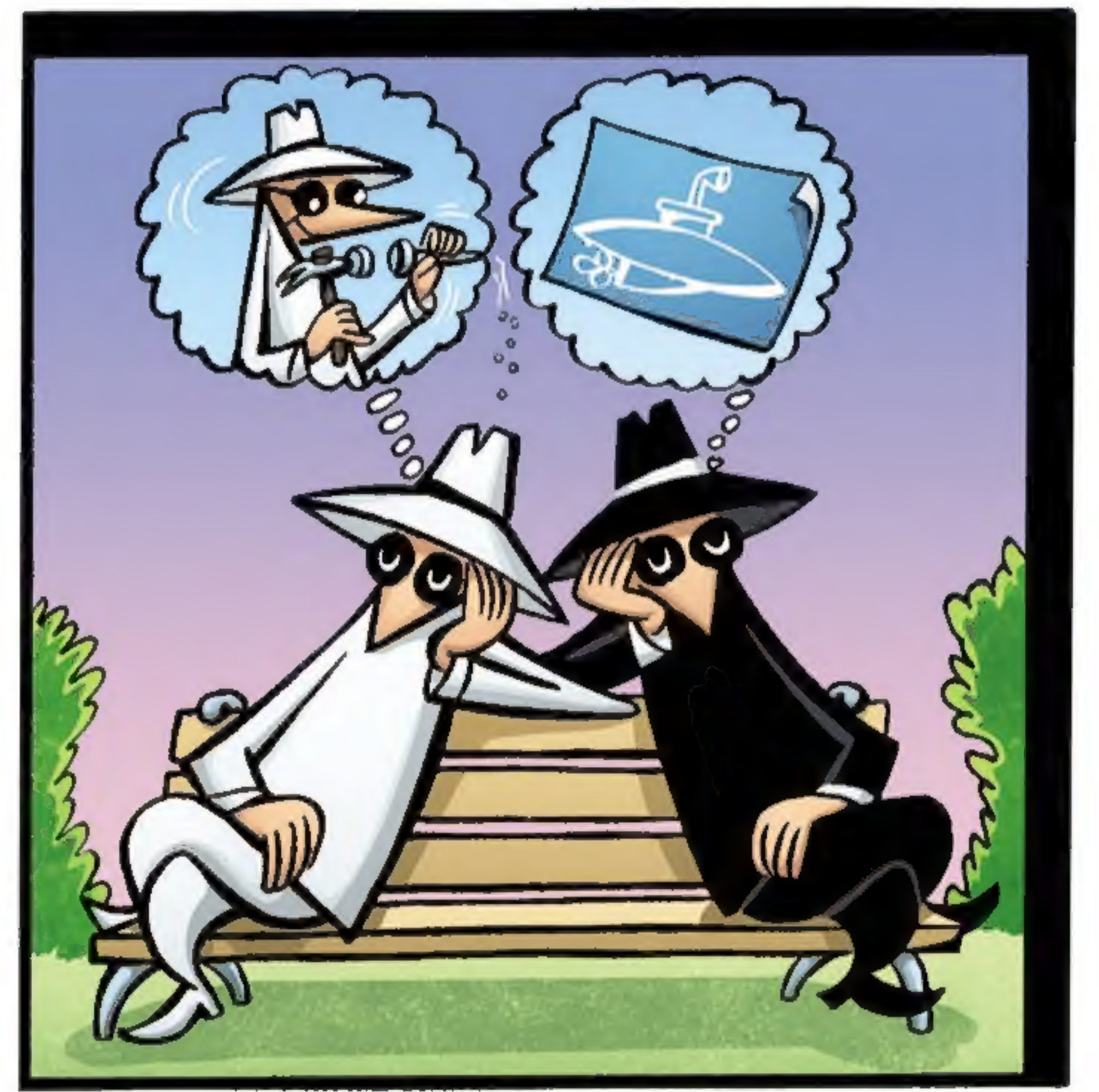
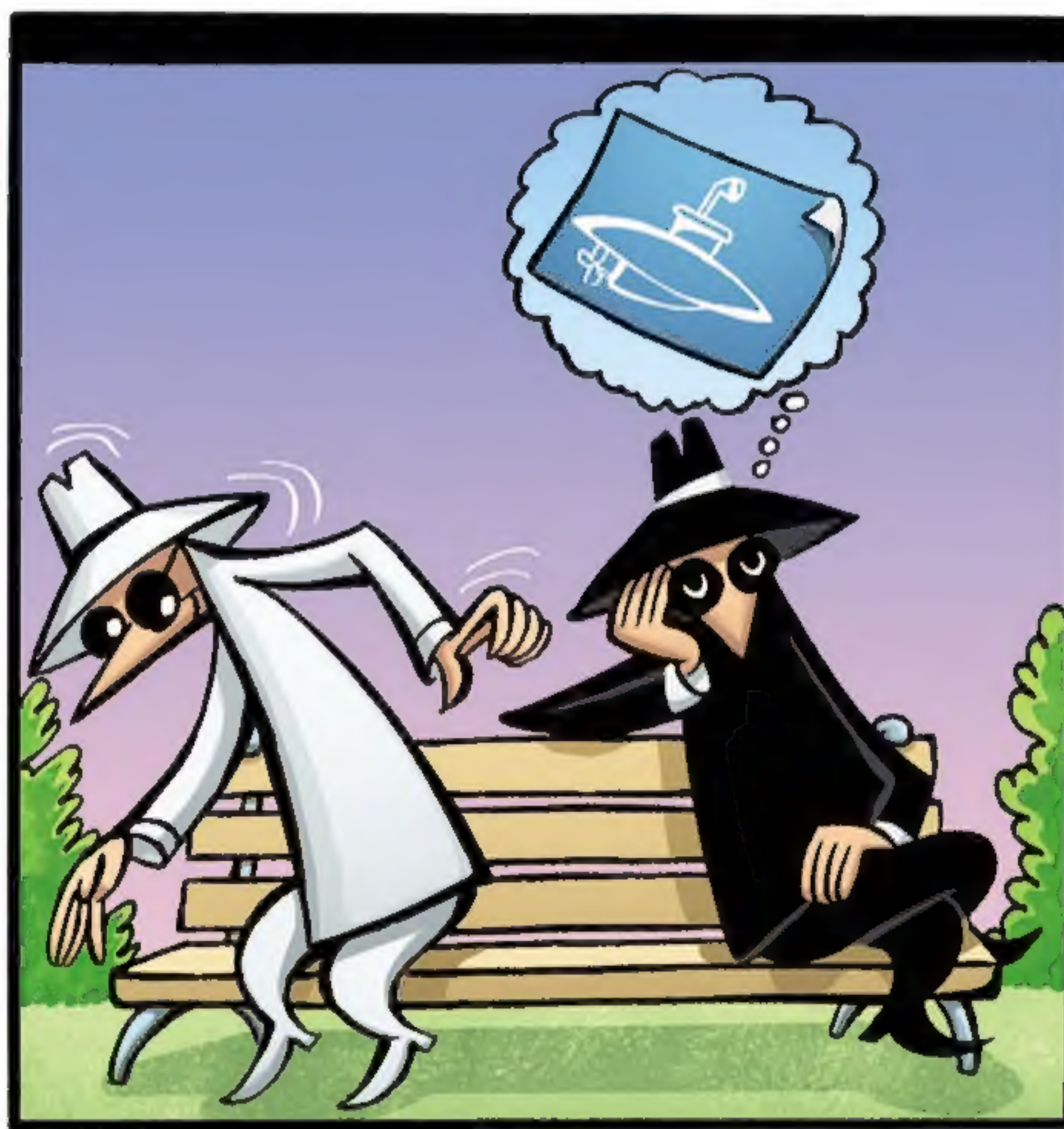


CONTENTS





WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN







Okay, Gang! It's time for another MAD version of a popular movie. Lean back, relax, take your shoes off, notice that the people sitting next to you are running for other seats, put your shoes back on, and join us as...

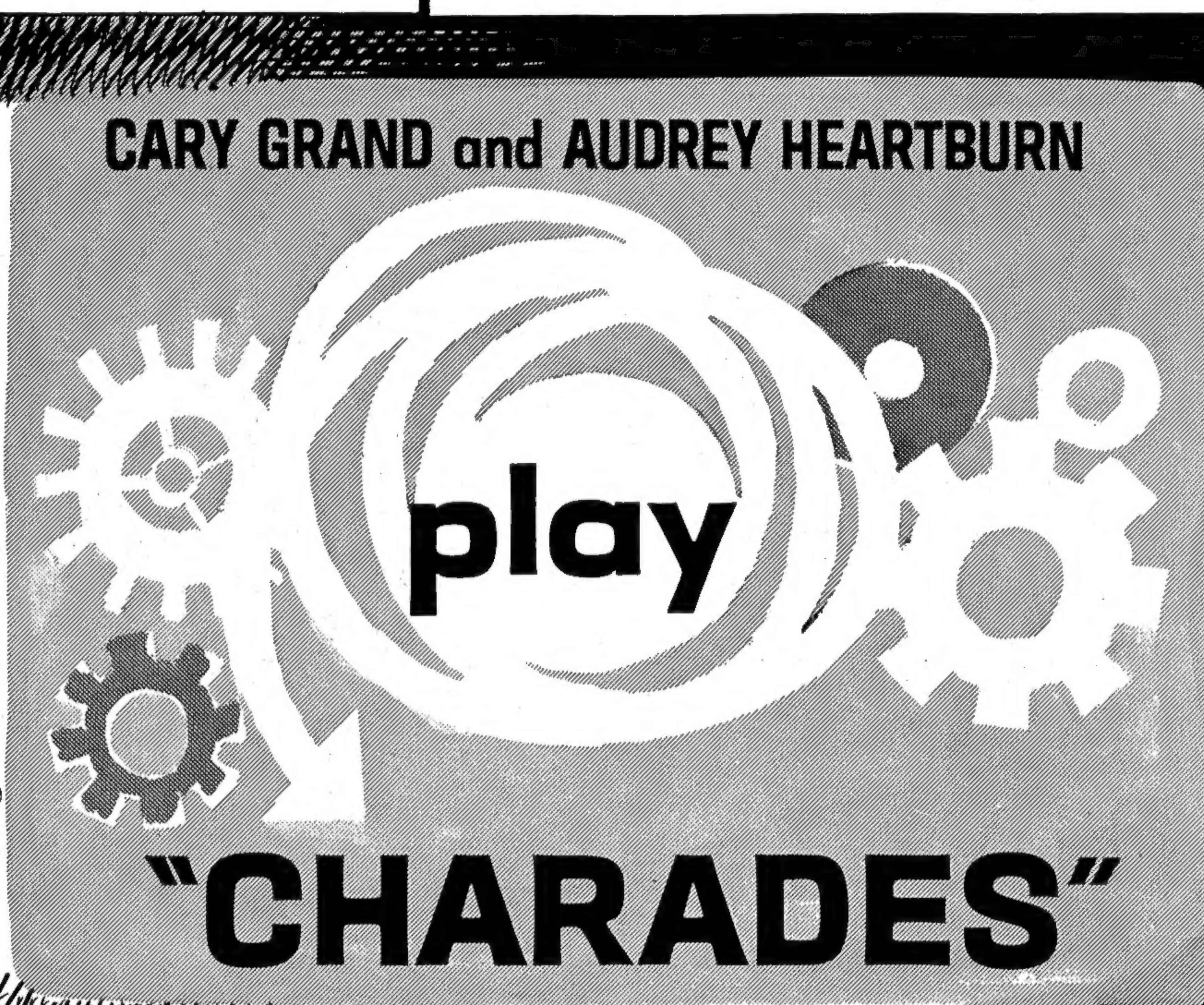
# MAD VISITS THE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR OF "CHARADES"

WRITER LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

Hello, there! I'm Stanley Done-In, the Producer-Director of the 1963 film "CHARADES"! I'd like to show you... Hey! Stop the projector! Have you gone out of your mind?!

What's the matter, S.D.? Aren't the opening titles modernistic enough? Isn't the opening musical score jazzy enough?

They're both fine—but who starts a movie nowadays with opening titles? First you get in drama—then plot-development—then the climax—then the words "The End"... THEN the opening titles!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #88, JUL 1964



There—that's a much better opening... a dead body being thrown from a train!

In a horrible comedy like this—I mean a horror-comedy like this, you must shock the audience immediately...



This may come as a shock to Mr. Done-In, but I'm not a dead body! We commuters on the Long Island Railroad always get tossed off the train at our stops like this!

The dead body was gently lifted off a mile back!

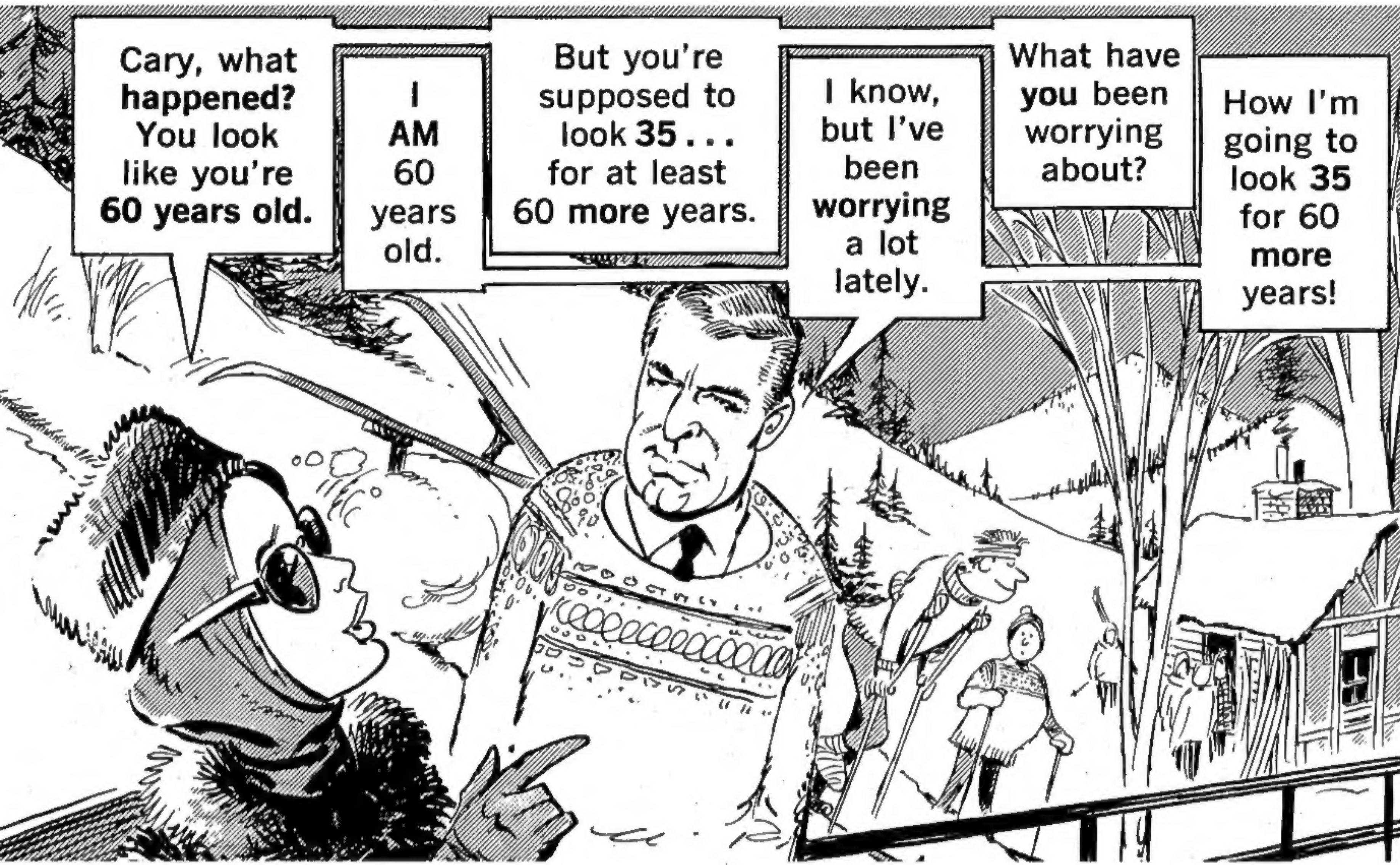






Now cut to an Alpine ski resort. Those people who weren't shocked by the dead body will be shocked by the live Cary Grand without make-up!

Dialogue in any Cary Grand movie is always the same as dialogue in real life. Richard Burton's real life!



Cary, what happened? You look like you're 60 years old.

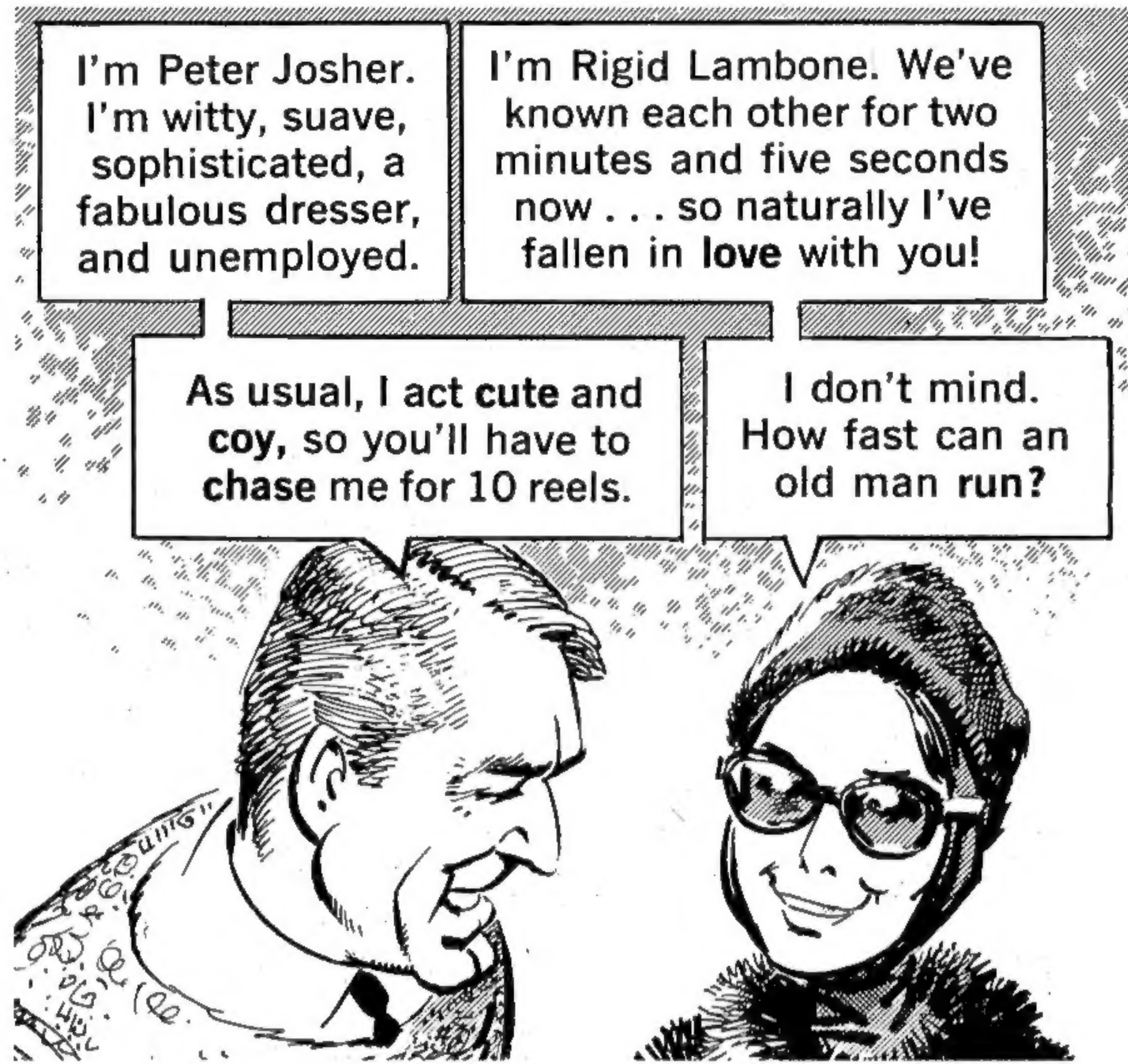
I AM 60 years old.

But you're supposed to look 35... for at least 60 more years.

I know, but I've been worrying a lot lately.

What have you been worrying about?

How I'm going to look 35 for 60 more years!



I'm Peter Josher. I'm witty, suave, sophisticated, a fabulous dresser, and unemployed.

I'm Rigid Lambone. We've known each other for two minutes and five seconds now... so naturally I've fallen in love with you!

As usual, I act cute and coy, so you'll have to chase me for 10 reels.

I don't mind. How fast can an old man run?



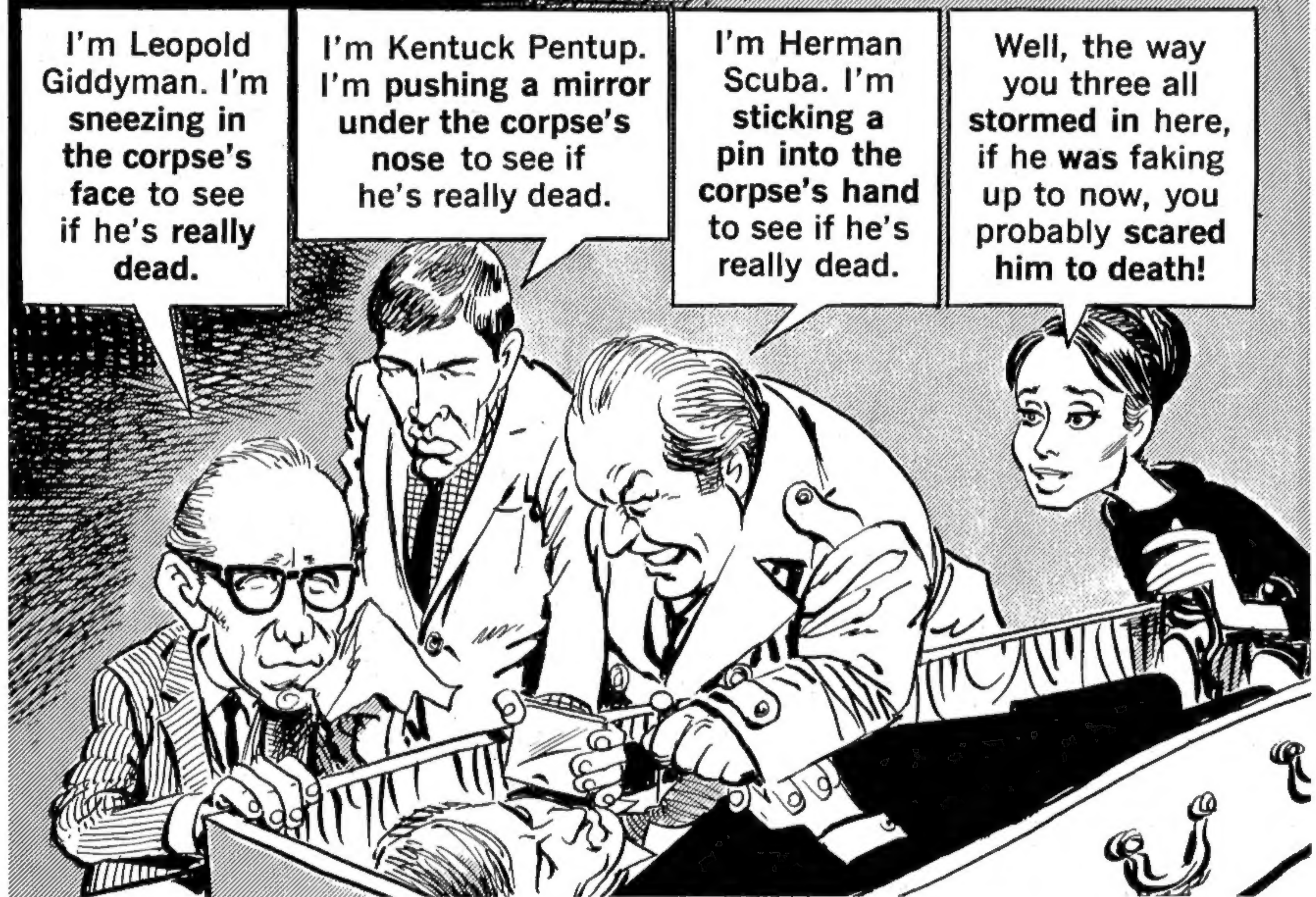
Now we cut to the exciting suspense-filled scene when Rigid arrives at her apartment in Paris and finds it stripped bare. She rushes from room to room opening closets—

Injecting humor into morbid scenes is a prerequisite of a horror-comedy like this one. Take this scene at the funeral, where we meet three murder suspects:



What a shock. What an awful disappointment. You must feel terrible not finding any clothes in your closets.

I don't feel half as bad as the audience. They're shocked and disappointed because I didn't find any bodies in my closets!



I'm Leopold Giddyman. I'm sneezing in the corpse's face to see if he's really dead.

I'm Kentuck Pentup. I'm pushing a mirror under the corpse's nose to see if he's really dead.

I'm Herman Scuba. I'm sticking a pin into the corpse's hand to see if he's really dead.

Well, the way you three all stormed in here, if he was faking up to now, you probably scared him to death!

Note the injection of humor in this next gripping scene of intrigue at the U.S. Embassy.



Next, the hero takes the heroine to a Paris night club, and being so debonnaire and sophisticated, they naturally play "pass the orange" on the dance floor.

...so anyway, your husband was murdered and his body thrown from that train. The three main suspects are old army buddies of his. They're after \$250,000 the four of them stole from the U.S. Government during the war. Your husband is believed to have hidden it somewhere.

Why is a distinguished ambassador like you telling me this horrible news while wearing those ridiculous shorts?

The writer couldn't think of any witty remarks I could make to get laughs!



What's this got to do with the plot?

Not a thing. It just gives me a chance to act cute and coy with this old lady so all the old ladies in the audience can identify with her!





Suddenly, Rigid finds herself passing the orange to Giddyman, one of the murder suspects. He threatens to torture her ...

The second suspect, Kentuck, threatens Rigid with lighted matches in a phone booth ...



But I swear I don't know where my husband's money is.

You better tell me or I'll make you play this game the hard way.

How do you play this game the hard way?

You have to pass cans of frozen orange juice!



I swear, Kentuck, I don't know where the money is.

You better tell me or I'll set your dress on fire. Or maybe I'll set your hair on fire! Or maybe I'll make you die the most horrible death of all. I'll make you smoke a cigarette!!



The third suspect, Scuba—a big, fat, grotesque slobbering hulk with an artificial hand—waits for Rigid and threatens her in her hotel room.

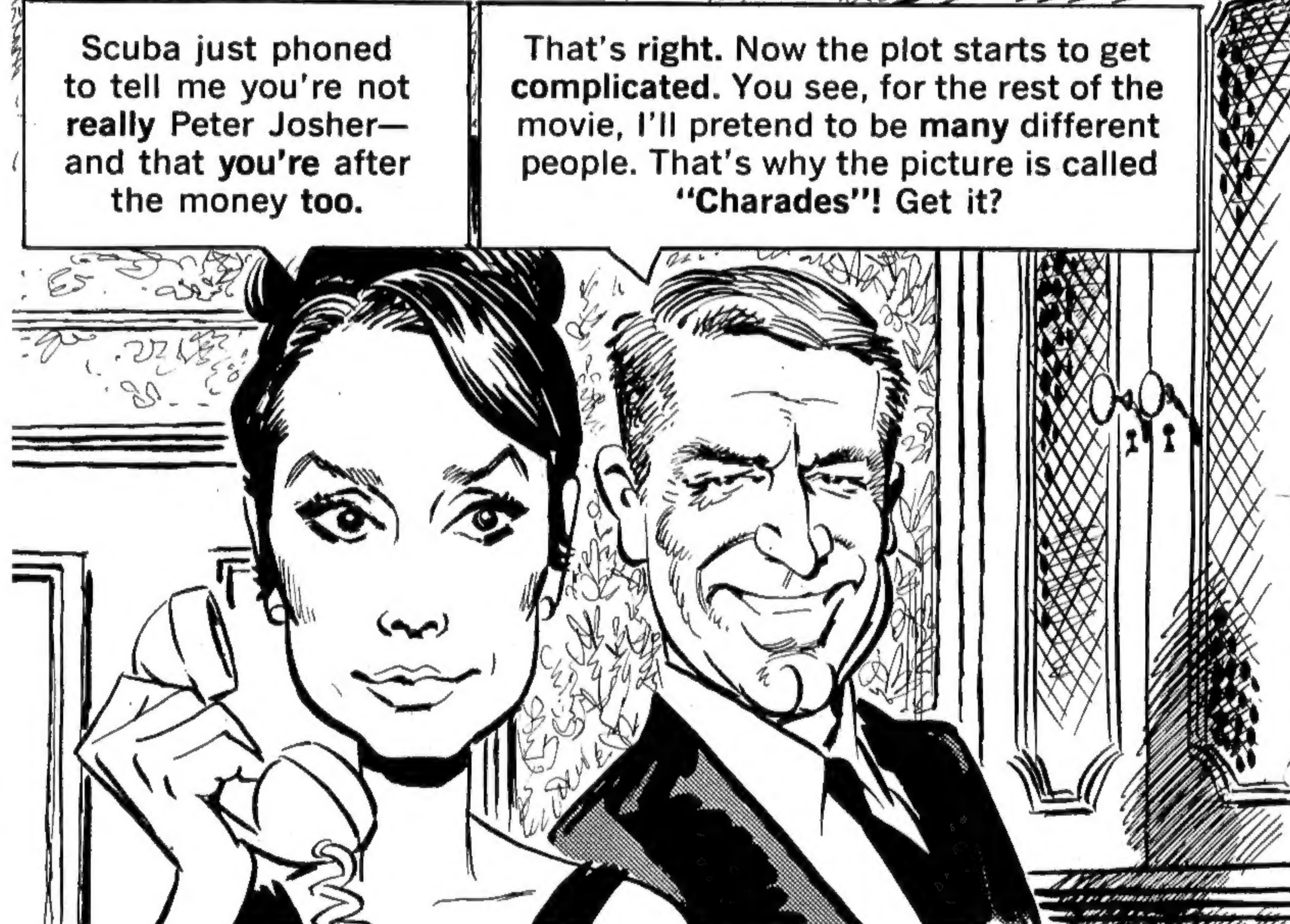
And then, a hysterical new development! The hero, Peter Josher, becomes a fourth suspect.



You better meet me with the money in front of Notre Dame Cathedral tomorrow at noon, **OR ELSE!!**

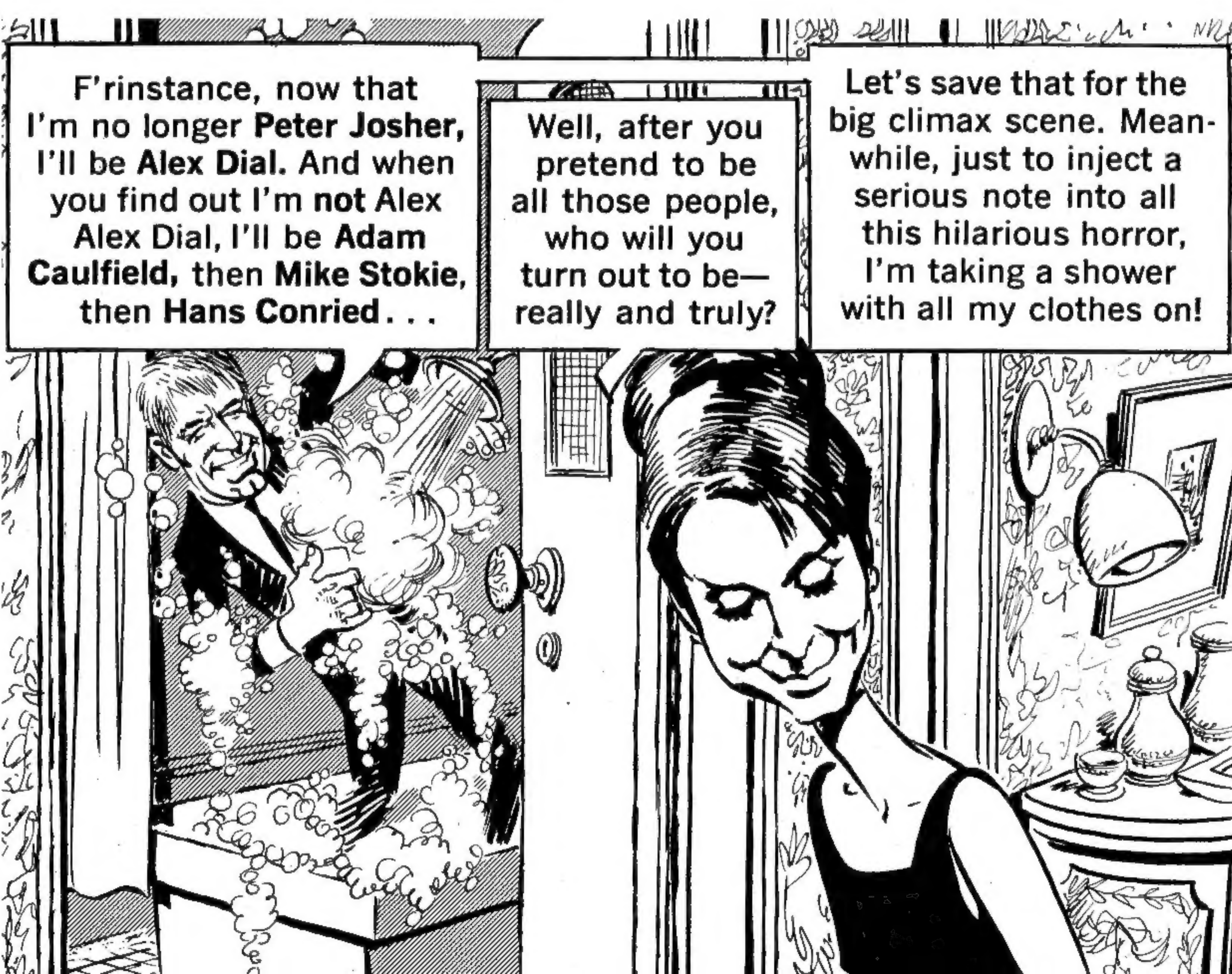
How will I be able to recognize you?

I'll wear a rose in my lapel.



Scuba just phoned to tell me you're not really Peter Josher—and that you're after the money too.

That's right. Now the plot starts to get complicated. You see, for the rest of the movie, I'll pretend to be many different people. That's why the picture is called "Charades"! Get it?



F'rinstance, now that I'm no longer Peter Josher, I'll be Alex Dial. And when you find out I'm not Alex Alex Dial, I'll be Adam Caulfield, then Mike Stokie, then Hans Conried...

Well, after you pretend to be all those people, who will you turn out to be—really and truly?

Let's save that for the big climax scene. Meanwhile, just to inject a serious note into all this hilarious horror, I'm taking a shower with all my clothes on!



Now for the scene that's a "must" for every horror-comedy movie like this one, the thrilling but frightening fight on the rooftop, with witty remarks to take the edge off.



You know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to rip out your eyes and throw you off the roof and you'll hit the ground and smash all your bones and bleed all over the ...

Gee whiz, Scuba... can't you ever be serious!?



And now for some really funny scenes:  
Scuba is found drowned in a bathtub.



Next, Giddyman's throat  
is slit in an elevator...

And finally, Kentuck is found with a  
vinyl plastic bag tied over his head.



This calls for some  
witty bathtub remark.  
How about: Too bad  
he died before he  
had a chance to  
**COME CLEAN!**

That's clever. How  
about: This crime  
has a familiar  
**RING** to it!



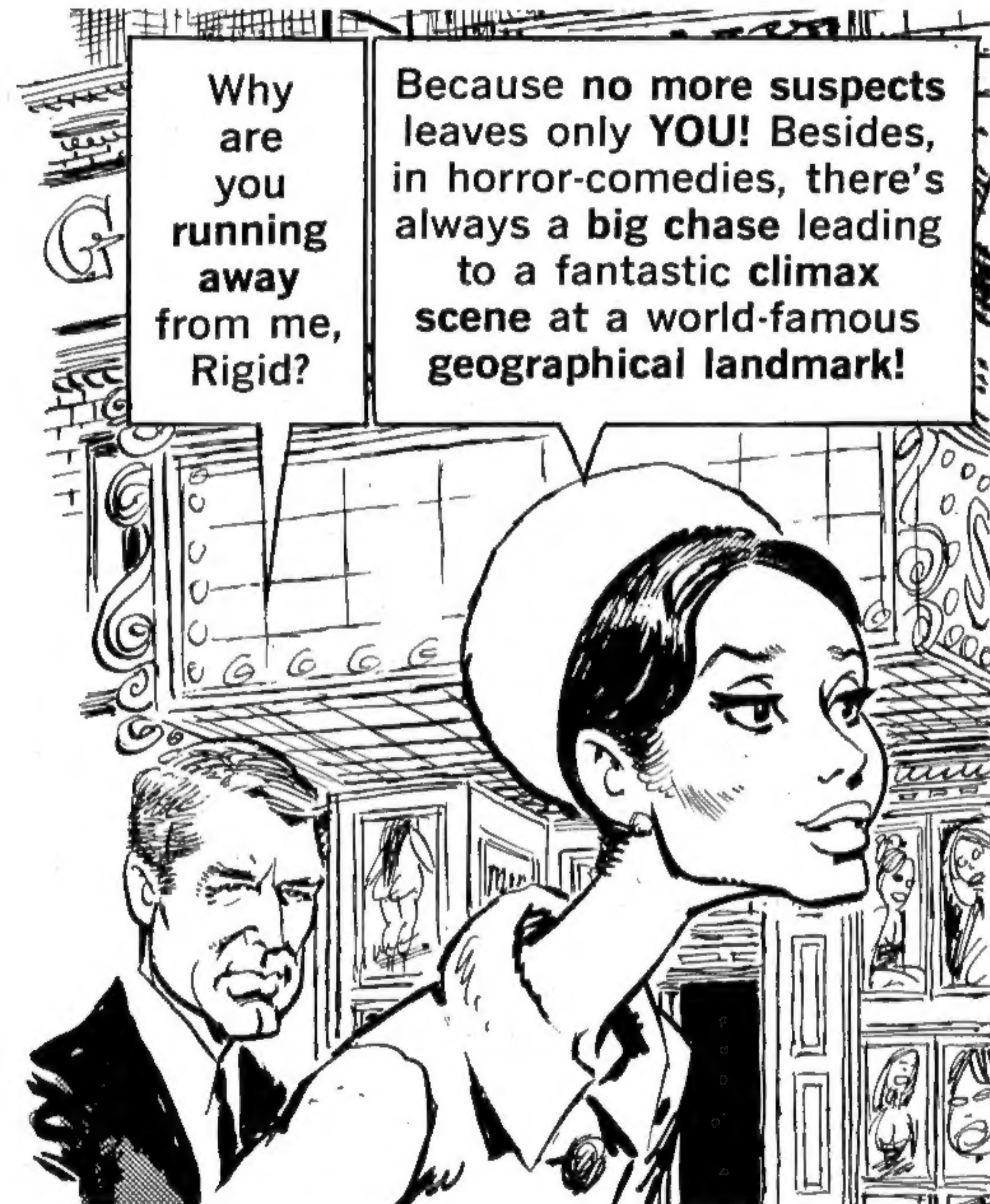
I got one!  
Looks like  
somebody gave  
him the  
**SHAFT!**

Not bad! Here's  
a better one! The  
murderer really  
showed him  
**WHERE TO  
GET OFF!**



How's this?  
Obviously the  
murderer didn't  
want to let the  
cat out of  
the **BAG!**

Better still...  
That **WRAPS UP** the  
last of the suspects!  
... which means  
I'm in plenty trouble!



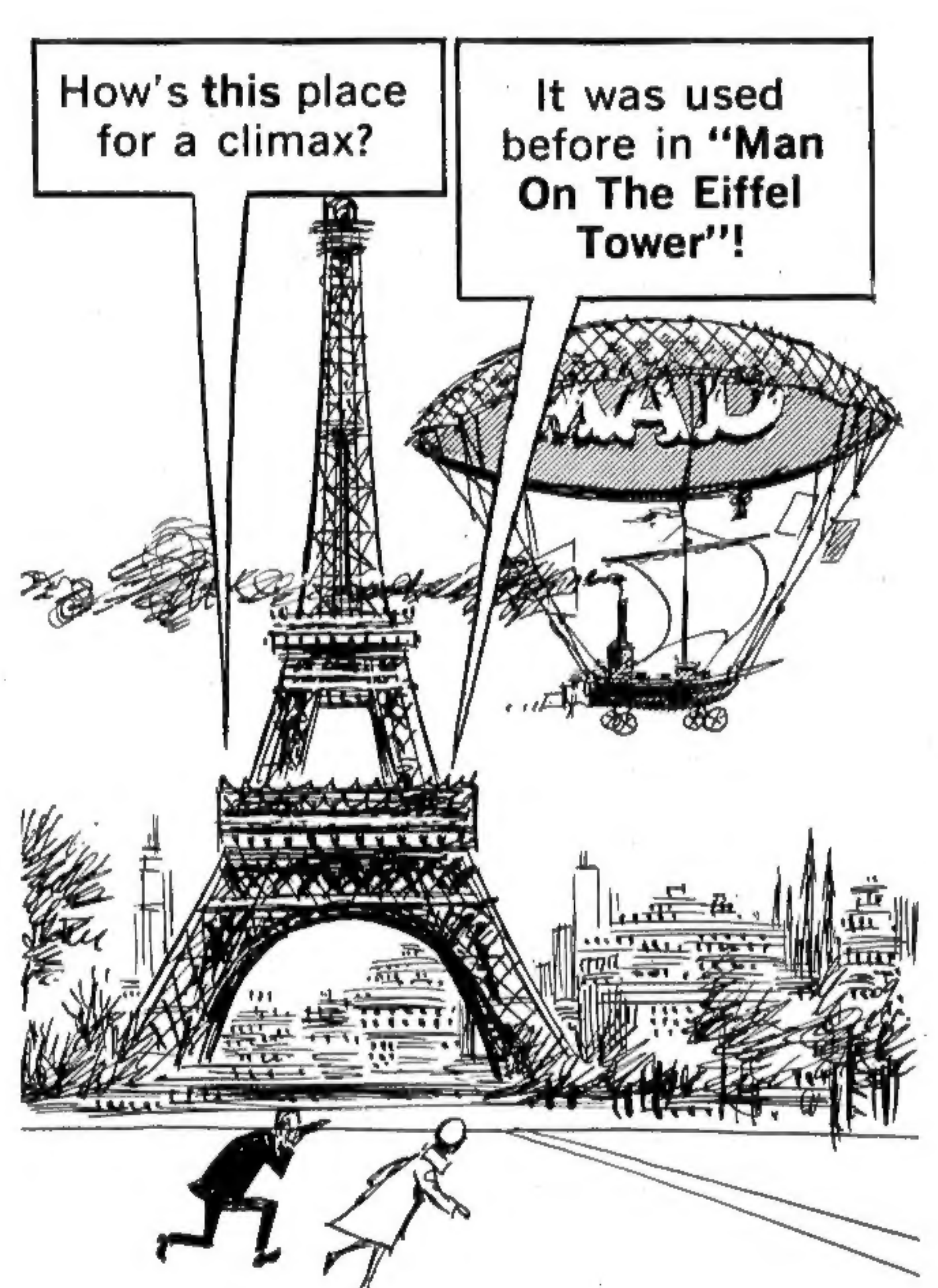
Why  
are  
you  
running  
away  
from me,  
Rigid?

Because no more suspects  
leaves only **YOU!** Besides,  
in horror-comedies, there's  
always a big chase leading  
to a fantastic climax  
scene at a world-famous  
geographical landmark!



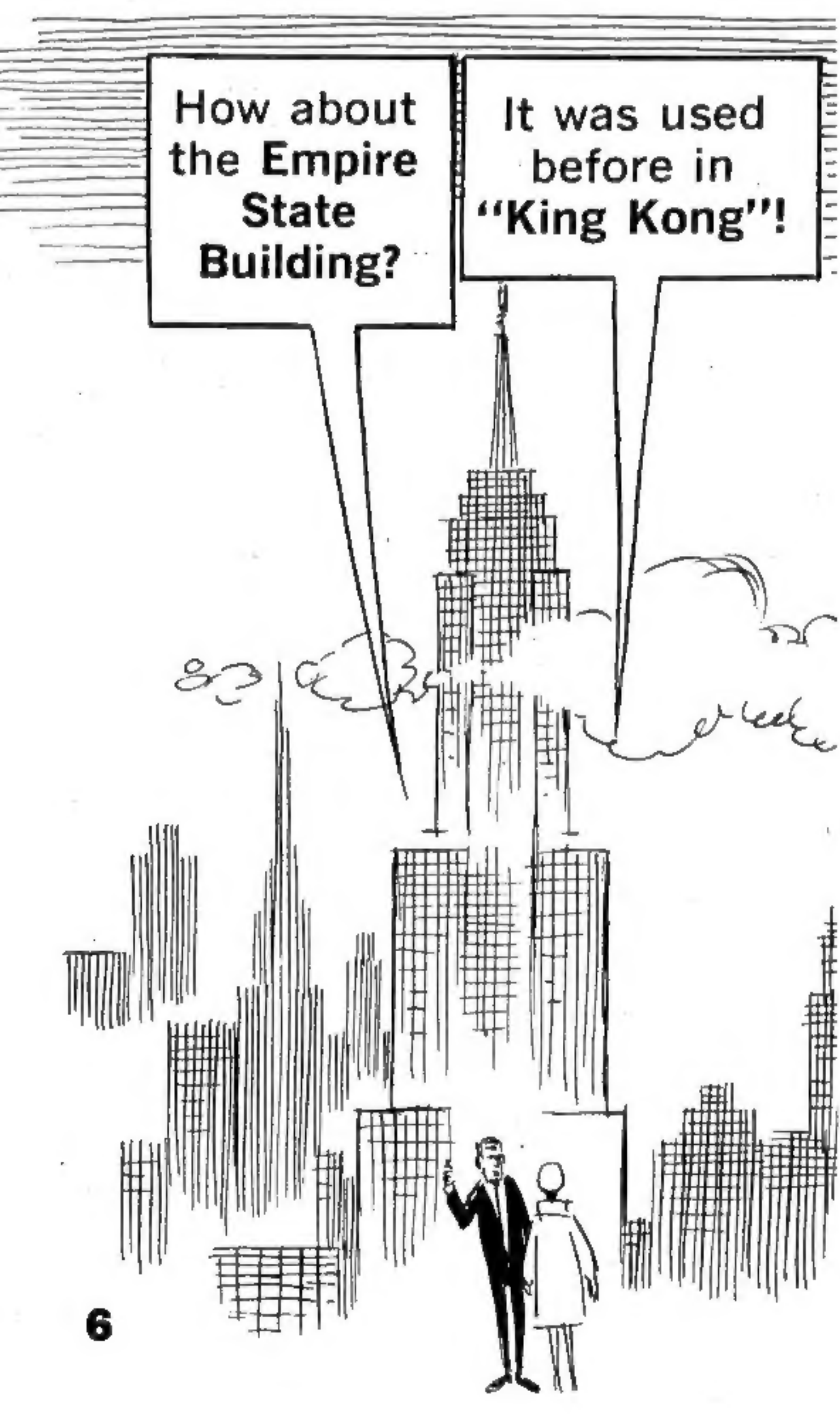
I know that. But our  
big climax takes place  
in that **French theatre**  
we just passed.

A theater!? What a  
dull place for an  
exciting climax  
scene. Keep running!



How's this place  
for a climax?

It was used  
before in "**Man  
On The Eiffel  
Tower!**"



How about  
the **Empire  
State  
Building?**

It was used  
before in  
"**King Kong!**"



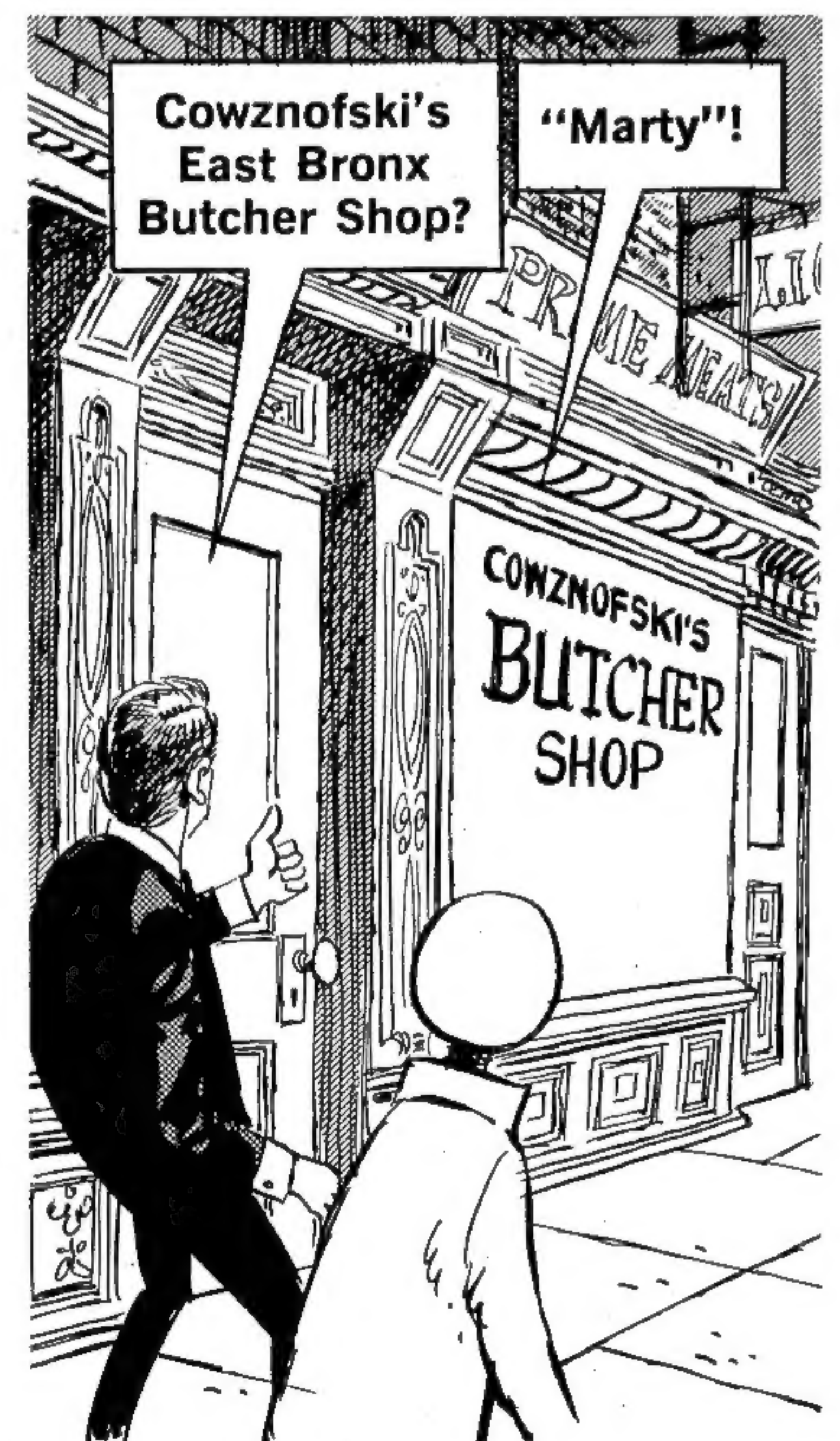
What about  
the **Statue  
Of Liberty?**

Nope! It  
was used in  
"**Espionage!**"



**Mount  
Rushmore?**

Nope! "**North  
By Northwest!**"



**Cowznofski's  
East Bronx  
Butcher Shop?**

"**Marty!**"



I guess there are no more original world landmarks left to stage an exciting climax scene. Besides, I frankly don't care where the money is or who the murderer is. But there's one thing I must know. You've played so many different people in this movie, tell me... Who are you really? I mean really!

I'm glad you asked! Let's play "Charades" from the picture of the same name. Ready for the first clue?

Little word—  
a!—an!—the!  
The first word  
is "THE"!

Tall!—Large!—  
Big!—Bigger!—  
Biggest! The  
second word is  
"BIGGEST"!  
"THE BIGGEST—"

Third word—  
Star!—STAR!  
Fourth word—  
Square!—Box!  
Box top!—Box  
Score!—Box  
Office!—BOX  
OFFICE!

"THE BIGGEST  
BOX OFFICE  
STAR—IN—  
THE—WHOLE  
WORLD!"



Let's see...  
you acted out  
that you are...

"THE BIGGEST  
BOX OFFICE  
STAR IN THE  
WHOLE WORLD..."

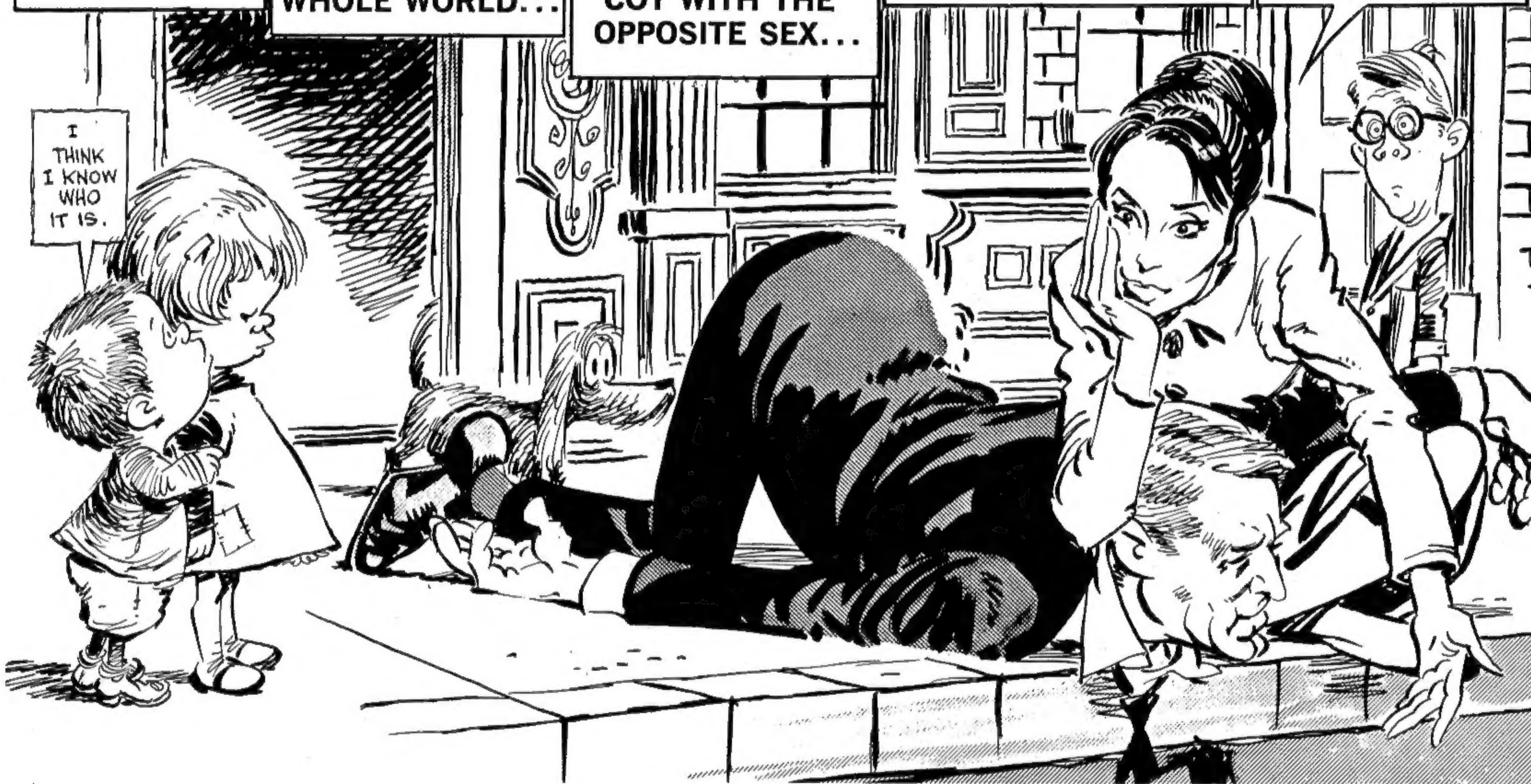
WHO IS ALWAYS  
ACTING  
NAUSEATINGLY  
COY WITH THE  
OPPOSITE SEX...

INSTEAD OF PLAYING  
MORE APPROPRIATE  
GROWN-UP ROLES...

FOR SOMEONE  
WAY PAST  
MIDDLE AGE!"

I got it. You're  
really yourself!  
CARY GRAND!

Wrong! I'm  
really  
DORIS DAYE!

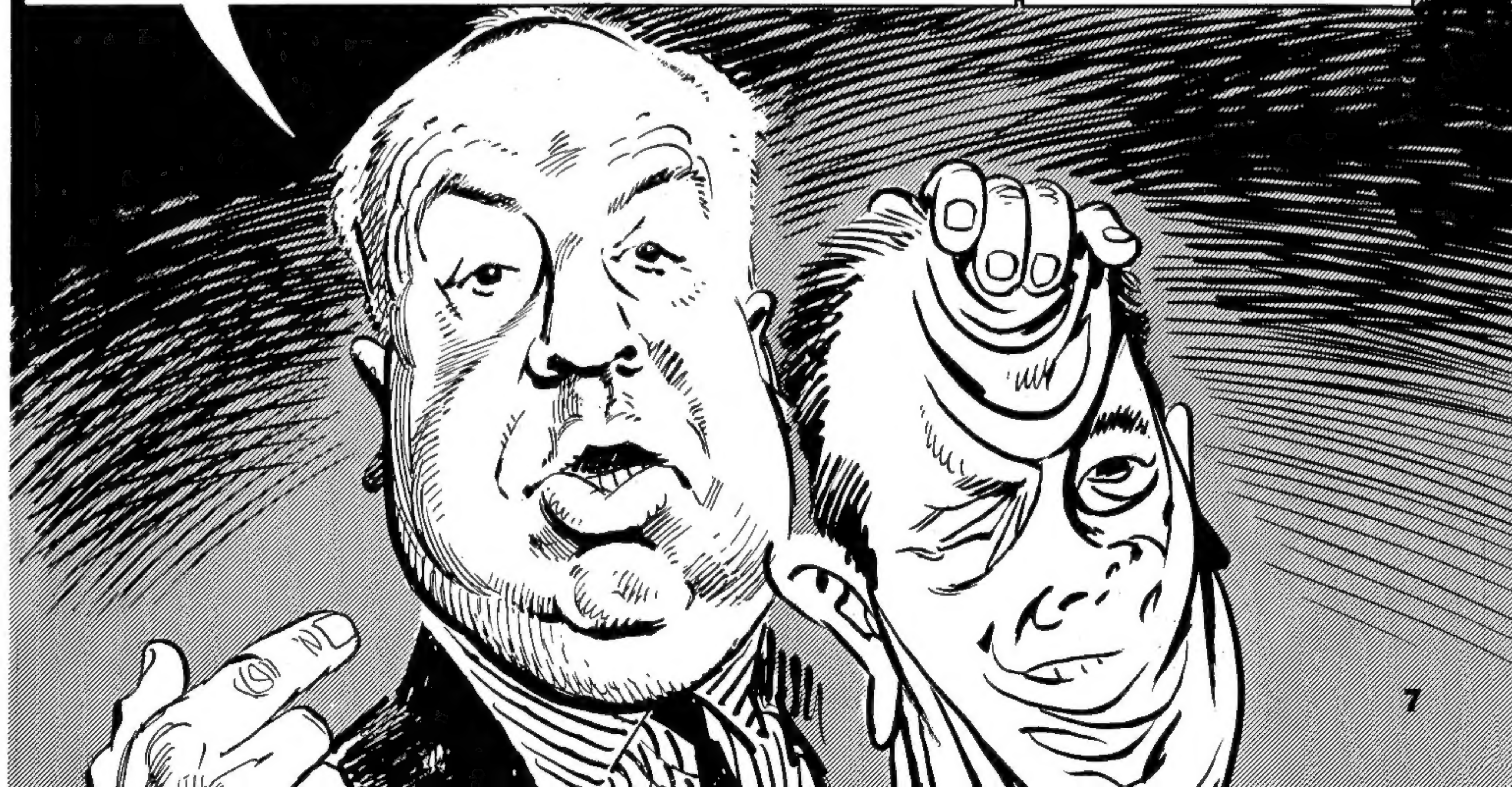


Then if you're  
Doris Daye,  
The murderer  
must be...

STOP THE PROJECTOR!  
THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S  
NOT GIVE AWAY THE  
BIG SURPRISE!

Anyway, that's "Charades" folks. A picture full of murder,  
suspense, shock, chases, tongue-in-cheek dialogue and sex!  
Which brings us to another surprise. I'm really playing  
Charades myself! You see—I'm not really Stanley Done-In!

I'm really  
ALFRED HATCHPLOT!  
Who else could've  
made this picture?





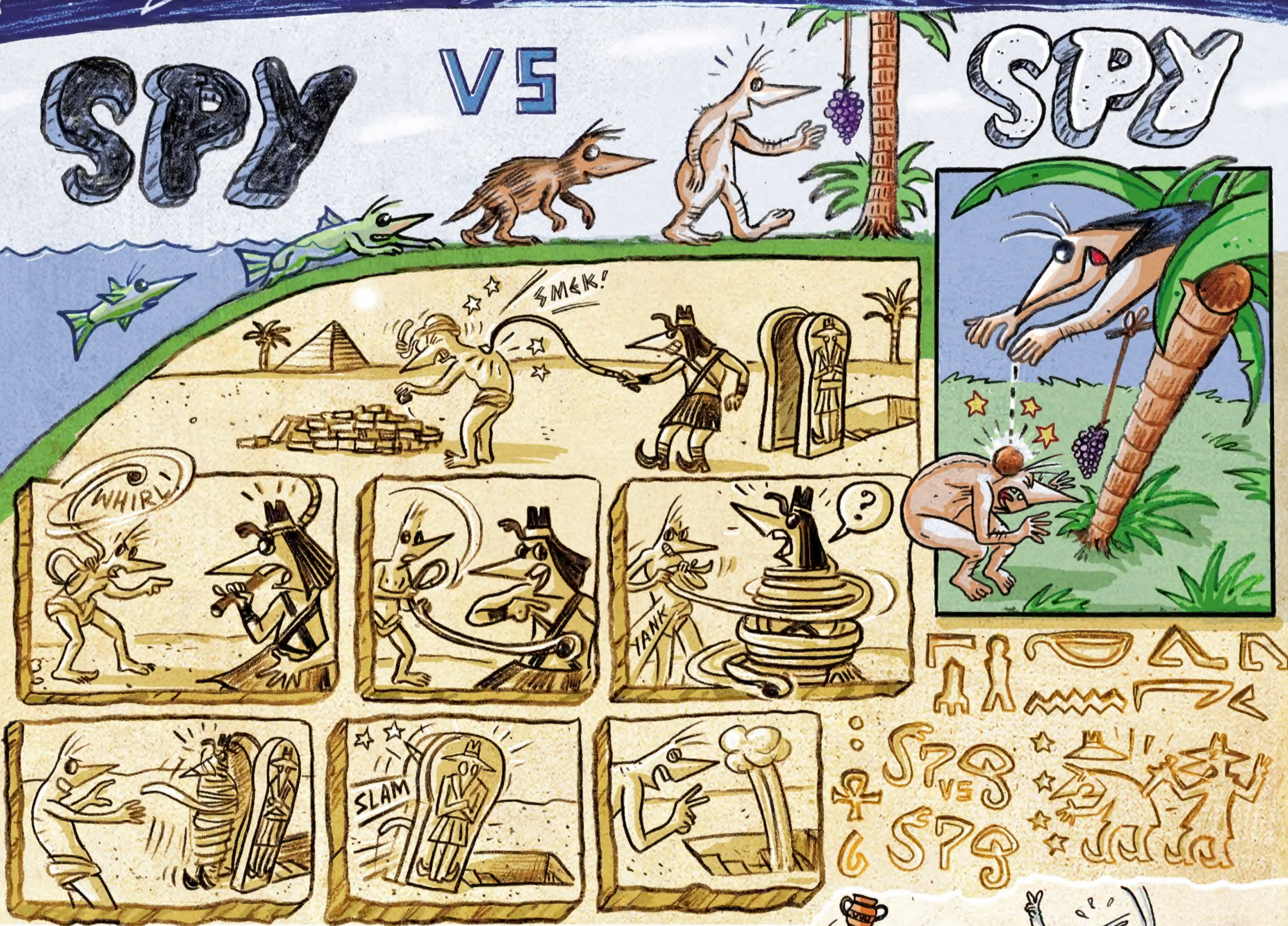


BANG!

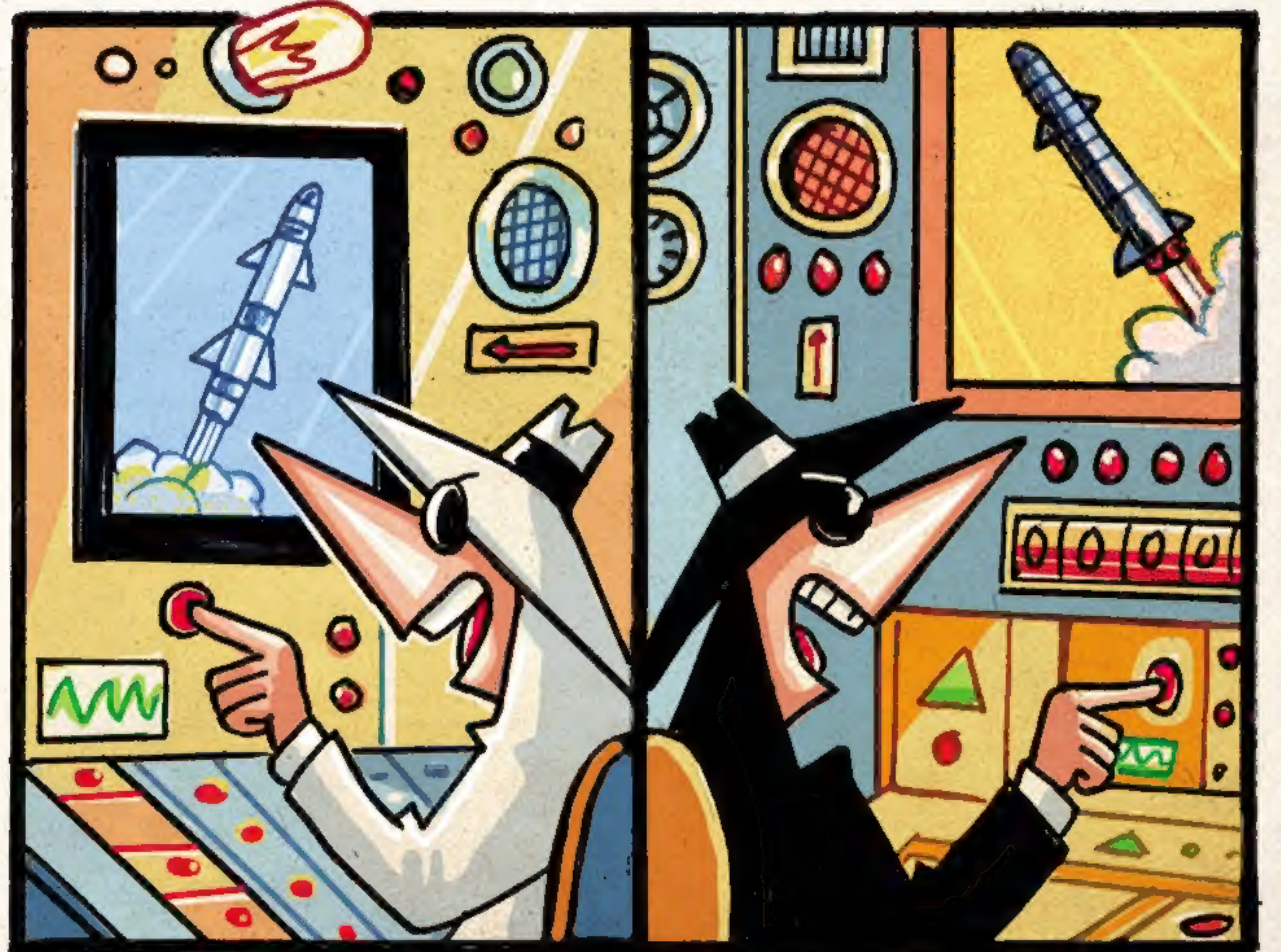
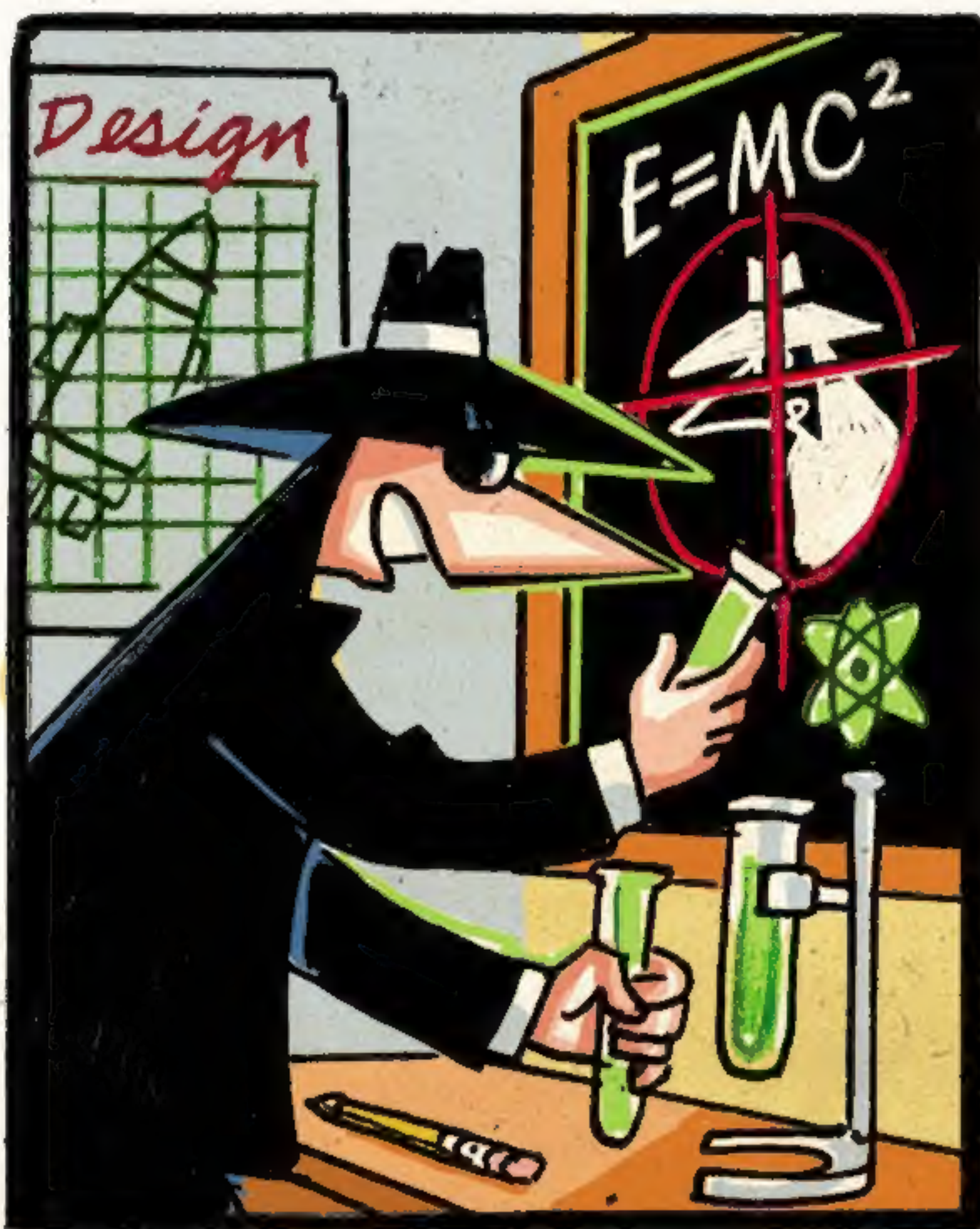
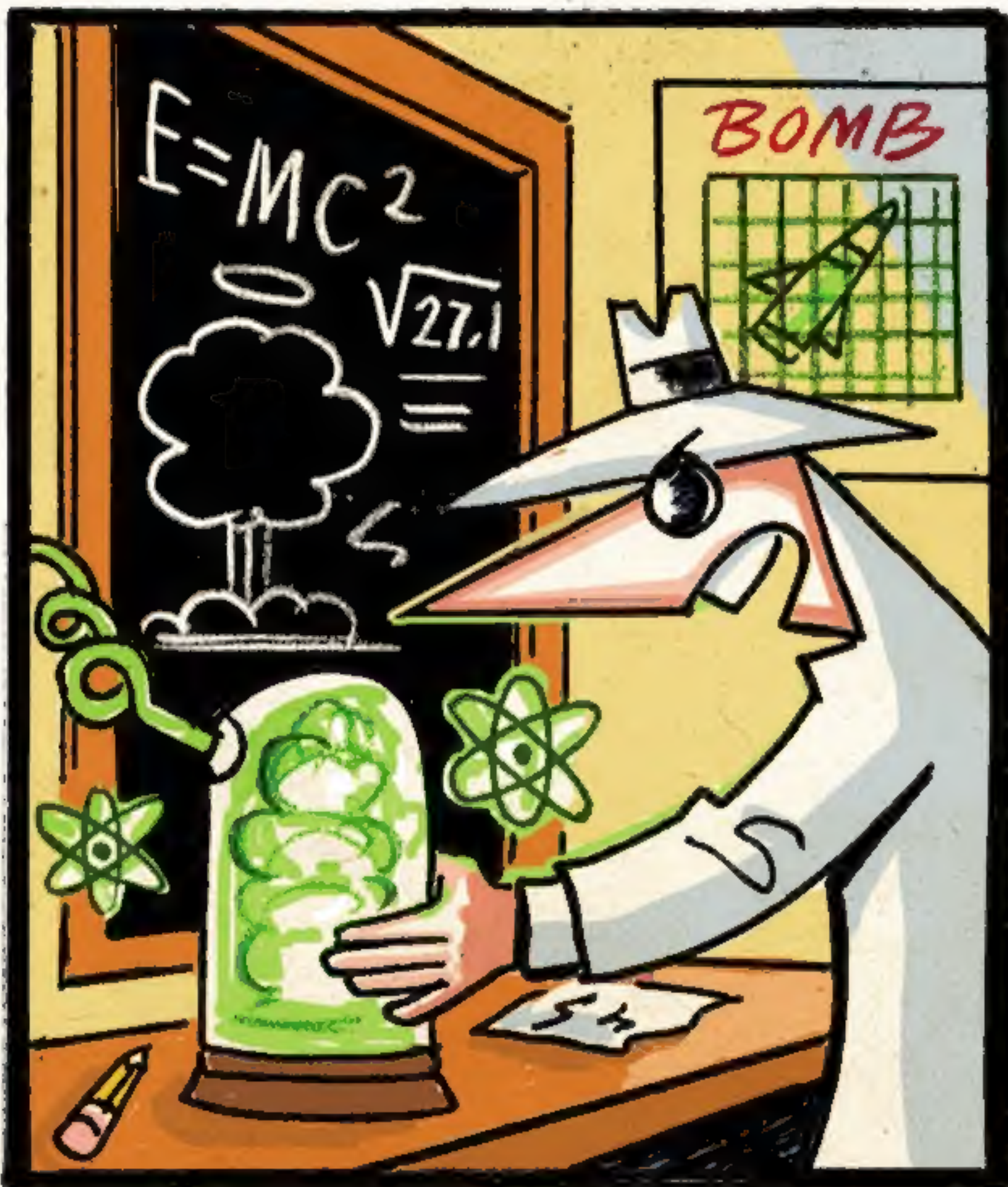
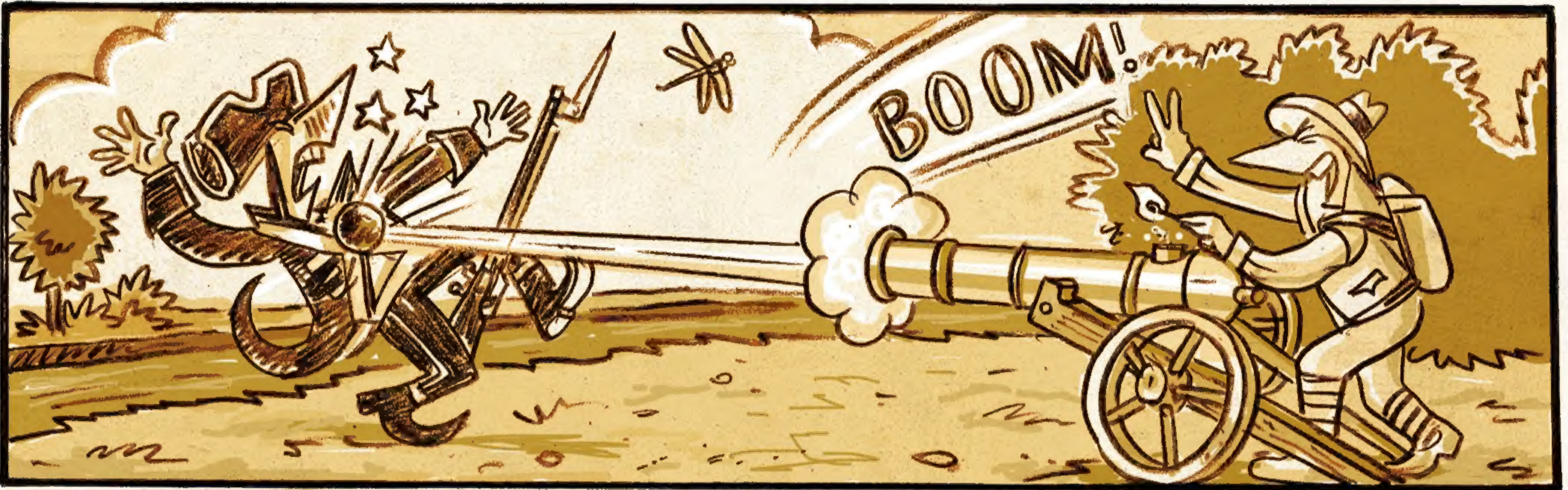
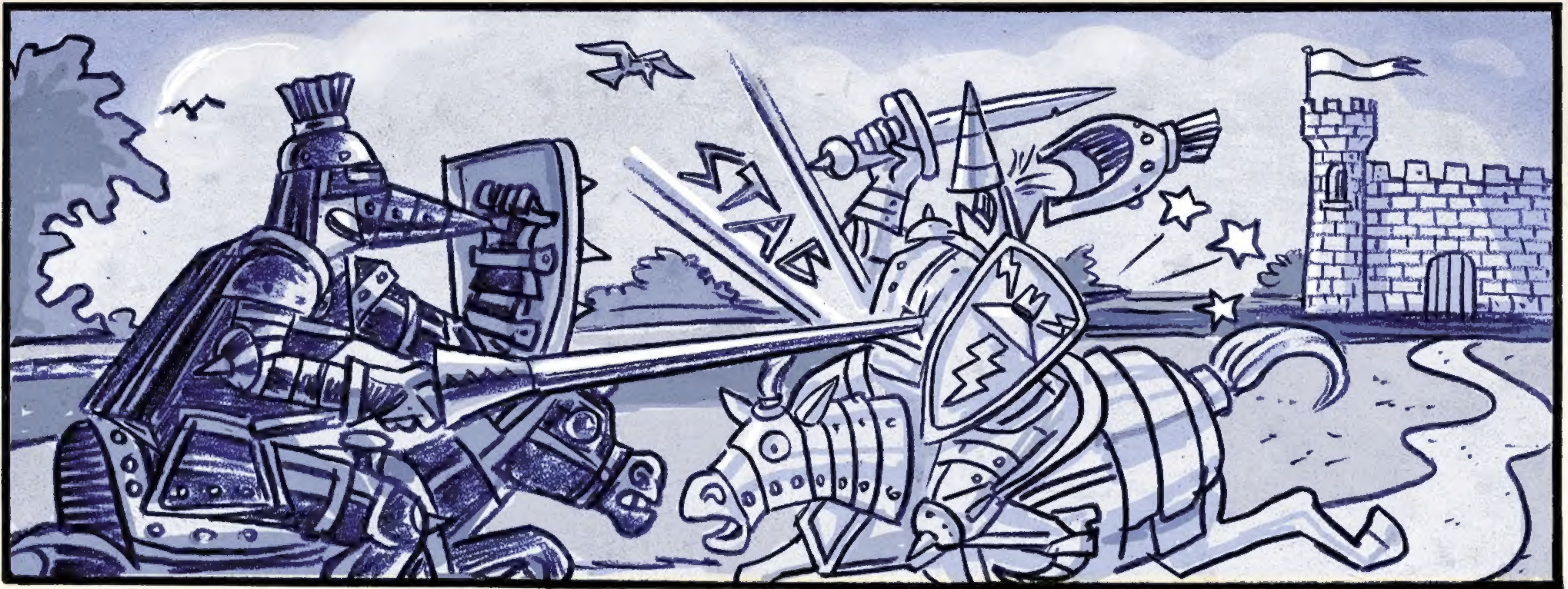
SPY

VS

SPY





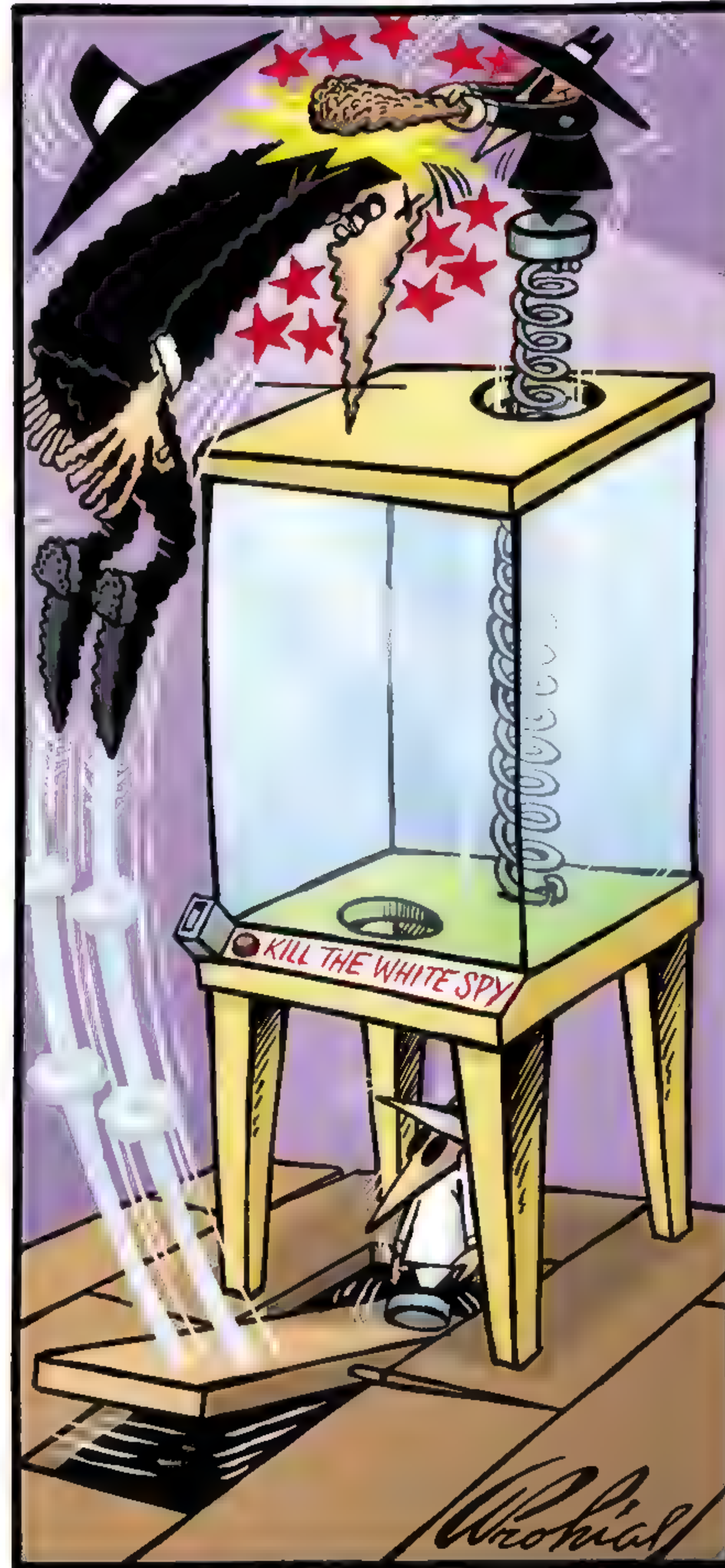






KUPER





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #184, JUL 1976



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Add a ridiculously high budget!

Project it on a wide screen!



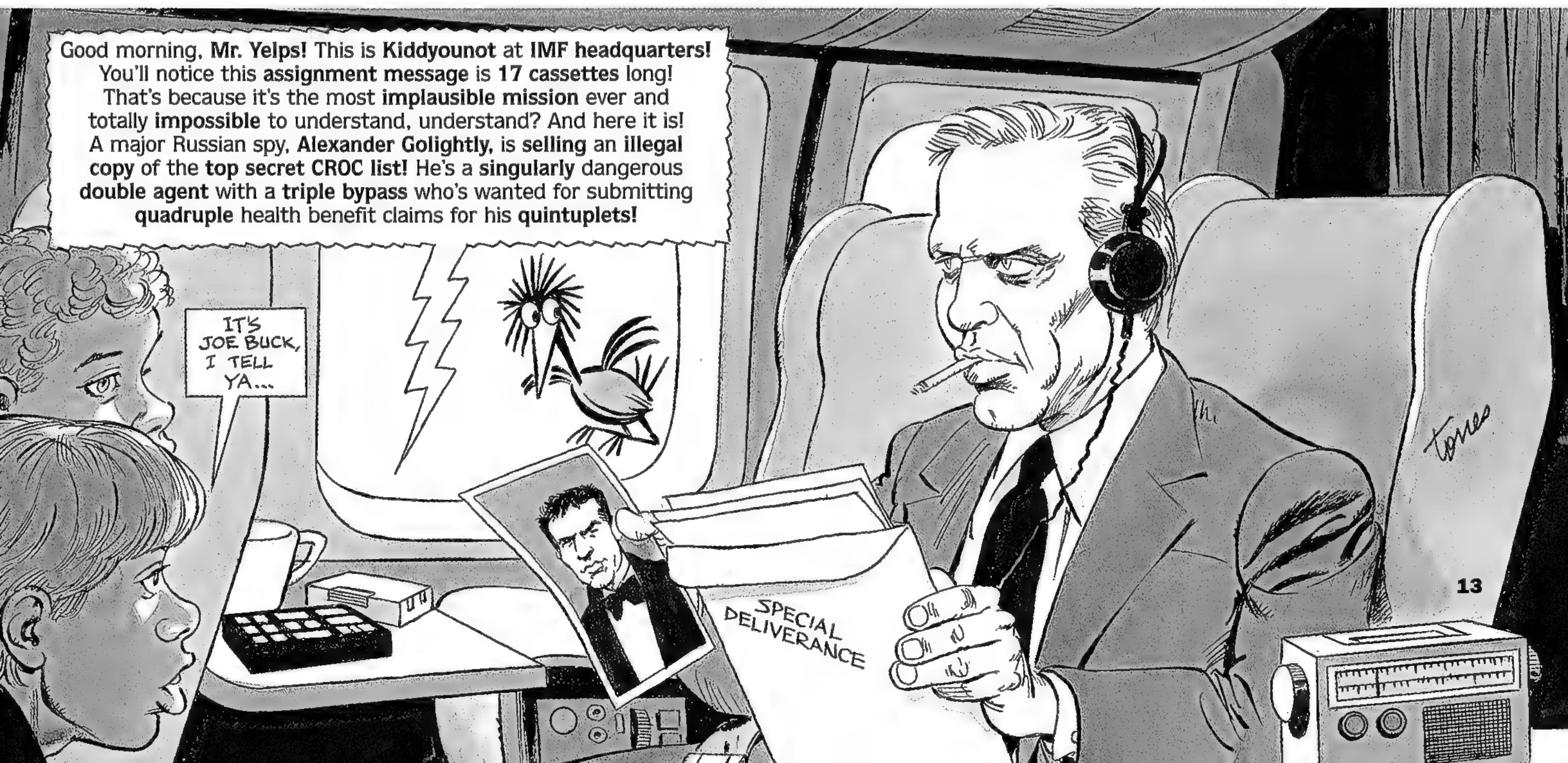
And whaddaya get? Mainly, a profound desire for that great, old TV show with its fun, exciting plots and wonderful, believable cast! But it's too late! 'Cause once again those Hollywood geniuses have screwed up, leaving you...

# WISHIN' for IMPOSSIBLE WISHIN' the IMPOSSIBLE

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST ANGELO TORRES

Good morning, Mr. Yelps! This is Kiddyounot at IMF headquarters! You'll notice this assignment message is 17 cassettes long! That's because it's the most implausible mission ever and totally impossible to understand, understand? And here it is! A major Russian spy, Alexander Golightly, is selling an illegal copy of the top secret CROC list! He's a singularly dangerous double agent with a triple bypass who's wanted for submitting quadruple health benefit claims for his quintuplets!

IT'S JOE BUCK, I TELL YA...





A black and white caricature of a man with a beard, glasses, and a beret, looking serious. He is wearing a dark jacket with a name tag that reads "MR. GOODWRENCH".

**POOF!**

CZECH  
OUT  
TIME  
IS  
12:00  
PRAGUE  
TIME

**We only know one thing!  
Everyone wants the list —  
third world terrorists, tin-pot  
tyrants, arms merchants,  
drug lords, and worst of  
all, telemarketers!**

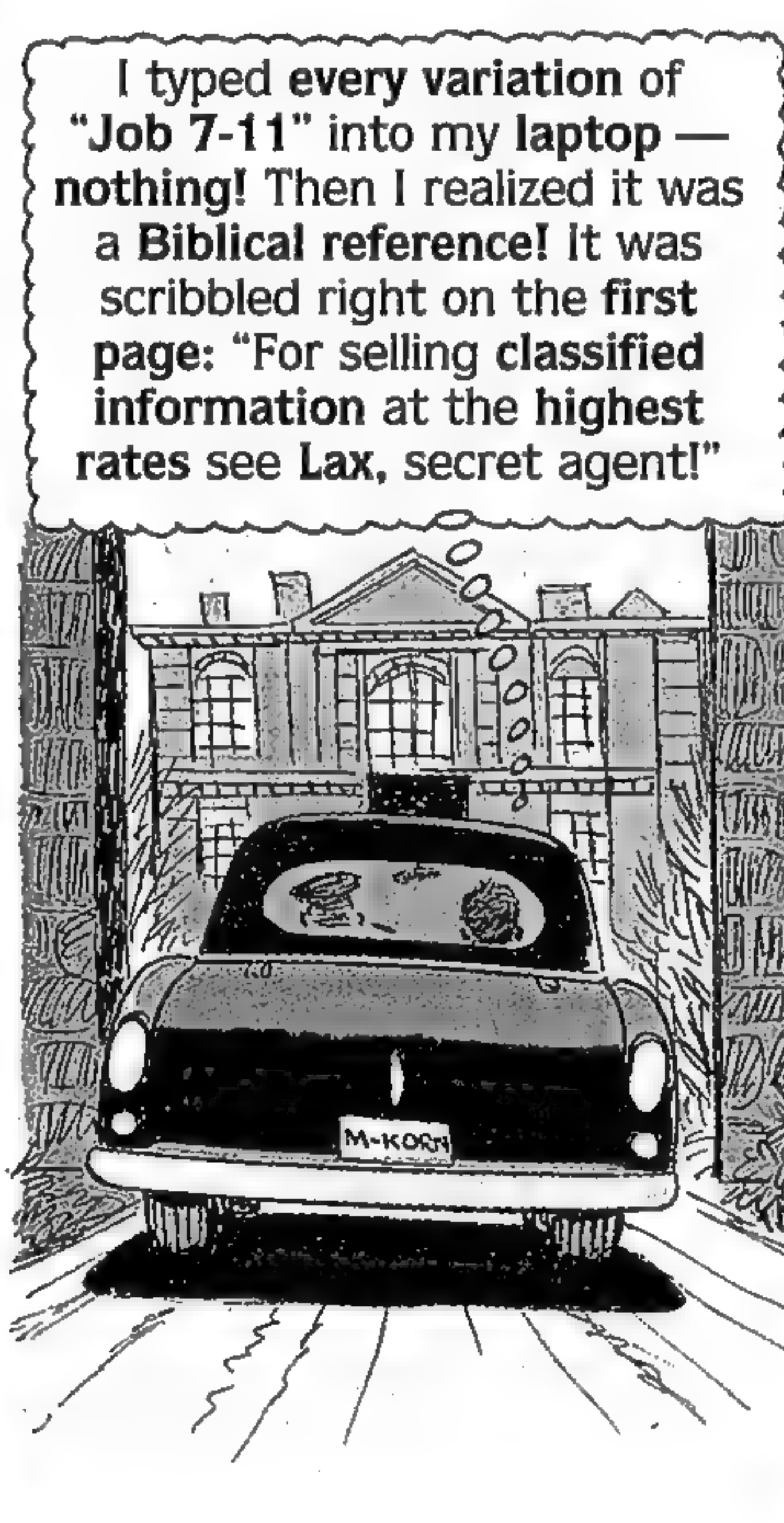
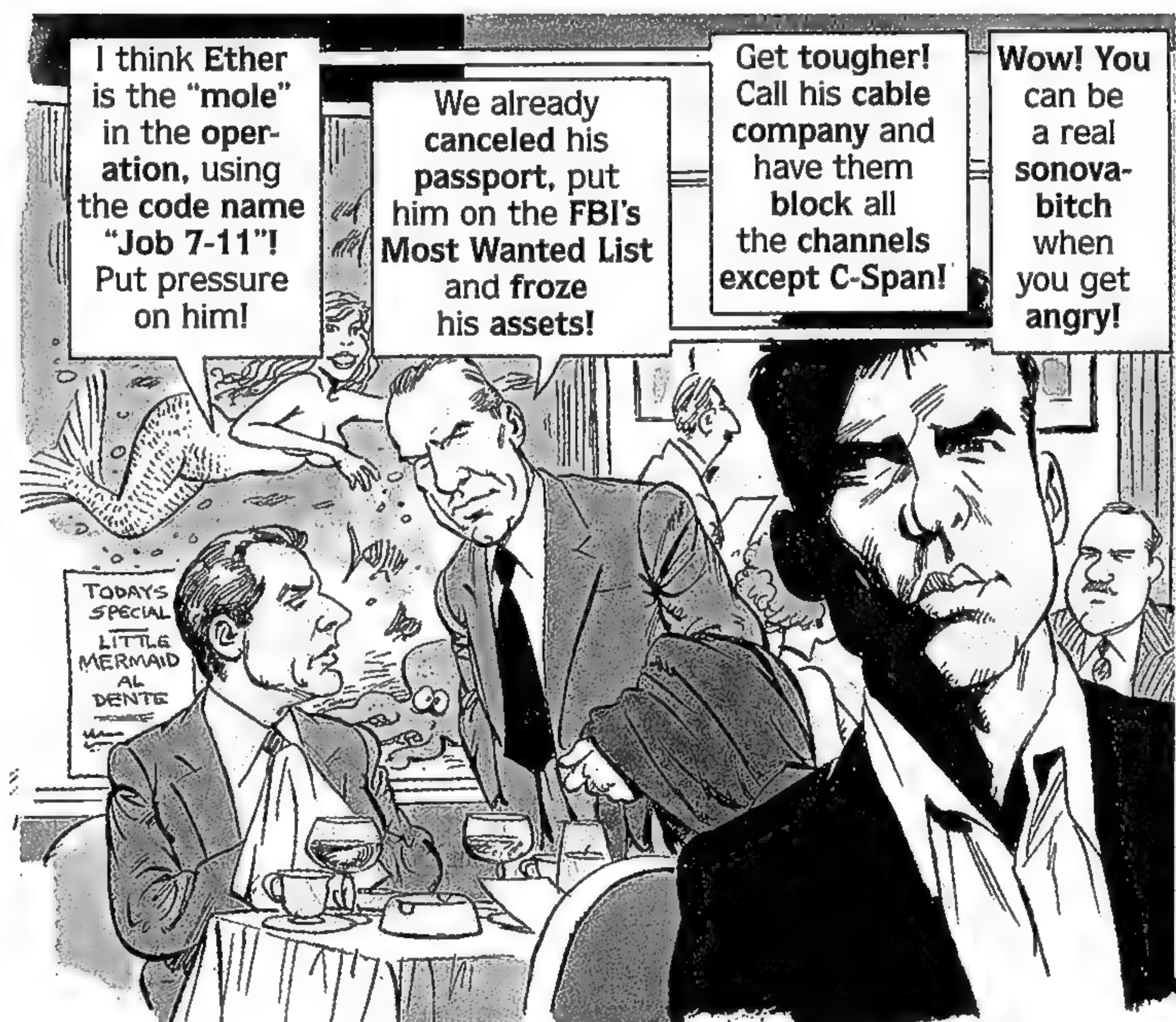
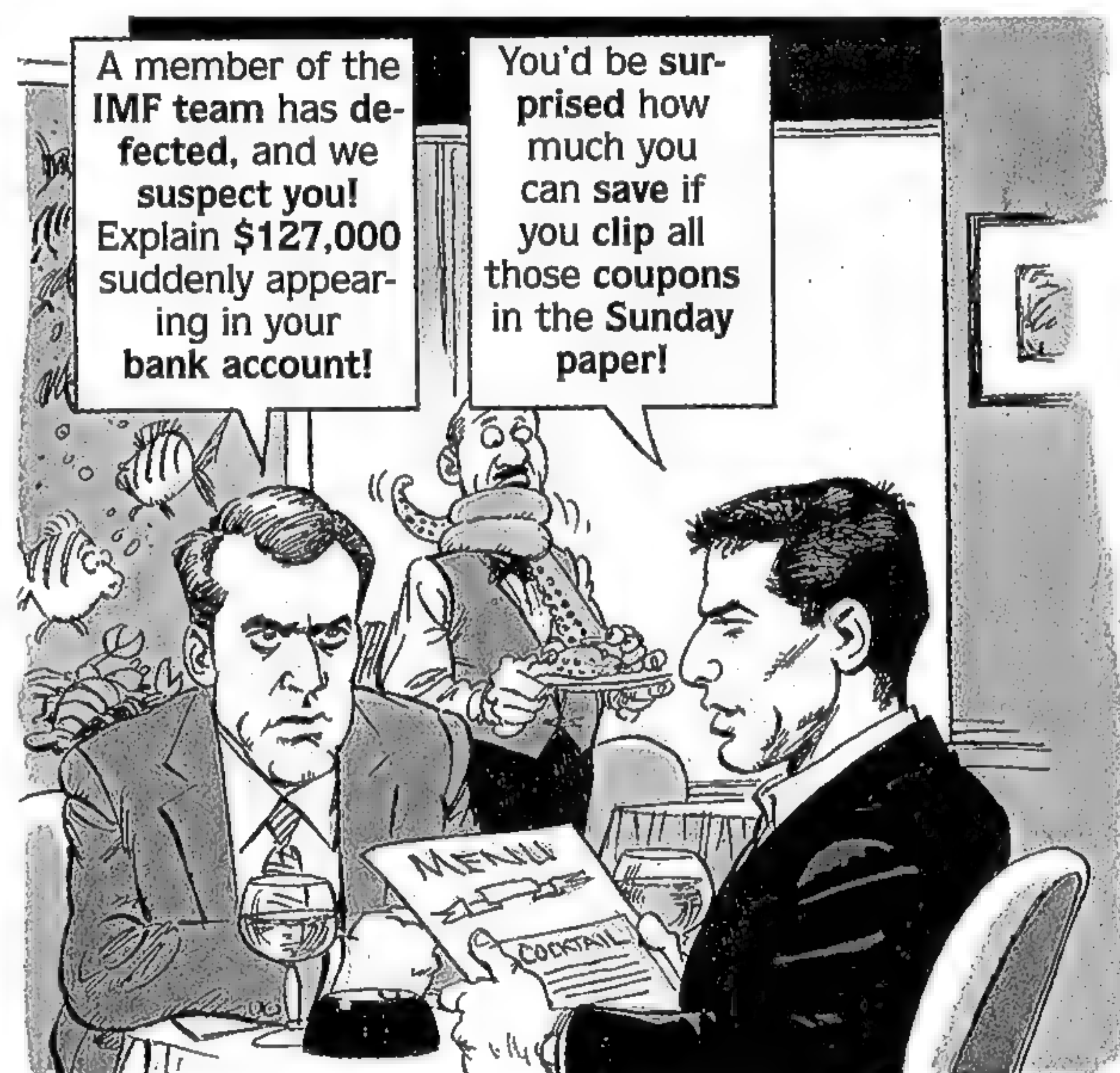
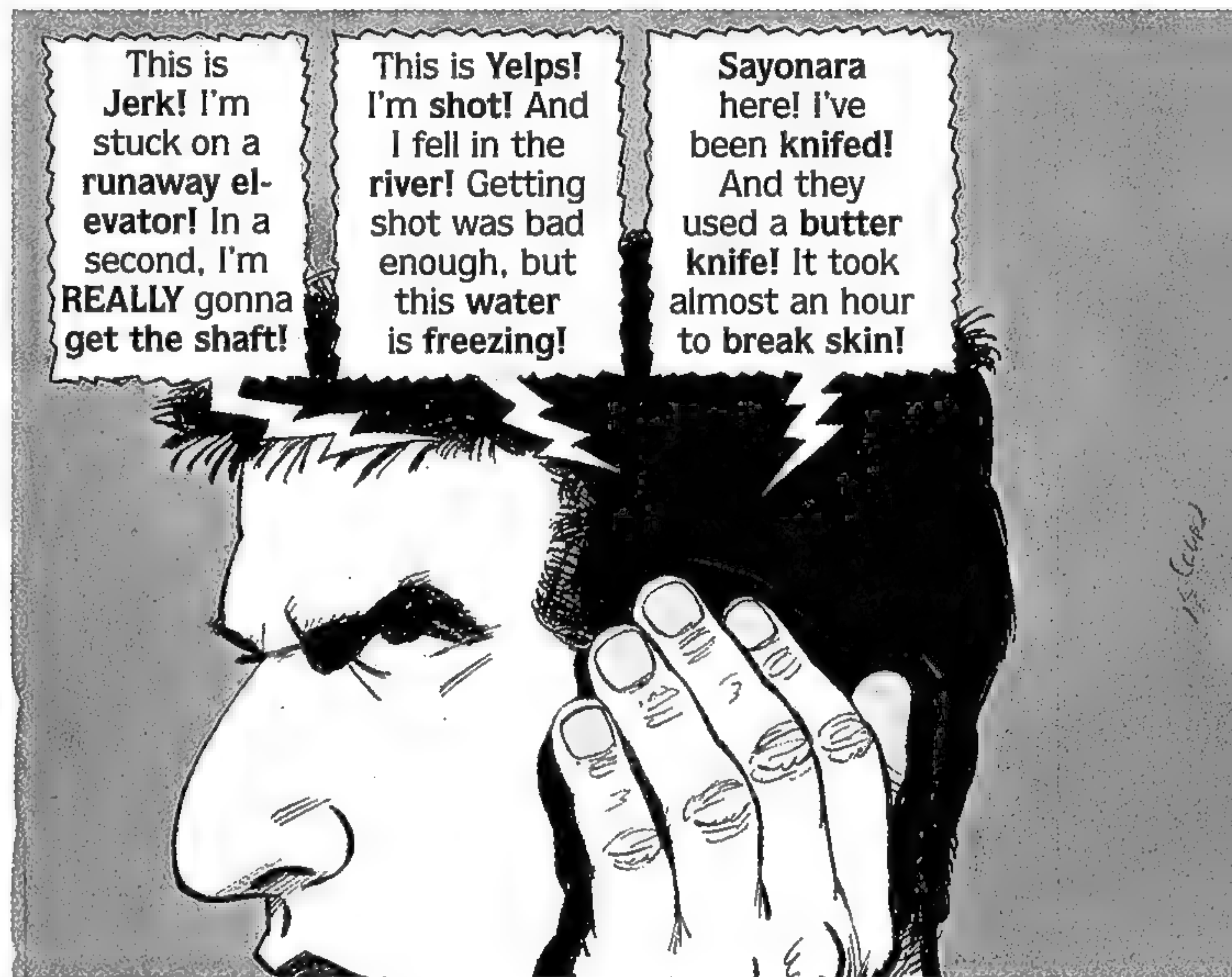
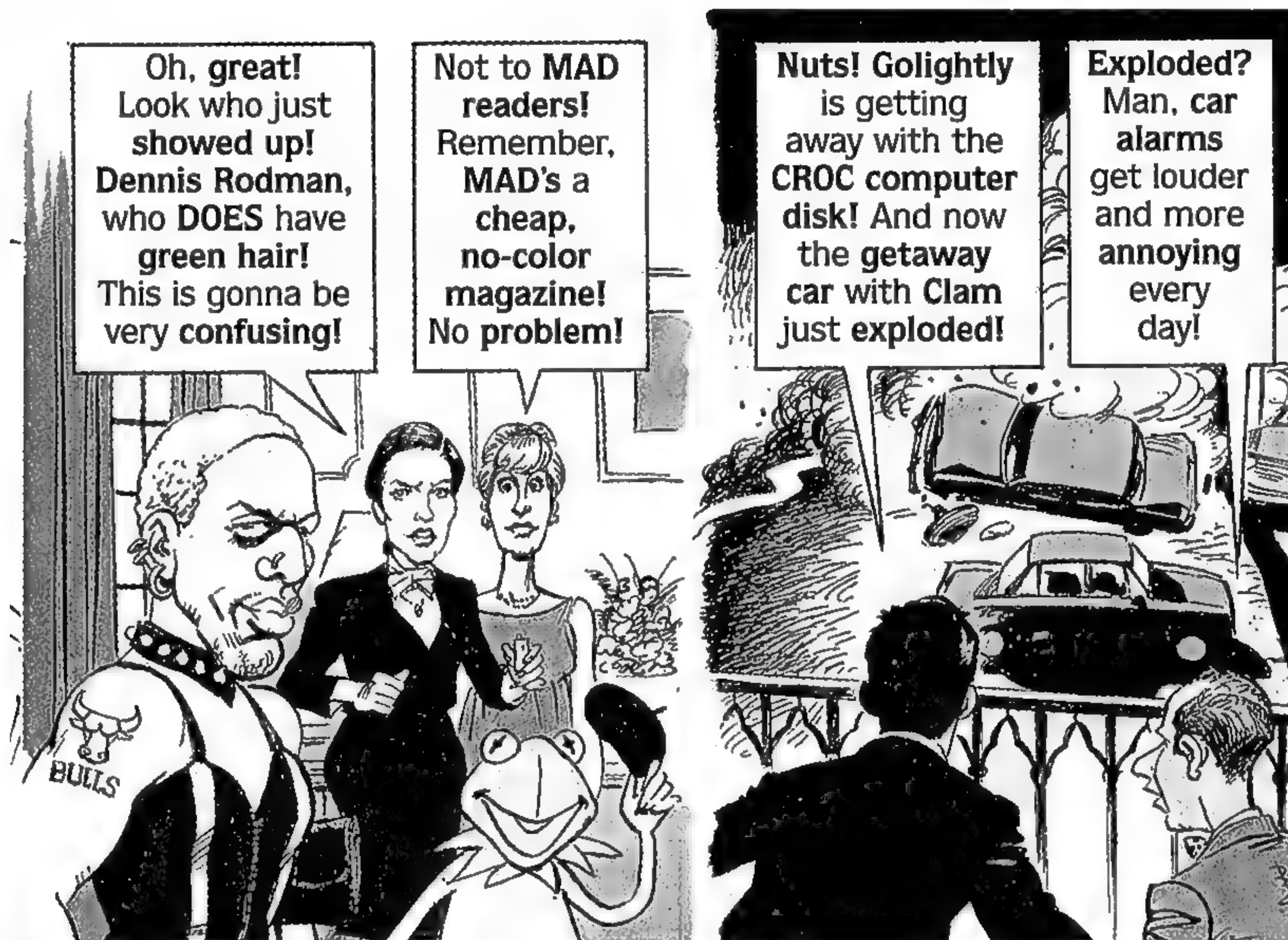
**Great! How long did it take you to develop that formula?**

**Ether**, here's something new for you to **carry!** If you get in any **trouble**, mix these **two bubble gum wads** **together** and you'll create a small but **effective explosion!**

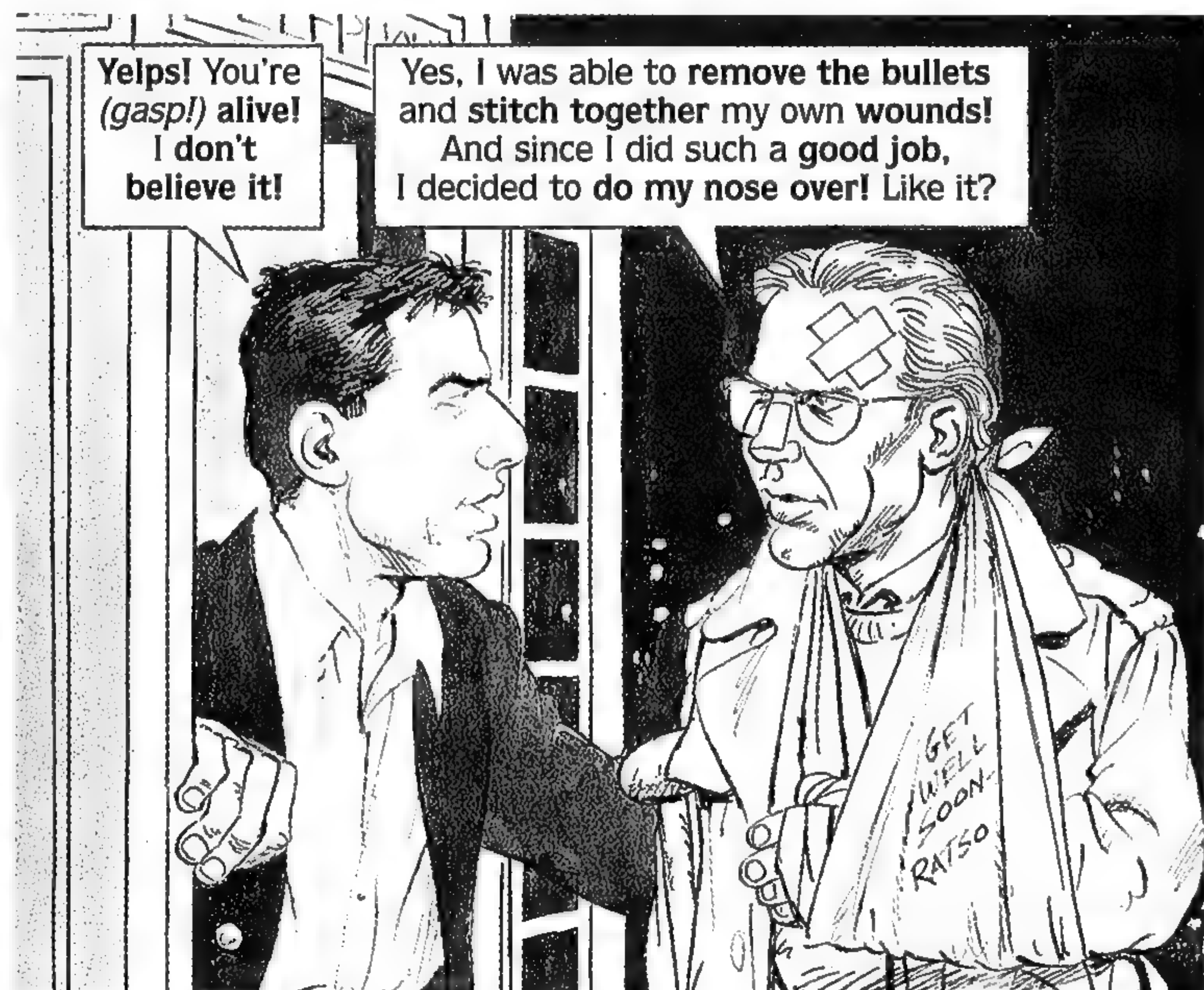
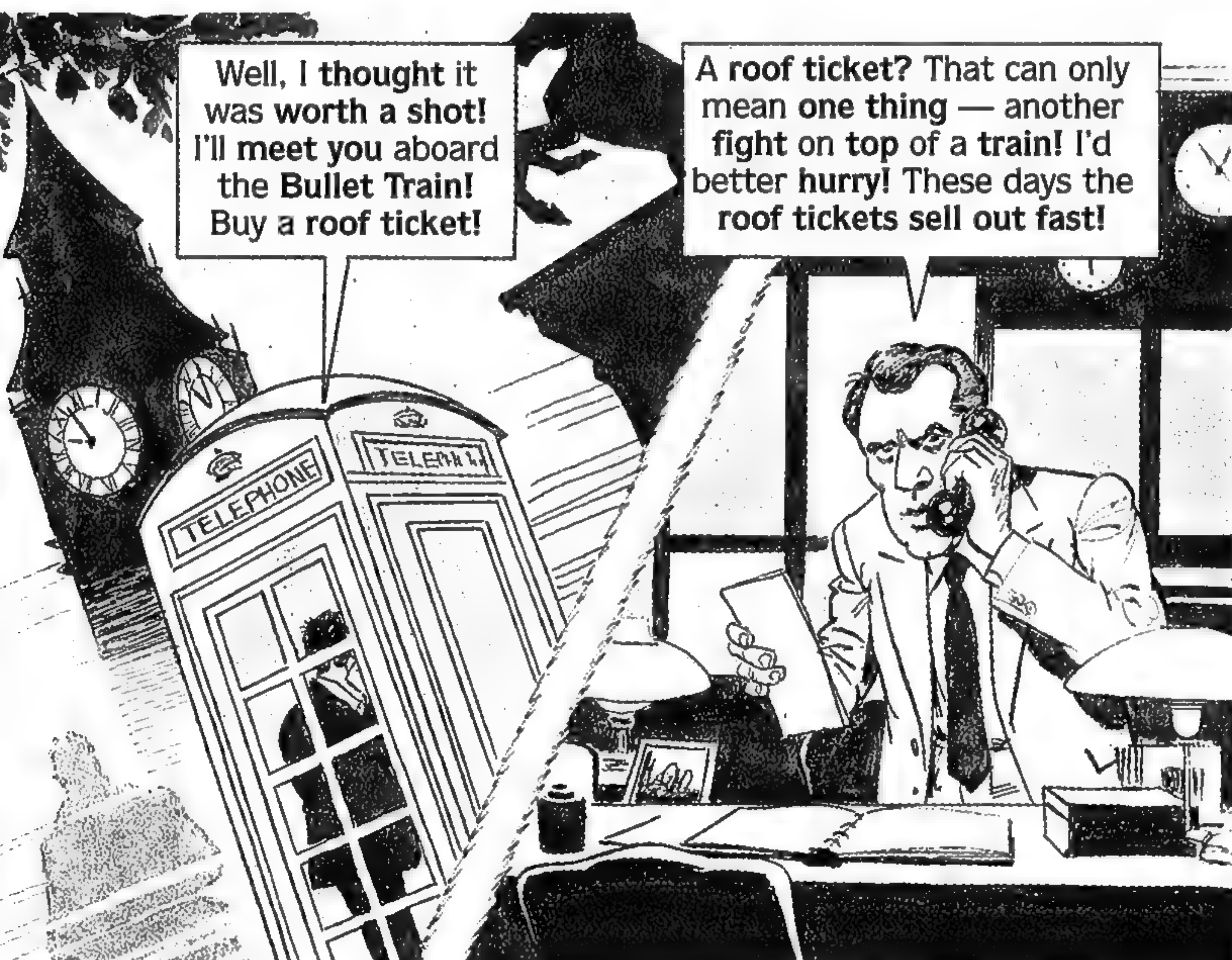
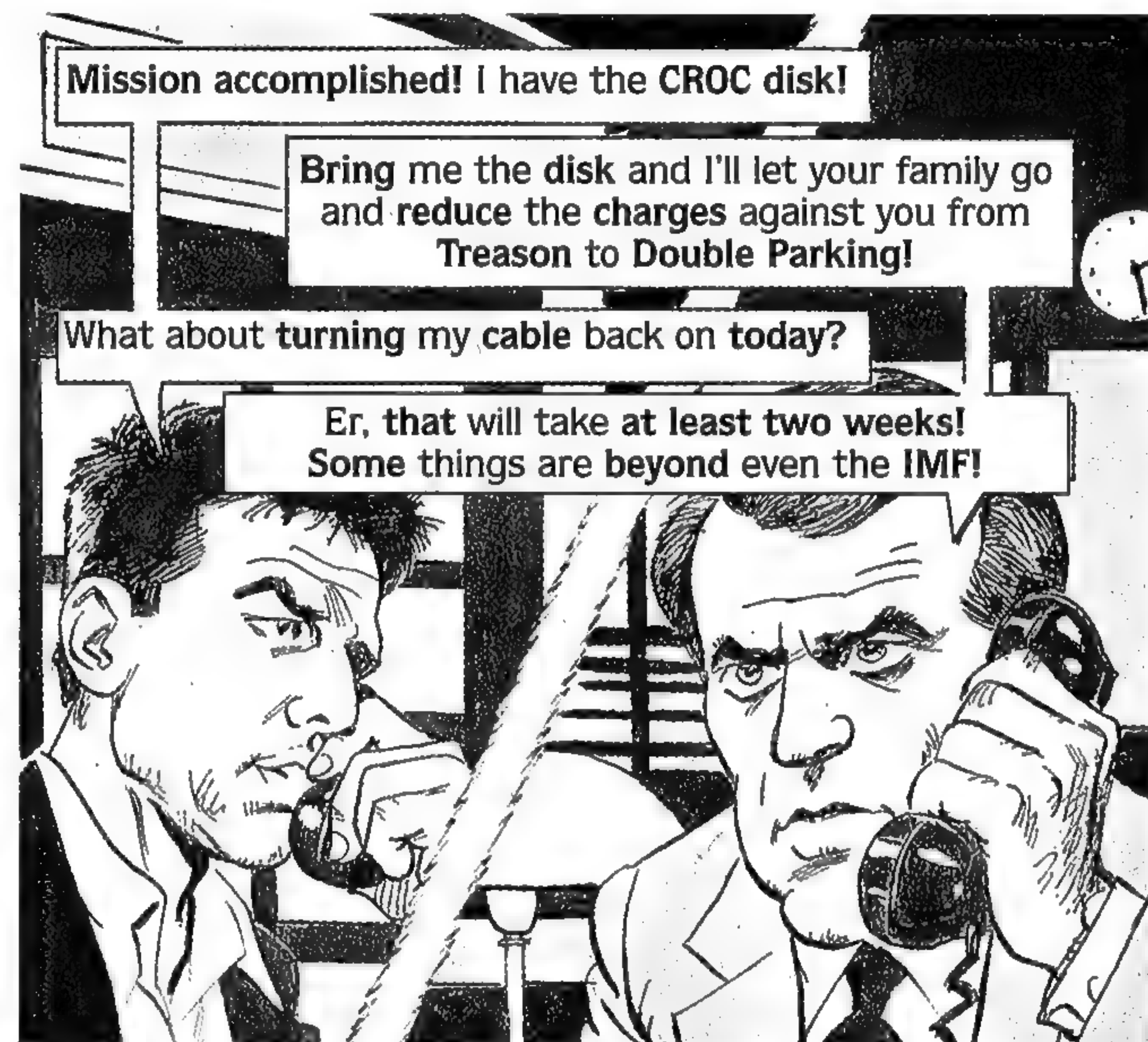
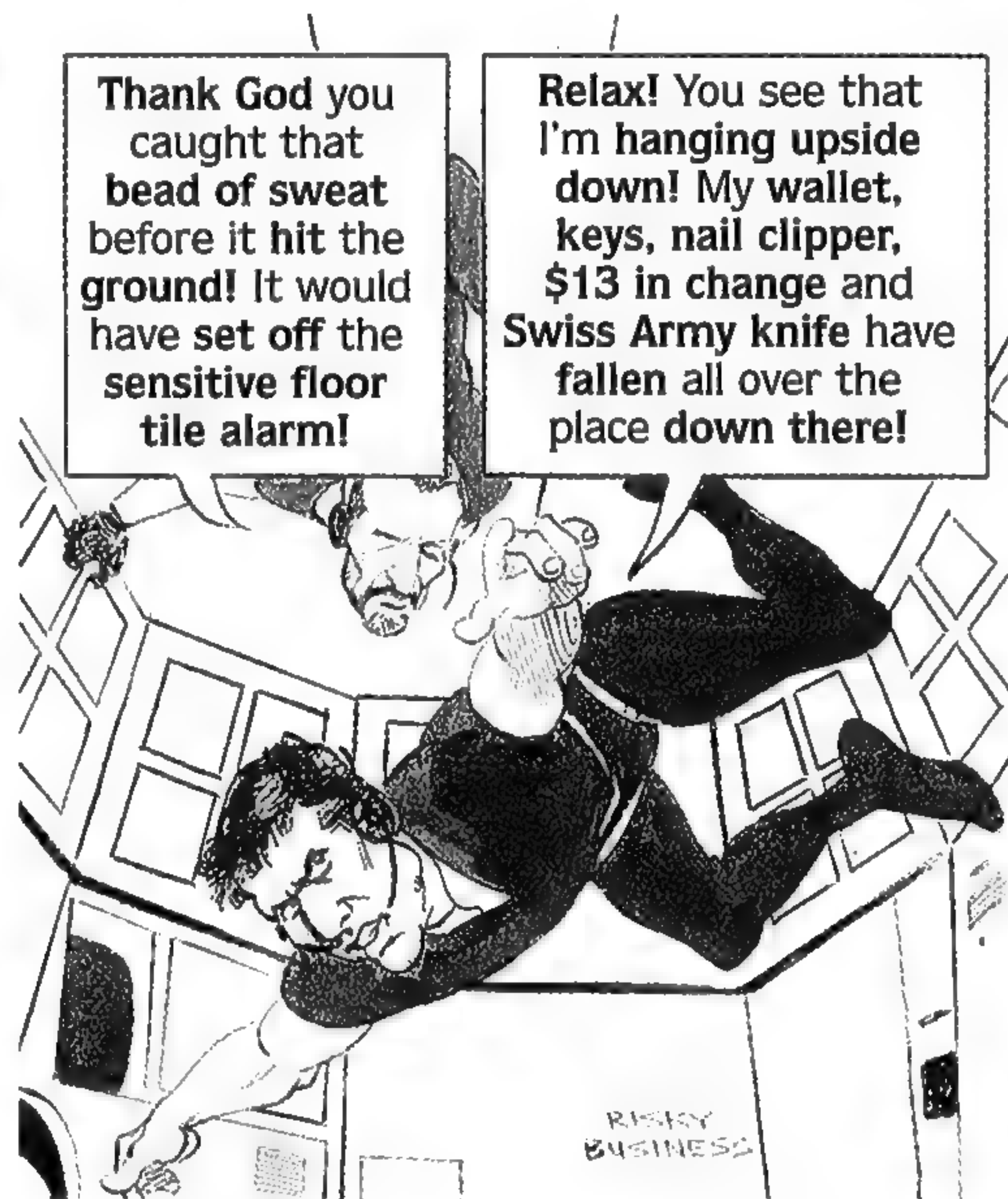
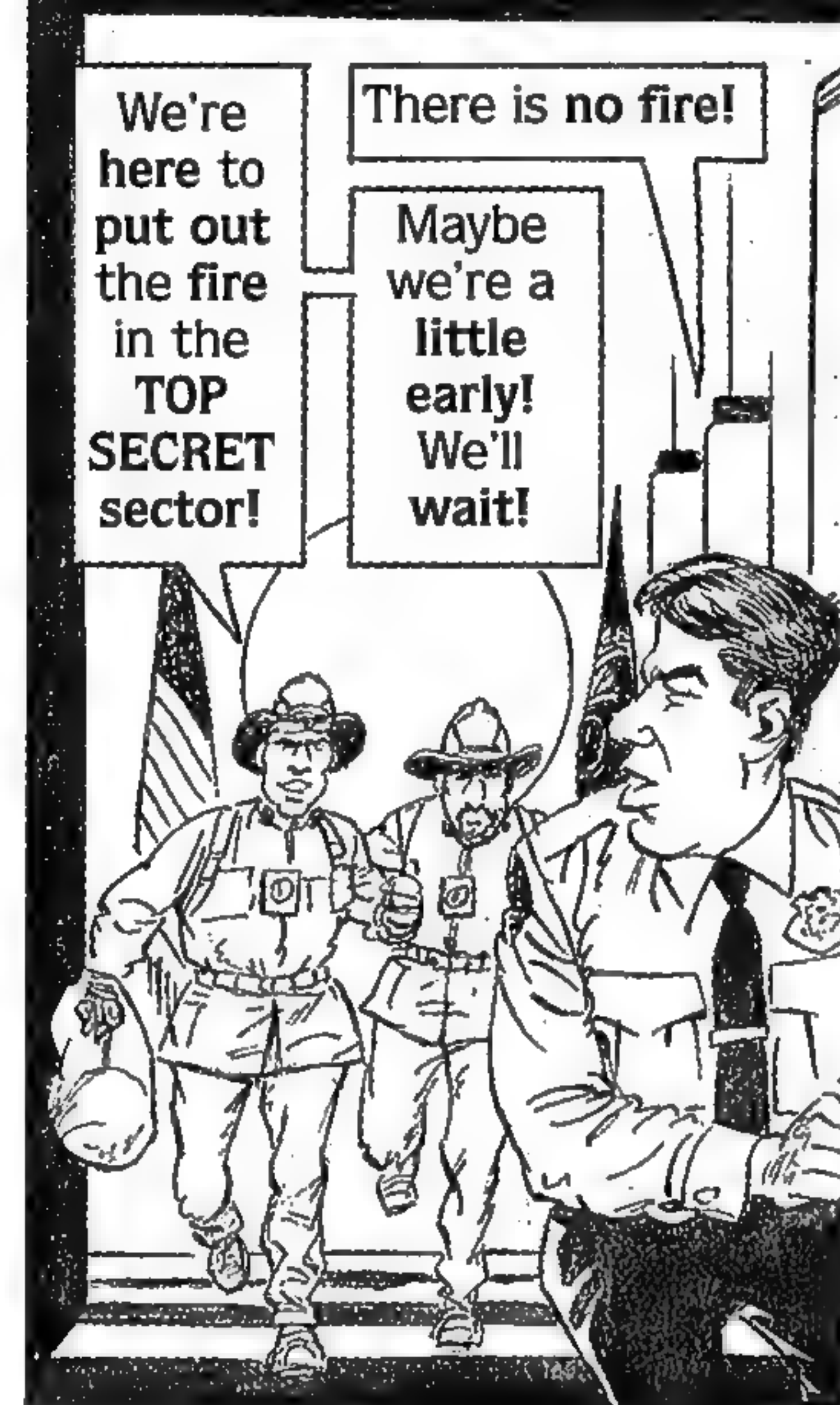
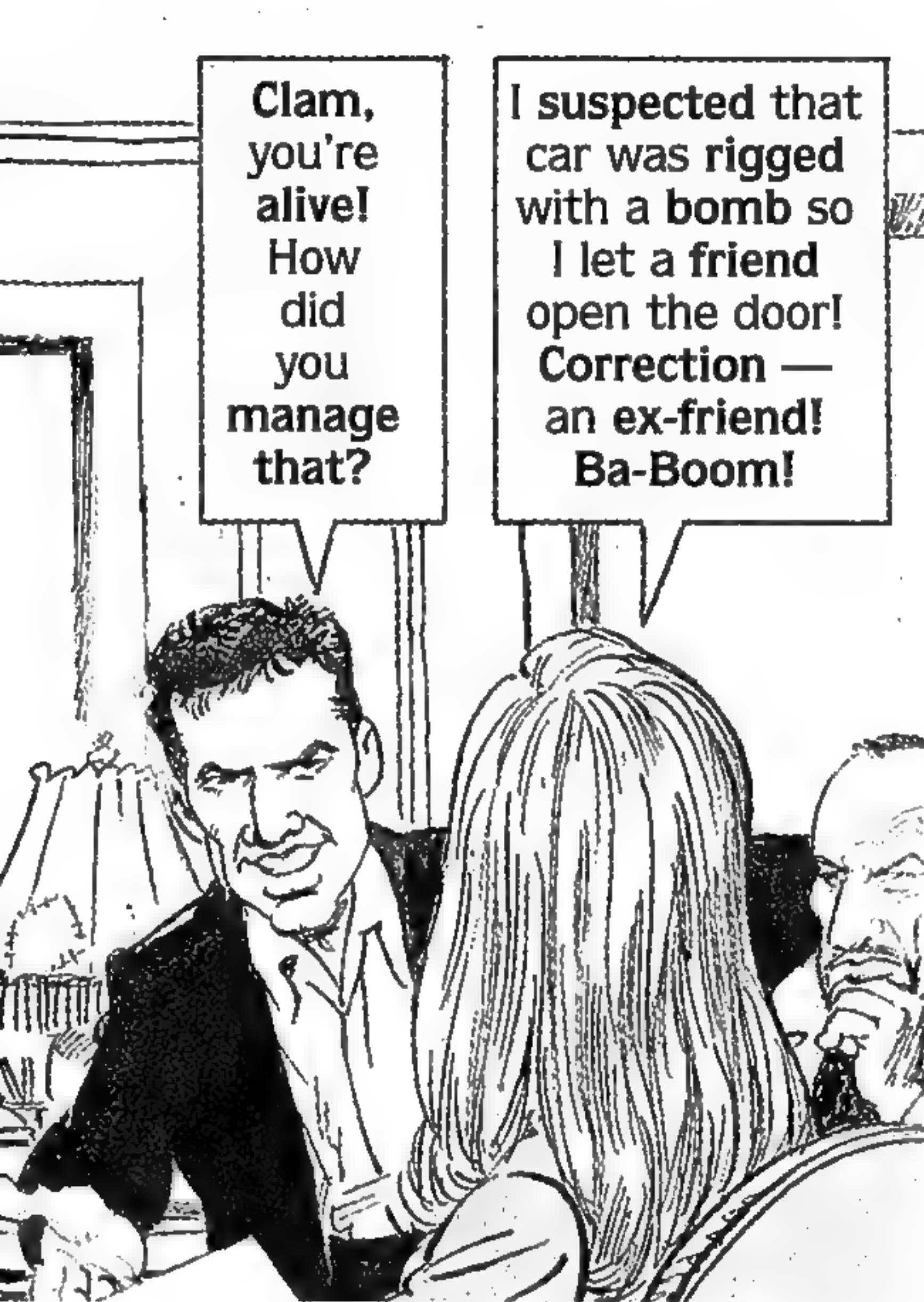
**Sayonara,  
what  
happened  
to your  
hair?  
It's all  
green!**

**Damn!  
That  
spray  
nozzle  
was  
on  
backwards  
again!**

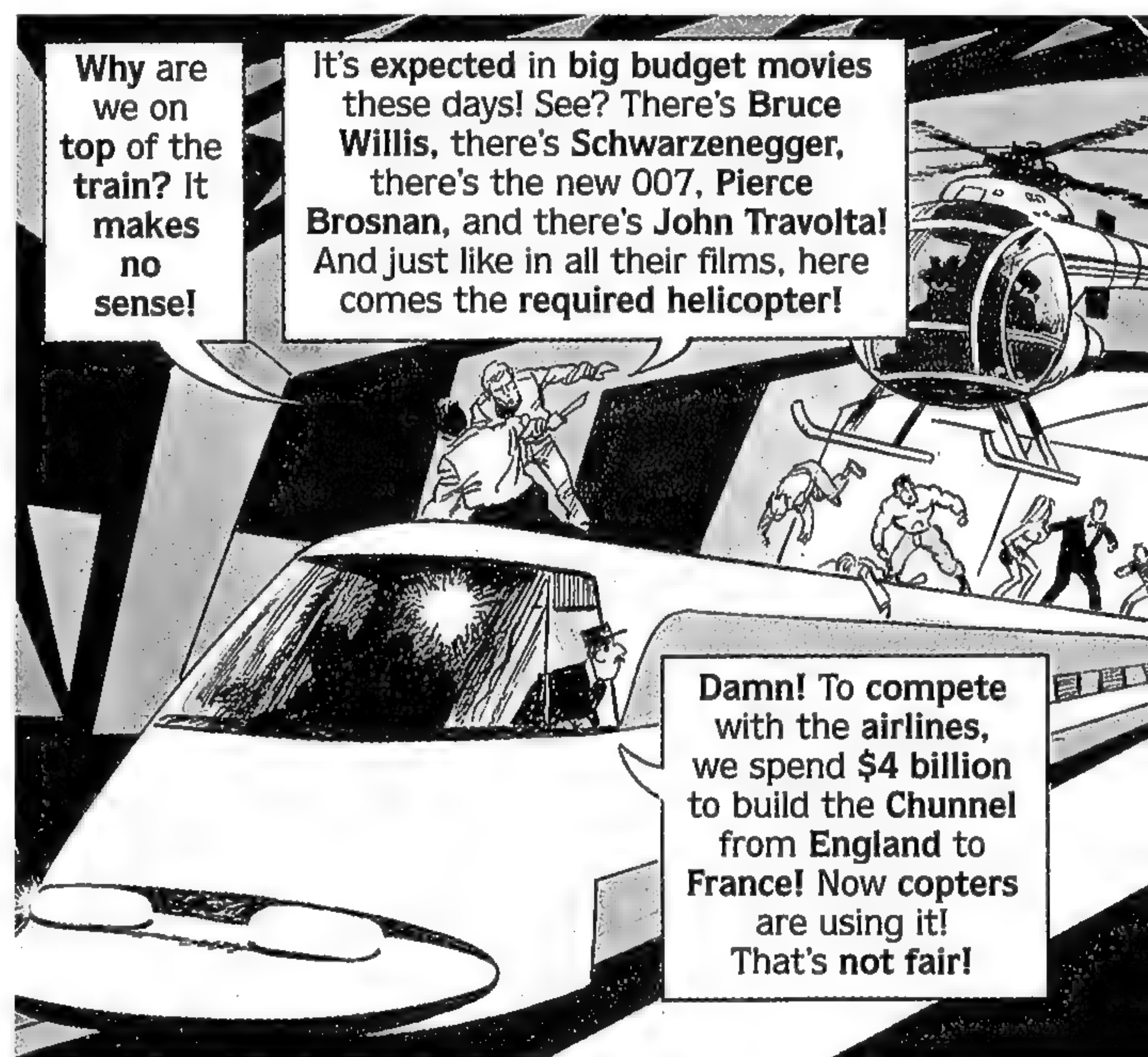
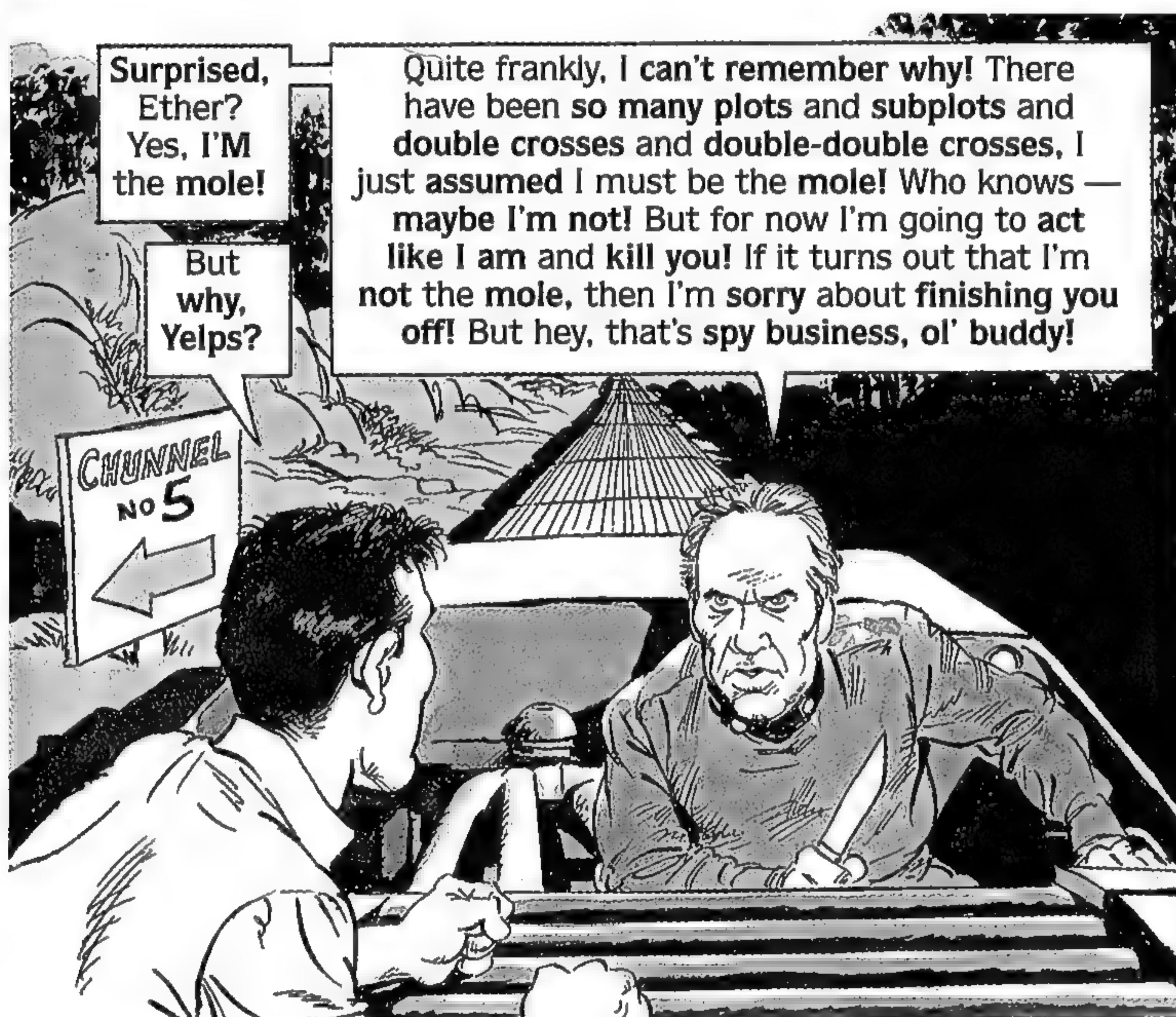




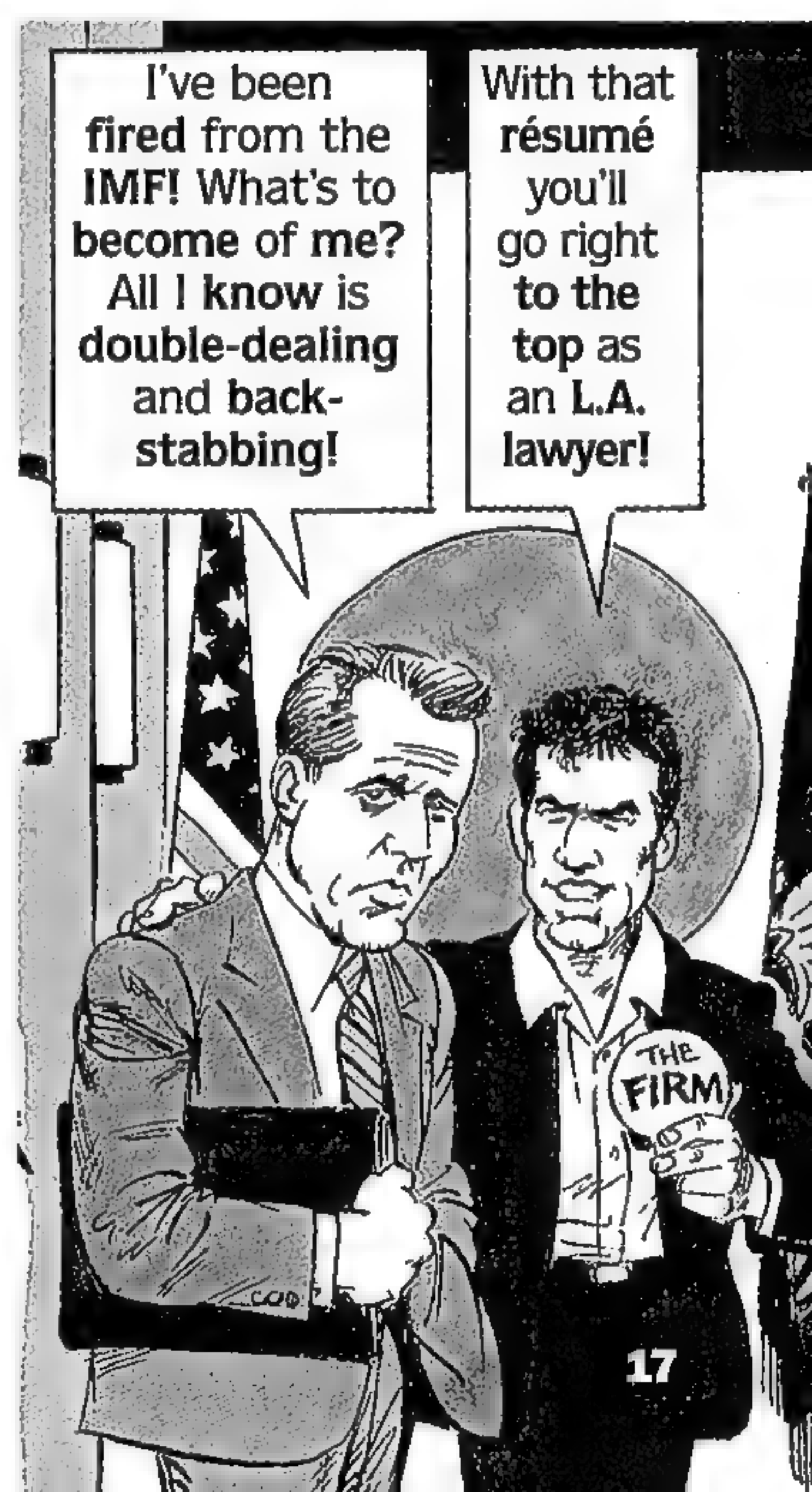
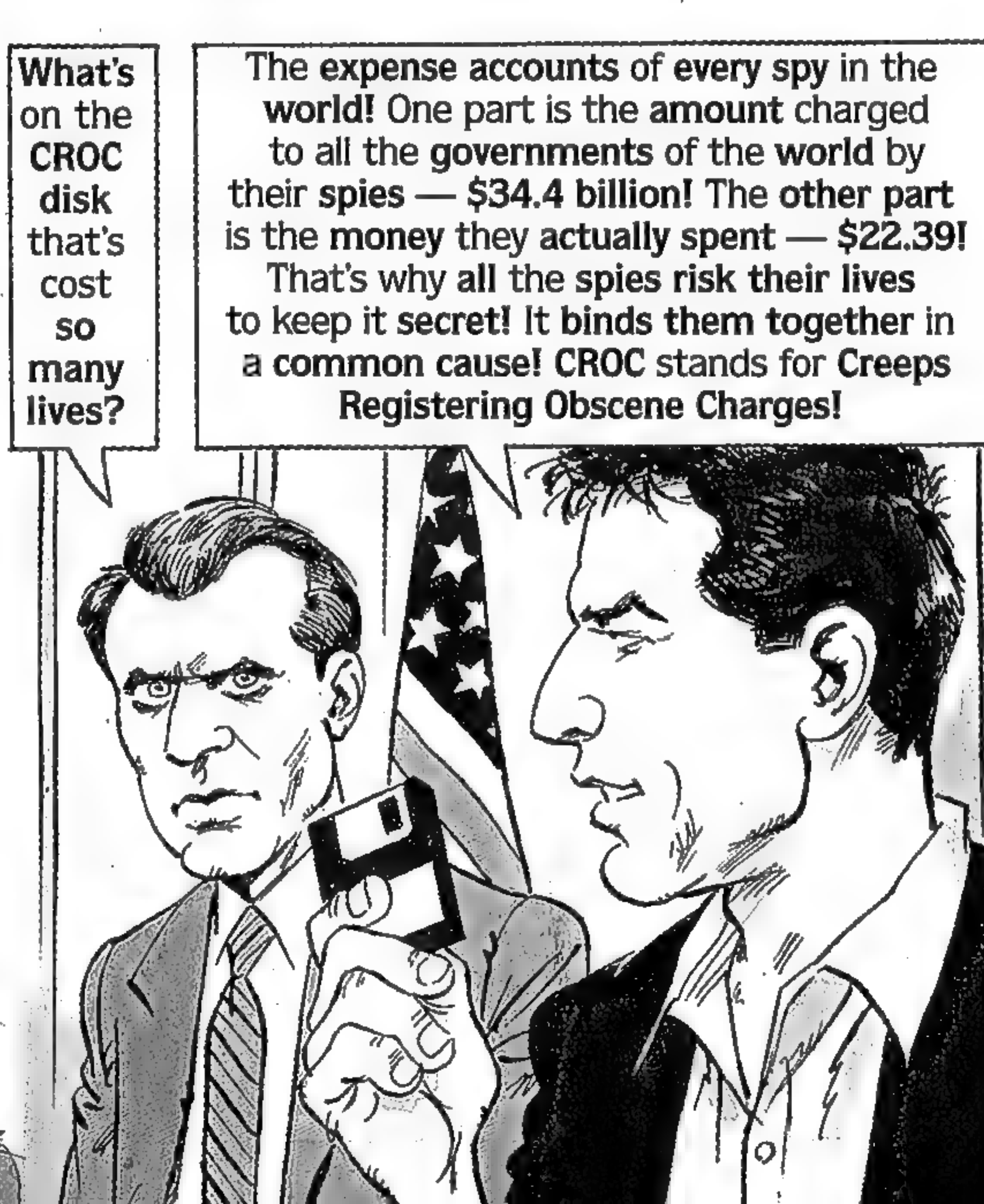
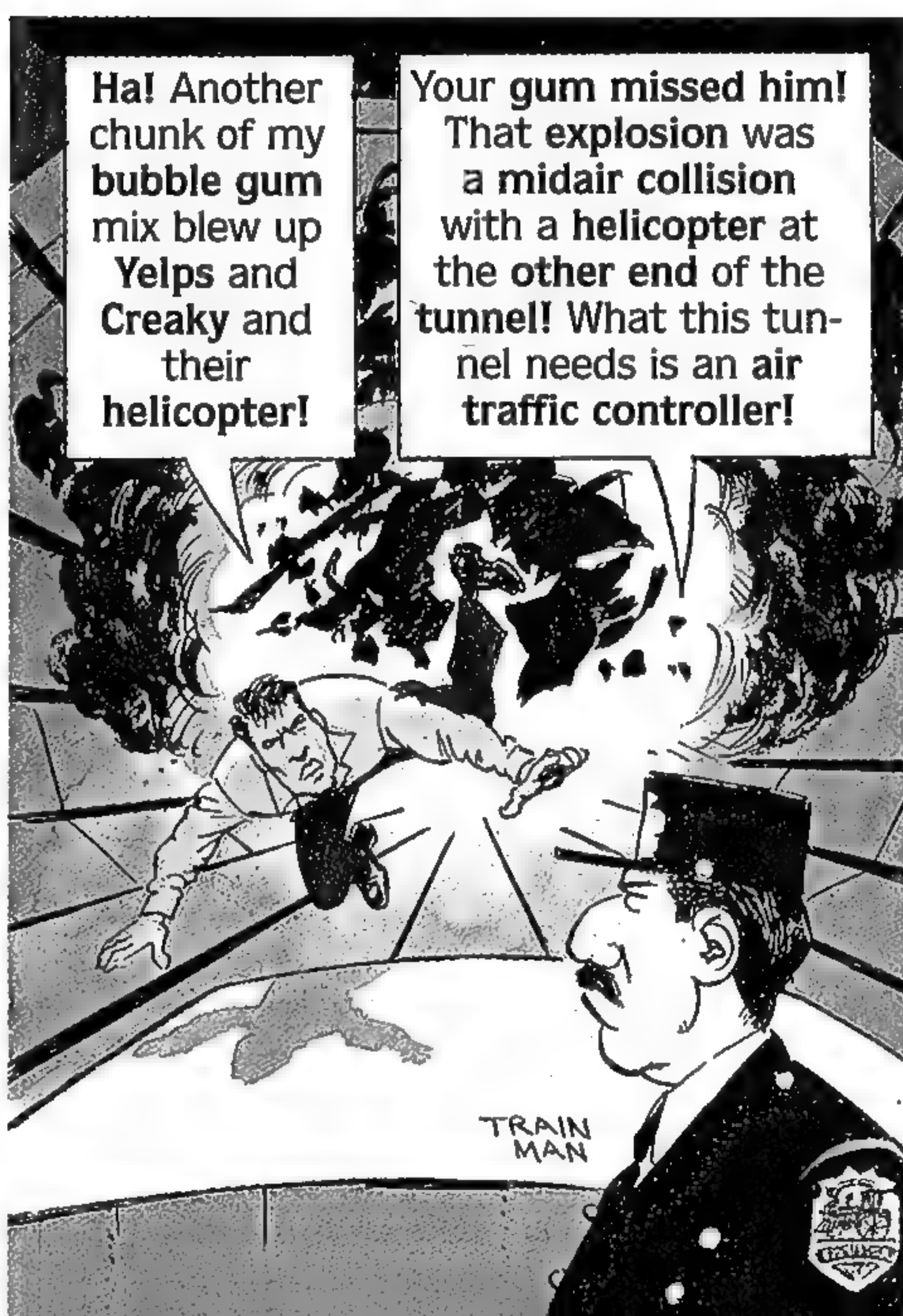




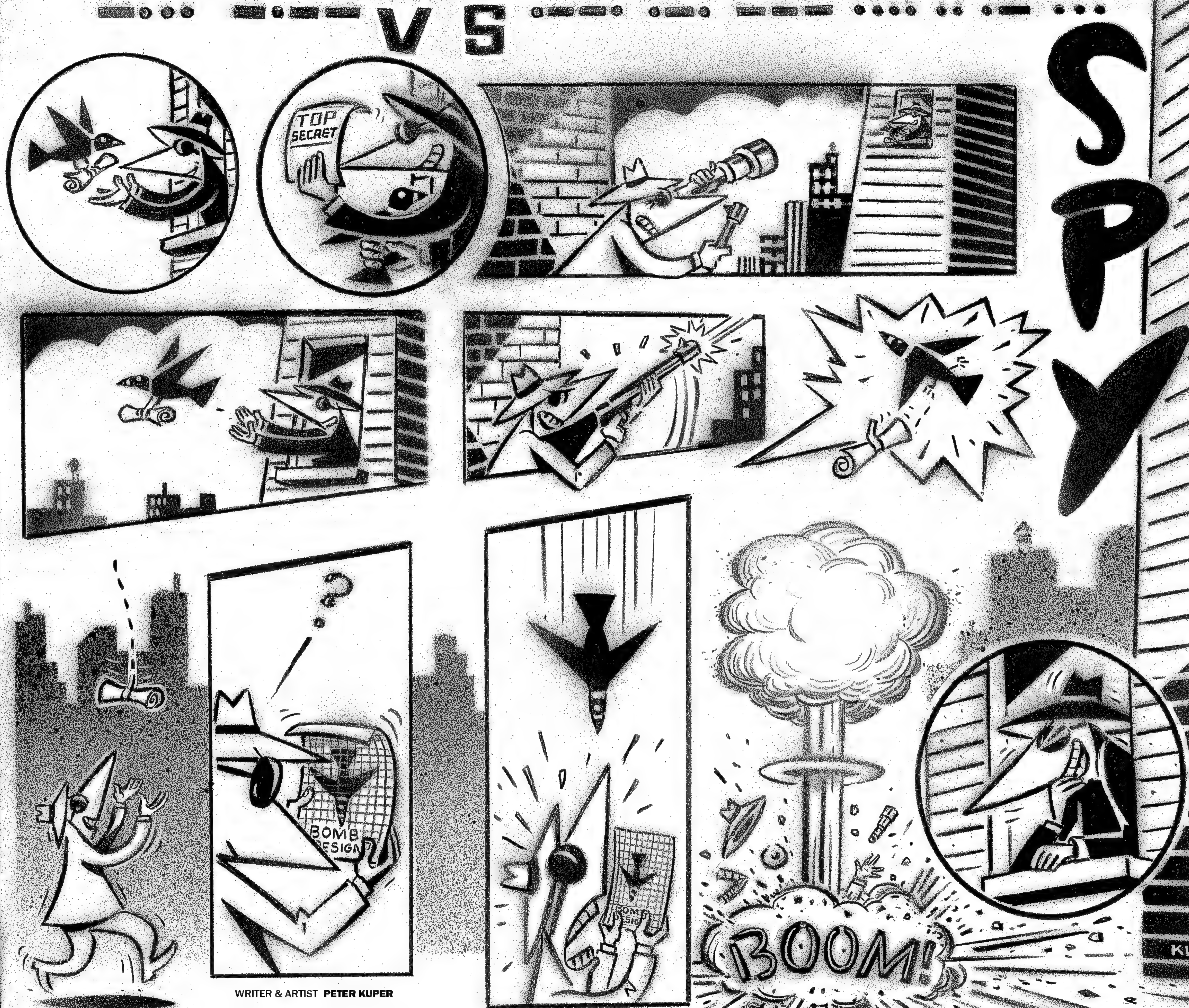




ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #347, JUL 1996







WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #359, JUL 1997

KUPER



Every Sunday, Showtime airs an exciting CIA thriller that we can't get enough of! Action! Adventure! Explosions! Well, sometimes. 'Cause for every exciting minute, there are twice as many weepy domestic stories with melodrama that would make a soap opera writer blush. That's when our favorite show becomes...

# HO-HUM LAND

WRITER: DAVID SHAYNE

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

I'm Marine Sergeant Ridiculous Broody! After getting shot down in the Middle East I was held captive by Al Qaeda for eight years where I was surrounded by unyielding, dogmatic psychos! Now I'm a member of the U.S. House of Representatives! I guess some things never change!

I have mixed feelings about losing eight years of my life! On the one hand, I missed watching my kids grow up and my wife slept with my best friend. On the other hand, I missed out on most of *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*! Overall, I'd say I was the lucky one!

I'm Scarrie Mathison. I'm the only one in the entire CIA who believes that Sgt. Broody is now a terrorist! I'm also a paranoid, bipolar, pill-popping boozier! I don't understand WHY I can't get anyone to believe me!

Even though I want to prove Broody is a vicious terrorist and destroy him, I'm also falling in love with him! I'm not just bipolar — apparently, I'm SCHIZOPHRENIC, too!

I'm Slaw Berenson! I'm not only the CIA's go-to man on Middle Eastern terrorists, I'm also a master of trade-craft! Especially disguise! See this beard? I'm undercover as late-career Robin Williams!

I'm also Scarrie's mentor! She disappoints me time after time, yet I never lose faith in her and come back for more! I'm the CIA equivalent of a New York Jets fan!

I'm CIA Director David Testes! I'm a lifelong bureaucrat who's singularly focused on advancing my career no matter what! I'll kiss butt, hog credit and try to convince the unknowing public that my shoddy work is actually high-quality! If the CIA doesn't work out I can always get a job in Hollywood!

I'm Squint! Scarrie and Slaw think I'm working with them as a CIA interrogator at the safehouse, but they don't know my dark secrets: 1) I'm actually a cold-blooded black-ops assassin, 2) I'm working behind their backs with Director Testes and 3) I ate the LAST DANISH from the safehouse break room! Told you I was cold-blooded!



I'm Aboob Brassiere, the terrorist mastermind determined to bring your country to its knees! I'm evil incarnate! I've brainwashed a Manchurian Candidate congressman and murdered several U.S. officials. And my most heinous act of all? I'm the guy who taught Donald Trump how to use Twitter!

Yes, Broody came to us as an enemy, but I took him in and comforted him! Now he's like a son to me! And him killing the vice president would be the ultimate Father's Day gift! After all, how many ties does a terrorist need?!

I'm Mess! In his eight years in captivity my husband Broody was beaten, tortured and brainwashed by terrorists! Meanwhile, I was a single mother back at home in the suburbs, trying to raise a son who just plays video games all day and a smart-ass teenage daughter who has precisely two emotions: sulky and EXTRA-sulky! My point? Broody's right! He was the lucky one!

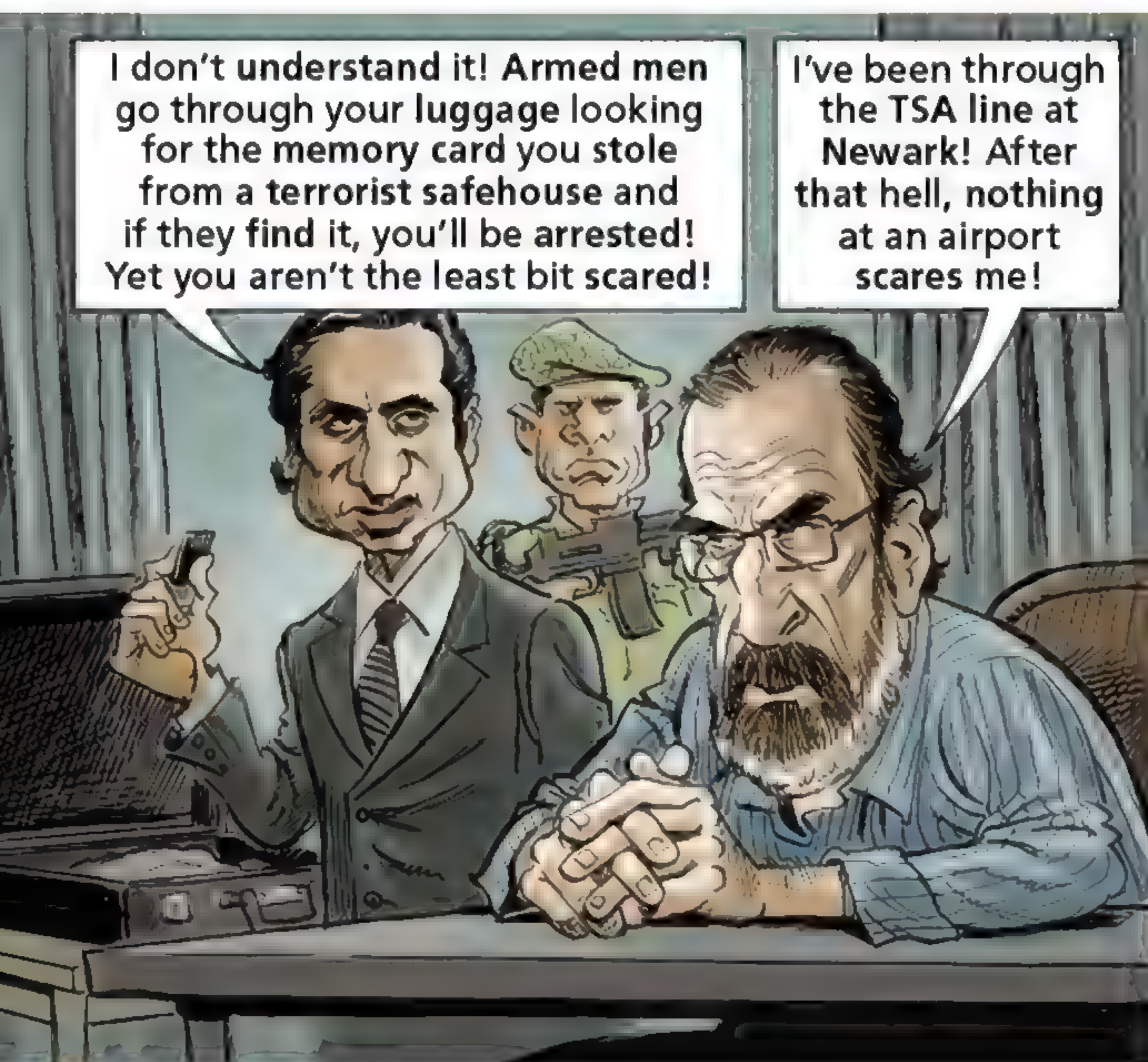
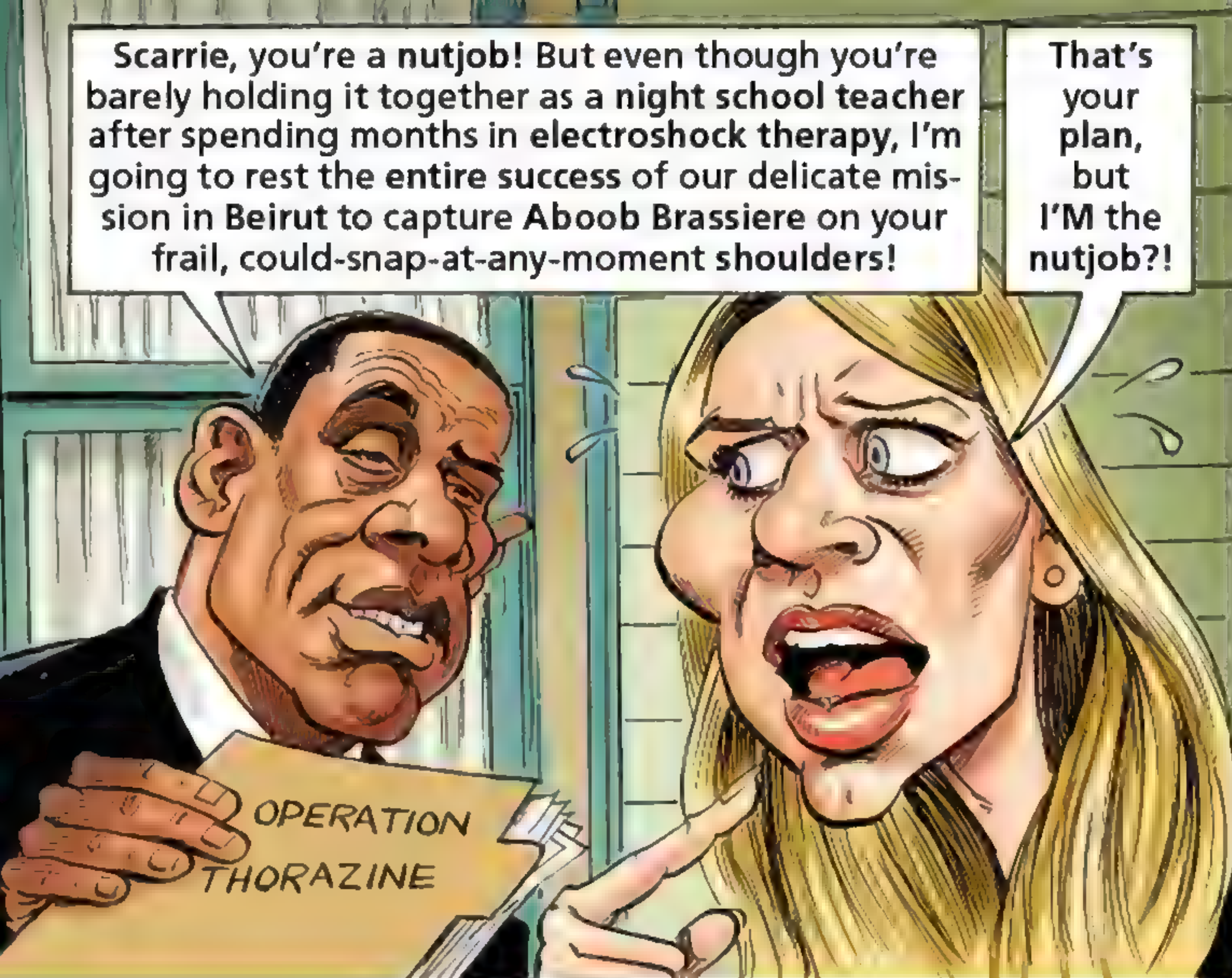
I'm Muck! When my best friend Broody was shot down, I swore that I'd take care of everything! I take care of watching the kids! I take care of the chores around the house! And I take care of his wife — four or five times a night, if you get my meaning!

After Broody got home, Mess and I knew we shouldn't sleep together anymore! Don't get me wrong, we still do! We just know we shouldn't!

Former CIA Director General David Petraeus here! I hate this show! How dare they depict a CIA agent ruining their career after getting caught having an illicit affair...  
...without paying me for my life story!

Former VP Dick Cheney here! People have criticized the second season of this show for not being realistic! I agree! They have a morally corrupt vice president with a bad heart who commits war crimes! Okay, that part is realistic! But him not getting away with it? I REFUSE to buy that!









Despite my kicking a known terrorist in the nuts in Beirut, they won't let me back in the agency, and STILL no one believes me about Broody! Well, only one thing to do — swallow a bunch of pills and booze! Or, as Lindsay Lohan calls it: breakfast!

My name is Sgt. Ridiculous Broody! By now you've heard many things about me! And you may have a few questions: how did I do this? WHY did I do this? And how does a guy who looks like Ronald McDonald's stepbrother have such a smoking hot wife?!

Slaw! I was right! Broody IS a terrorist! I was RIGHT! Isn't that great?

It is...although it also means you endured a humiliating, career-ending nervous breakdown and institutionalization all for NOTHING!

Jeez, Slaw, your CIA codename should be "Buzzkill"!

Scarrie, did you come up to my hotel room to have sex with me?

Funny you should mention sex, 'cause you're totally SCREWED!

Sgt. Ridiculous Broody, you're a traitor to your country! Bag him and take him away for a brutal interrogation, boys!

Please let this be role play... please let this be role play... please let this be role play...

Broody wouldn't tell us Aboob Brassiere's next plan, so I took a stab at it... literally!

Now get in there and interrogate Broody!

Wait, are we doing good cop/bad cop?

No, insane cop/insane-er cop!

When's the last time you told the truth? Telling the truth can feel so good! I'll go first: I want you to leave your wife and kids for me!

Now my turn to tell the truth: YOU'RE FRIGGIN' NUTS!

Broody, if you don't help the CIA bring down Aboob Brassiere we'll tell the world your dark secret! I know what you do in your garage!

NO! You mustn't tell anyone about that! I'm a U.S. Congressman! Nobody can know that I like to wrap myself in a Snuggie, listen to Taylor Swift and have a good cry!

Um, I was talking about praying to Allah and helping Al Qaeda, but that works, too!





No more lying, Broody! You hear me? No more!

Okay! Remember that crazy CIA agent I slept with? Now I'm working with the CIA, she's my handler and I'm pretty sure I'm gonna sleep with her again!

You know what? Let's go back to lying!



I'm convinced you know the identity of the Al Qaeda operative in this photo! What'll it take for you to tell me his name?

I want you to get me out of the prison's solitary wing!

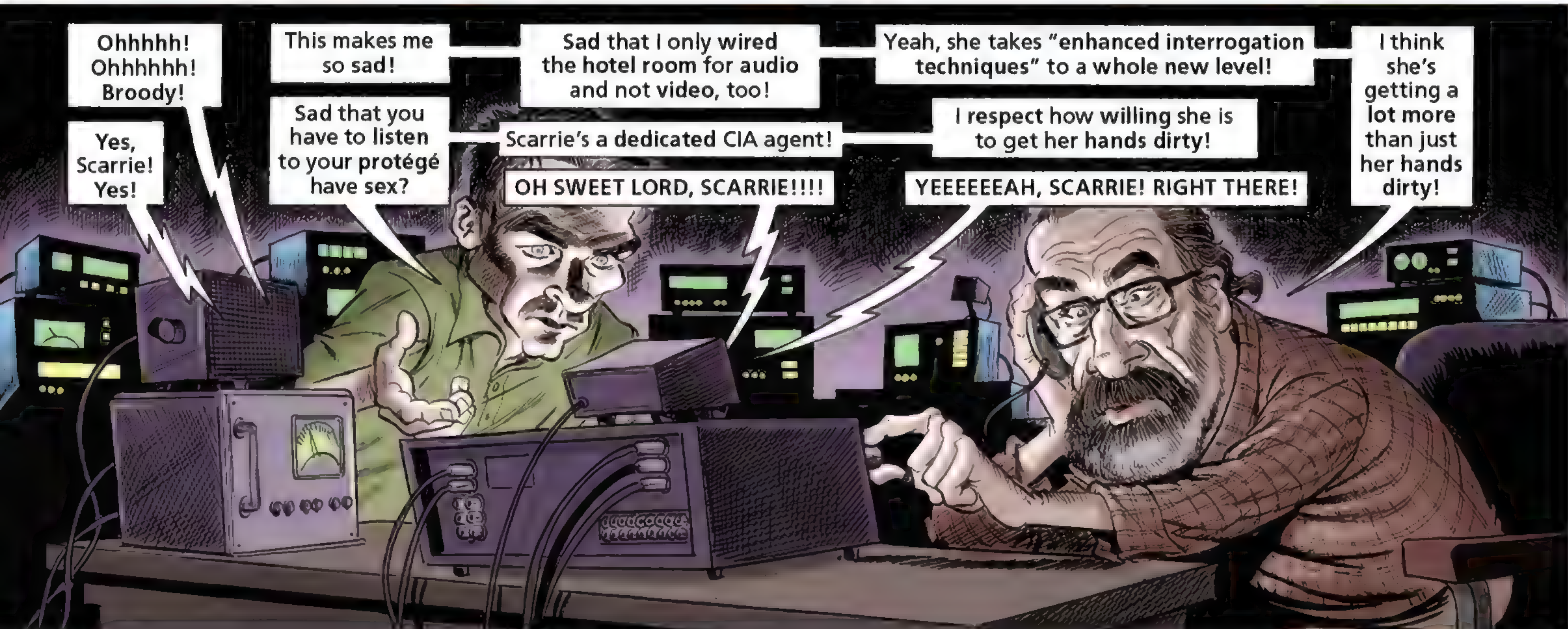
I want you to give me an upstairs cell with a window!

I want you to promise my character will not get killed off by committing suicide at the end of this episode!

Done!

No problem!

Hoo-boy...



Ohhhhh! Ohhhhhh! Broody!

This makes me so sad!

Sad that I only wired the hotel room for audio and not video, too!

Yeah, she takes "enhanced interrogation techniques" to a whole new level!

I think she's getting a lot more than just her hands dirty!

Yes, Scarrie! Yes!

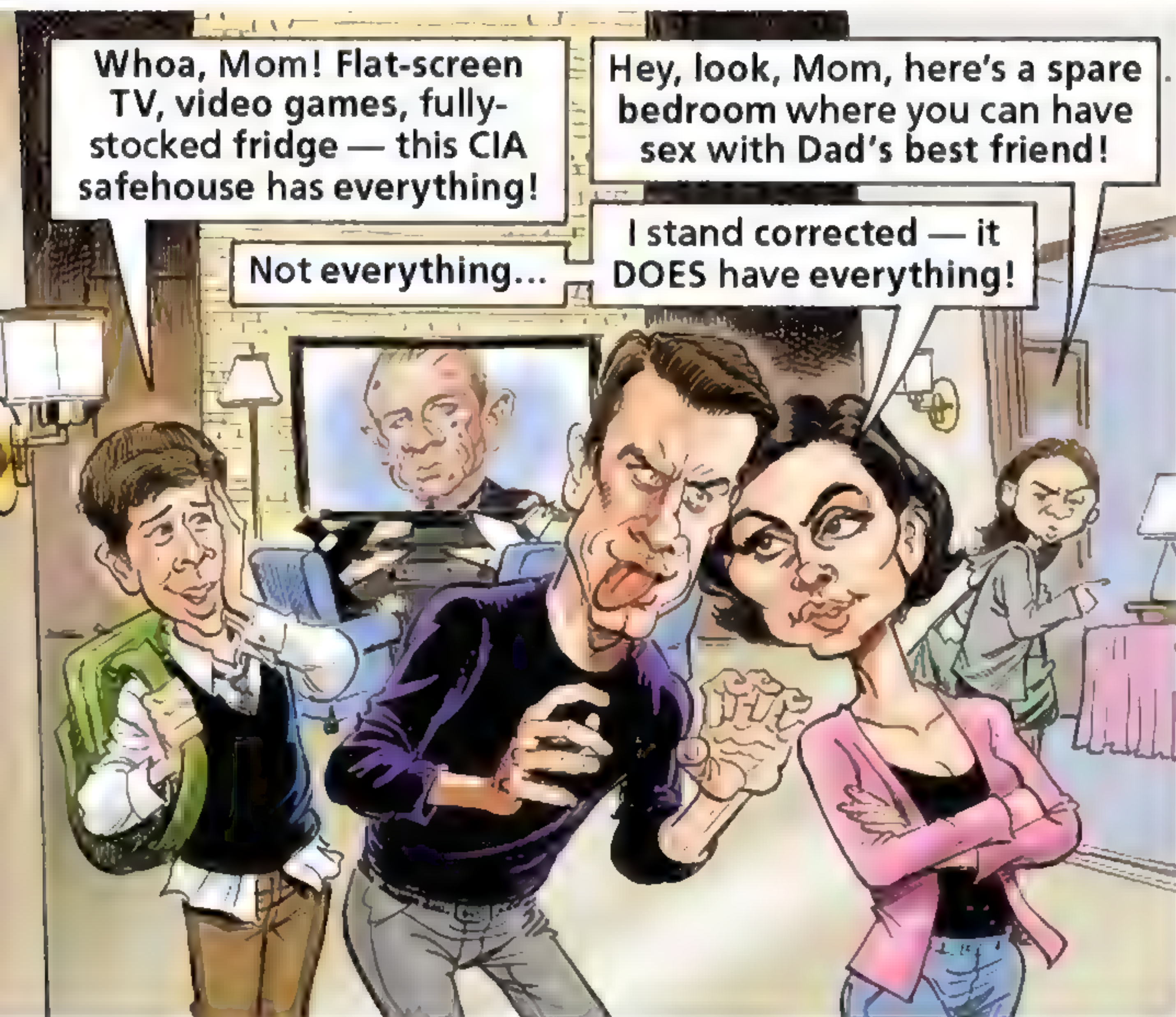
Sad that you have to listen to your protégé have sex?

Scarrie's a dedicated CIA agent!

I respect how willing she is to get her hands dirty!

OH SWEET LORD, SCARRIE!!!!

YEEEEEEAH, SCARRIE! RIGHT THERE!



Whoa, Mom! Flat-screen TV, video games, fully-stocked fridge — this CIA safehouse has everything!

Hey, look, Mom, here's a spare bedroom where you can have sex with Dad's best friend!

Not everything...

I stand corrected — it DOES have everything!



Squint, this is Testes. I've got bad news: the operative we just caught isn't Aboob Brassiere!

That's okay. At least we took an Al Qaeda agent out of action.

Worse news: we have no idea where Aboob Brassiere is!

Don't worry. I'm sure we can figure it out.

WORST news: that means we need Broody alive! You don't get to shoot anyone today!

OH GOD, THE HUMANITY!!!



Sir, I'm withdrawing as your vice-presidential nominee! You have no morals! You killed Aboob Brassiere's innocent young son in a drone strike! I hate everything you represent! But mostly I'm withdrawing because there's no way you will EVER be president!

'Cause dead people can't win elections! I've just remotely shorted out your pacemaker. Enjoy your heart attack!

Why not?

I found you, Aboob Brassiere! I KNEW the villain would be hiding in the old abandoned mill!

How'd you figure it out? Interrogating prisoners? Using advanced surveillance?

Watching Scooby-Doo!

POW

I can't believe we're giving a scumbag like Aboob Brassiere a respectful burial at sea!

We're not burying him at sea! We're dumping him on a stranded Carnival cruise ship! The smell of his decaying corpse oughta fit in nicely with the odor of backed-up toilets and rotting food!

Vice-President Wal-Mart did not die in vain! He showed that national security is important! That we will stop at nothing to end terrorism! That any character on this show can get killed off without warn—

—ing!  
KA-BOOM!

Now you're accused of blowing up CIA headquarters! But don't worry, I have a plan! You'll just live in Canada until I can clear your name!

Have you gone off your meds?! I'm a famous war hero and sitting congressman! They're showing my confession video on TV around the world 24/7! There's nowhere I can go where I won't be recognized!

I didn't say it was a GOOD plan!

200 killed! CIA headquarters destroyed! You and I have an important job to do!

Find the high-level Al Qaeda terrorists responsible for this horrible act?

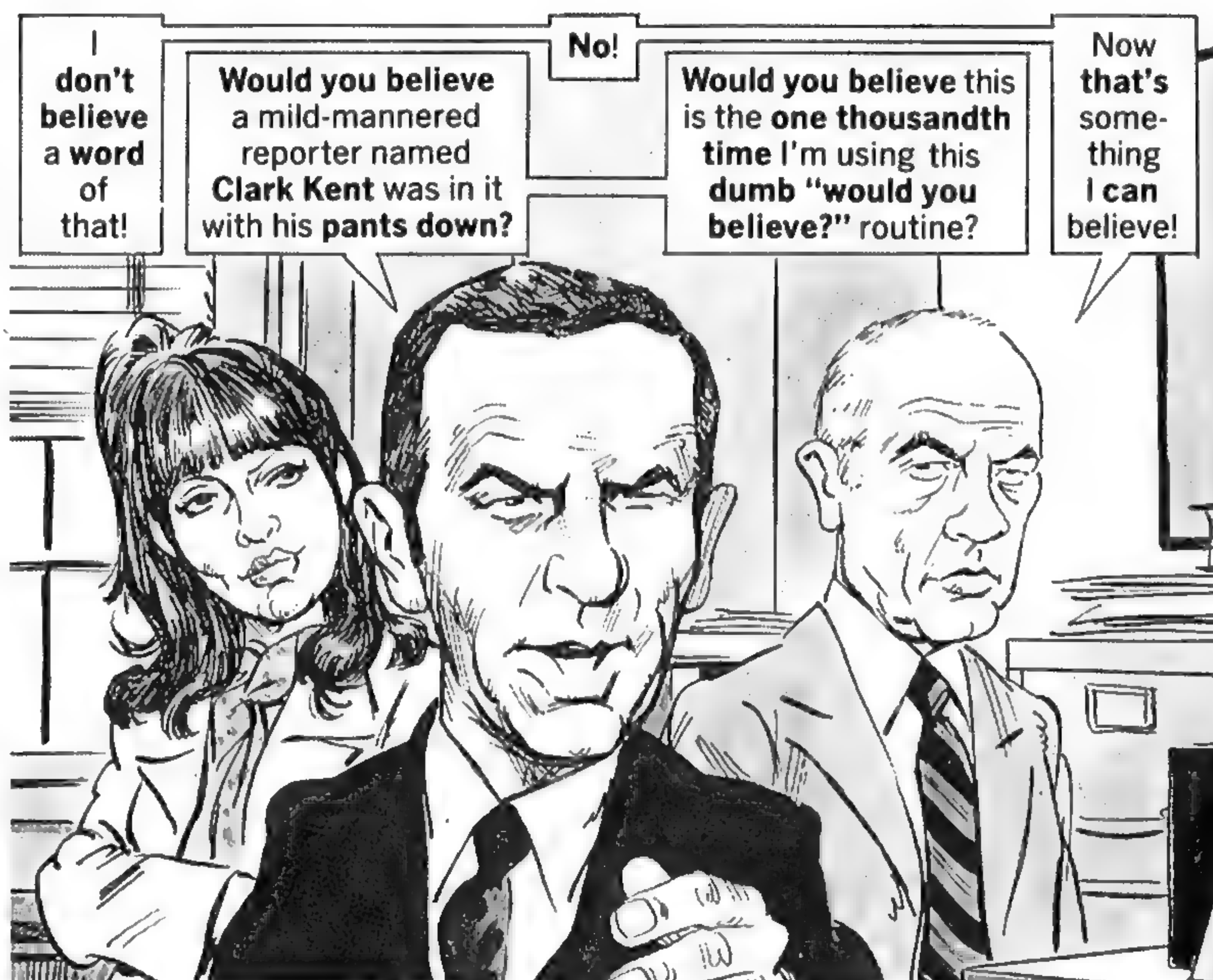
Find the low-level CIA guys we can pin this intelligence failure on! Jeez, did you learn nothing from what I taught you about Abu Ghraib? At the CIA we just push the blame downwards! C'mon, I know a couple of file clerks we can set up...



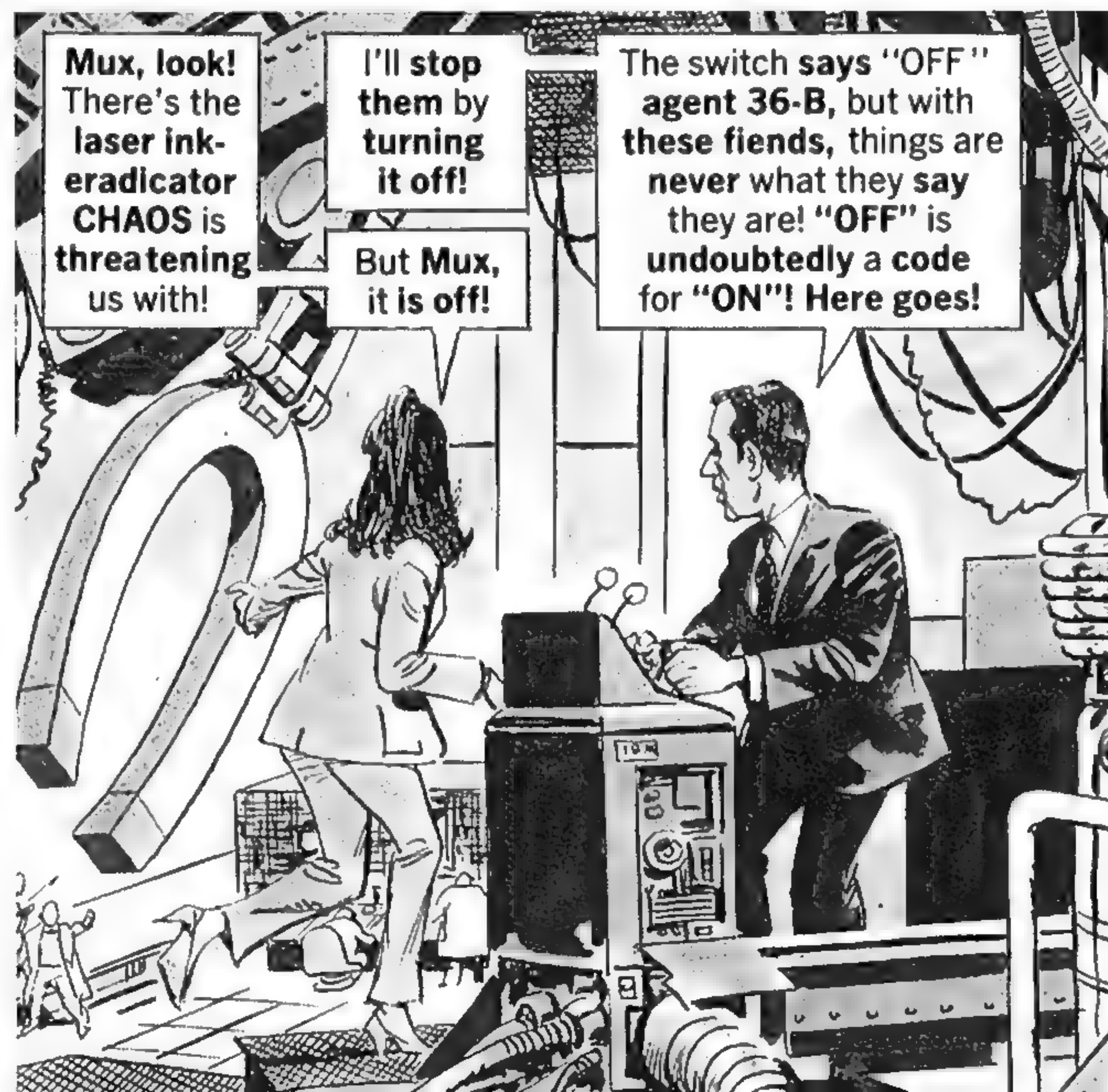


Try as you may, when it comes to the great spies of the past, it's an impossible mission to...

# FORGET SMART



WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO





I'm Muxwall Smart, Agent 98.6, but don't let my number fool you—I'm definitely not normal! I used to be agent 86, but with the way inflation has been these last few years... Well anyway, 98.6 is still just a pseudonym for my real number which is so secret it's unlisted!



I'm Agent 36-B! Mux thinks of me as his right-hand man! Now if I can only get him to think of me as his right-hand woman, we could all have a little more fun!



I'm the Chief here at the fake government agency we call KONTROL! Here we waste incredible amounts of time and money, so on that score, we're just like a real government agency!



Mux, any minute now CHAOS is going to interrupt local TV programming to broadcast a message to us!

Gee, how do you know that, Chief?

It's listed right here in TV Guide—11 AM: CHAOS interrupts local broadcasting to deliver message to KONTROL!



Attention KONTROL! CHAOS has developed the largest laser-powered ink eradicator in the world! We demand six billion dollars by 11 PM or we will aim it at IRS headquarters and erase America's tax records!

The old laser-powered ink eradicator to erase America's tax records trick! I'd like to see them try, Chief! In fact, I'd like to see them succeed! I think I'm about to be audited for my last tax return!



Find them, Mux! We can't let America's tax records be destroyed!

How about just mine?

Mux!!

Okay, mine and yours, Chief!



ARTIST ANGELO TORRES

Mux, I think that "OFF" did mean "OFF!"

What kind of diabolical mind would think of such a thing?

What did you do to get the cops here so fast?

When I turned it on I must have aimed the magnet at police headquarters! Cops wear so much metal, I pulled them in by their guns, badges and dental work!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #272, JUL 1987

Mux, your blundering has saved the day!

Chief! What are you doing here?

I just got a call from Pres. Johnson. He's so tied up with Vietnam that he needs someone to look after some other countries for him. He's promoting you to CIA Co-Director!

Great, Chief! Just give me 20 years and by 1987 you'll be proud of what I've done! What countries will I be in charge of spy operations for?

Iran, Nicaragua and Libya!







# SPY VS SPY

BLACK EMBASSY

WHITE EMBASSY

WRITER & ARTIST TOM BUNK

ORIGINALITY PUBLISHED IN MAD PRESENTS SPY VS SPY JAN 2011



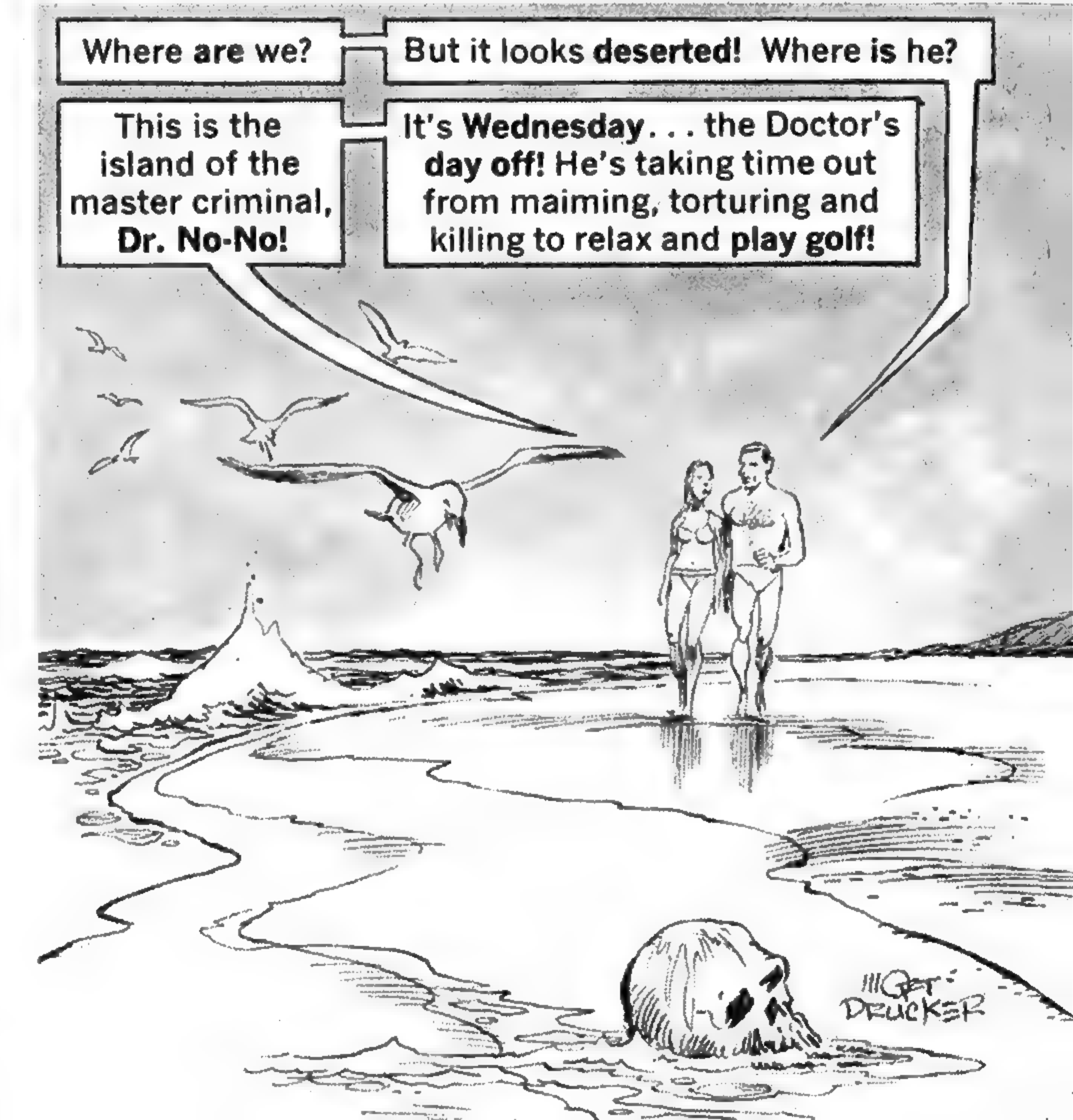
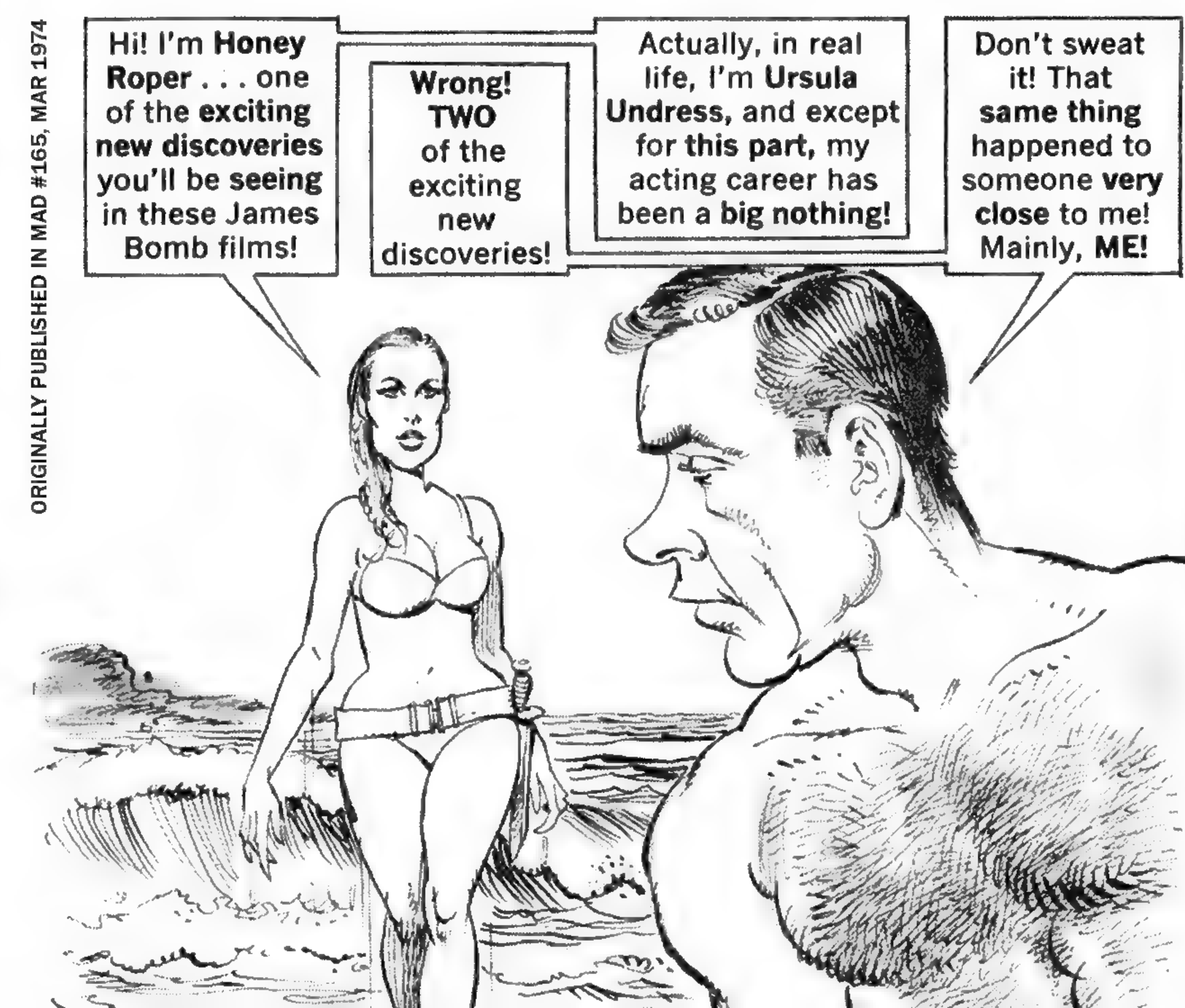
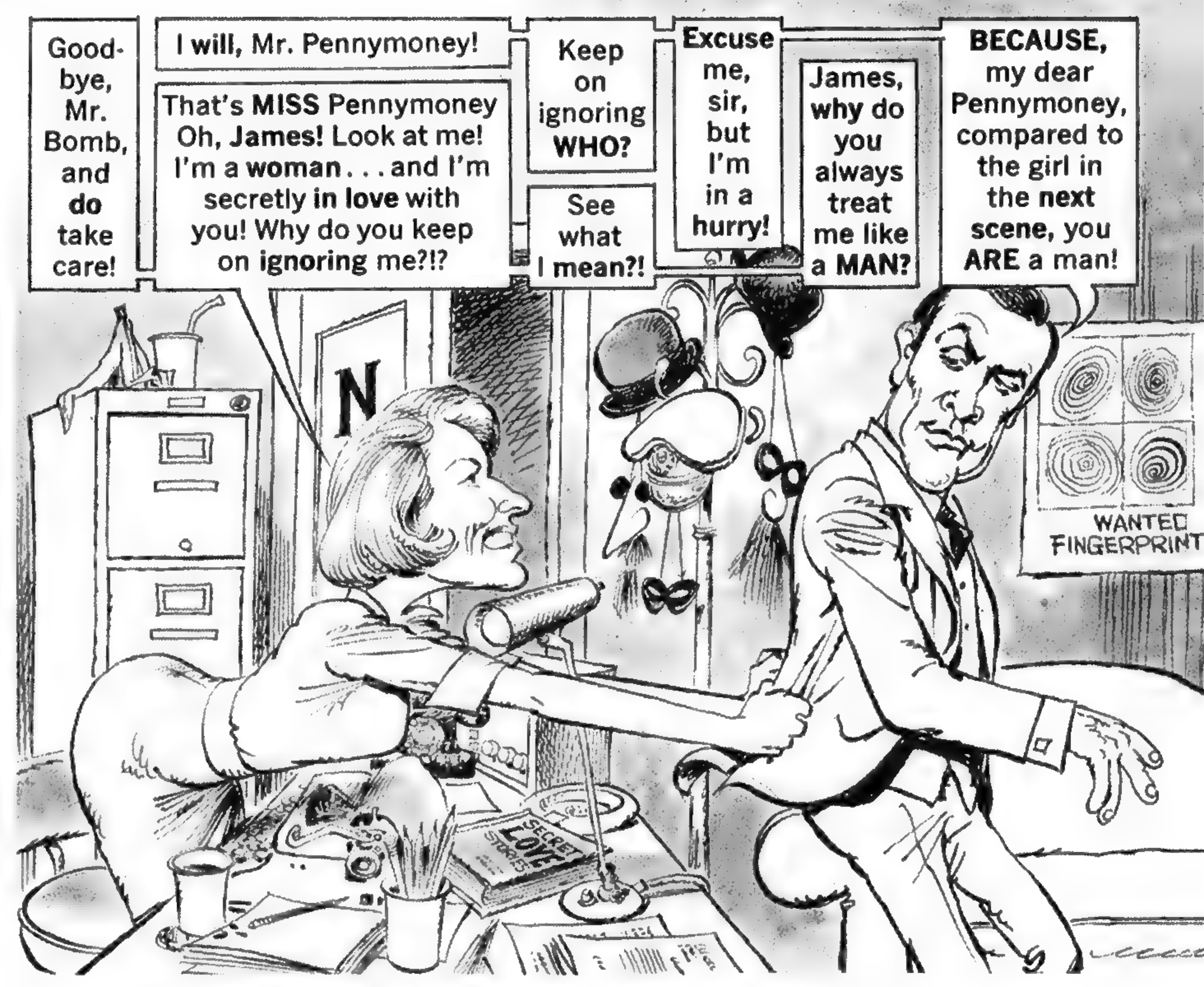
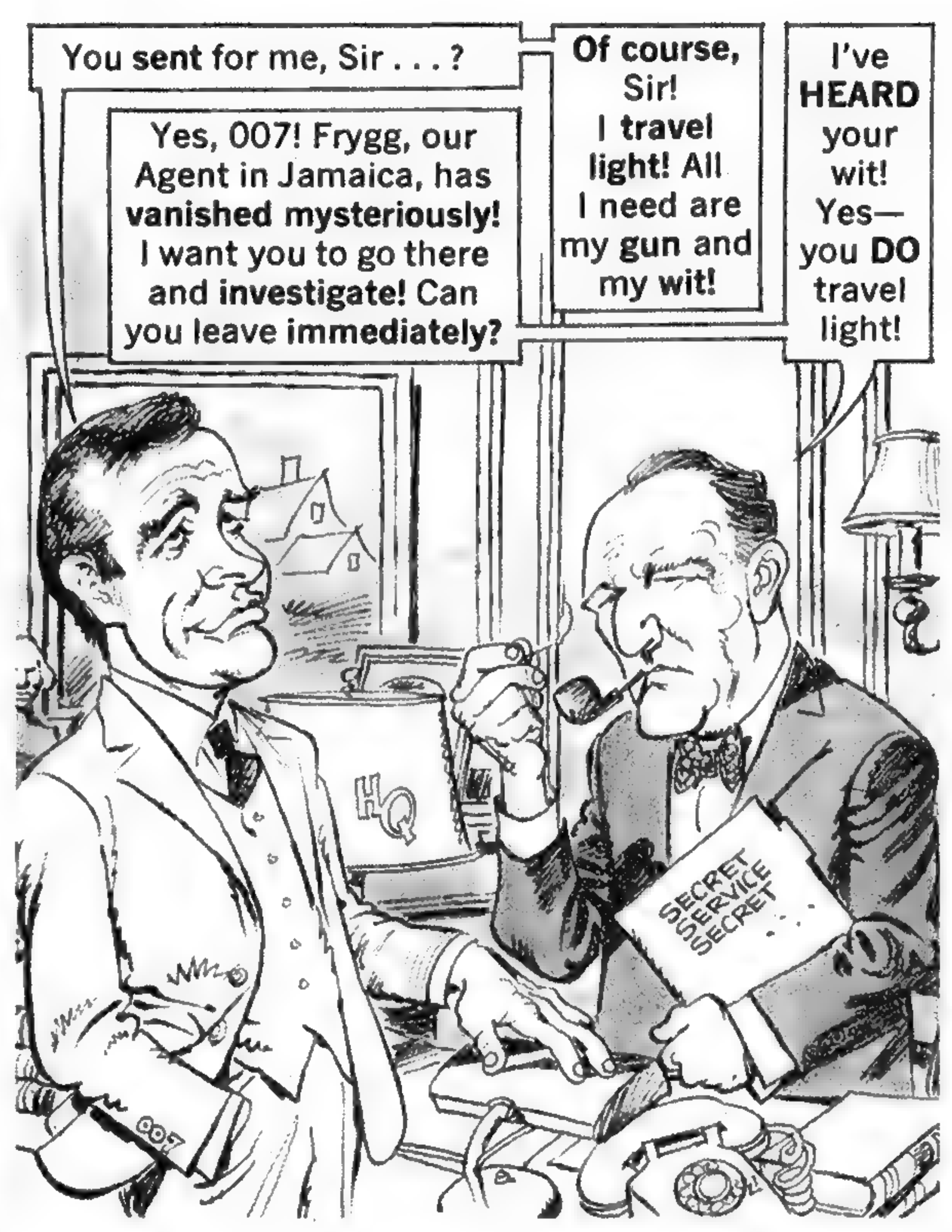
ALTHOUGH THE STARS KEEP CHANGING, "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES GO ON FOREVER! AND SO, MAD TURNS ITS SATIRICAL SPOTLIGHT ON THIS BOX OFFICE PHENOMENON, AND BRINGS ITS READERS UP TO DATE ON ...

# 8 "JAMES BOMB" BOMB MOVIES

YES, NOSTALGIA FANS! REMEMBER YEARS AGO, WHEN THE "JAMES BOMB" "DR. NO-NO" MANIA FIRST SWEEPED THE COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY WAS RUNNING TO SEE

A MAD RETROSPECT...WITH NO RESPECT

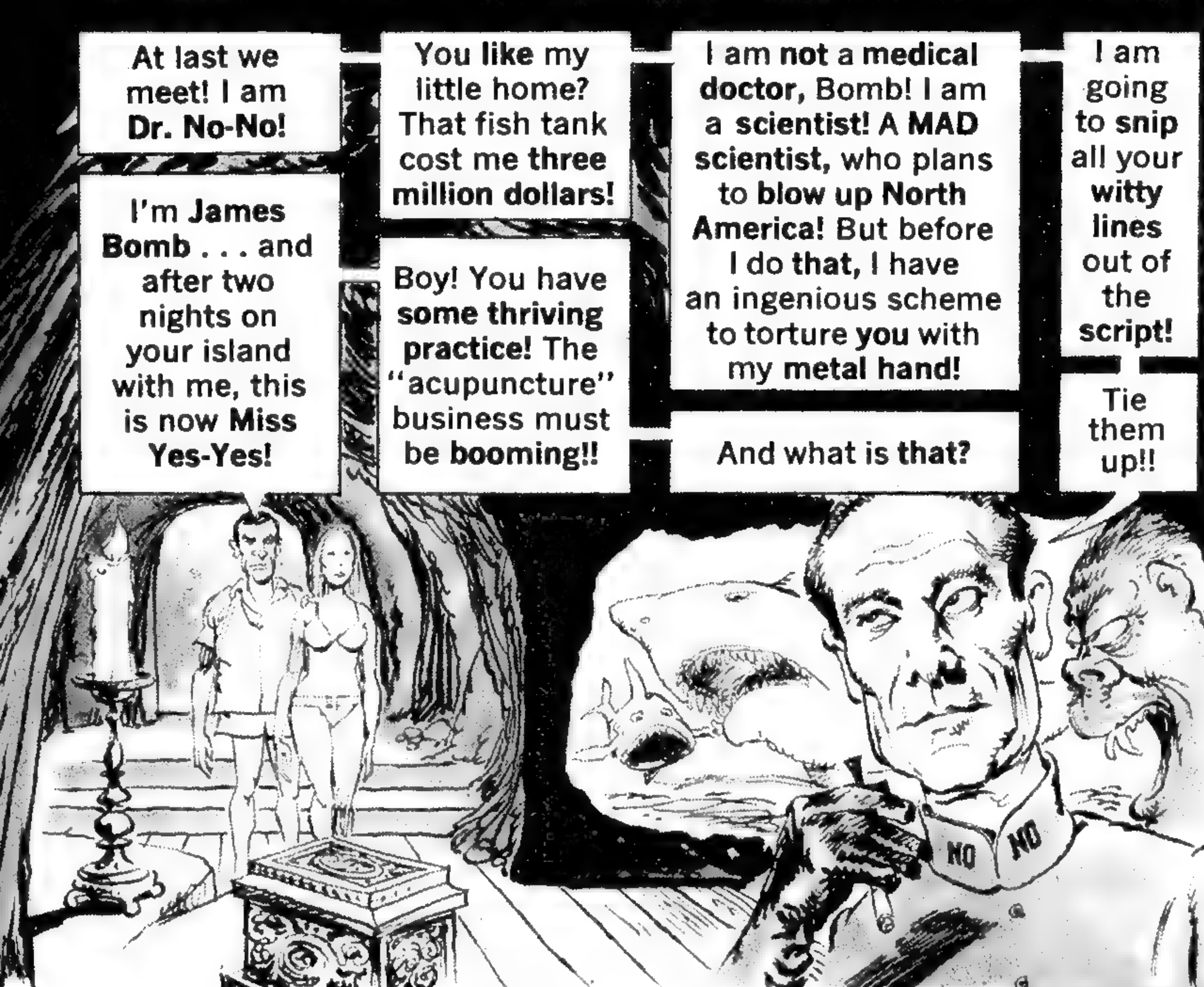
WRITER ARNIE KOGEN ARTIST MORT DRUCKER



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #165, MAR 1974

MORT DRUCKER





At last we meet! I am Dr. No-No!

I'm James Bomb . . . and after two nights on your island with me, this is now Miss Yes-Yes!

You like my little home? That fish tank cost me three million dollars!

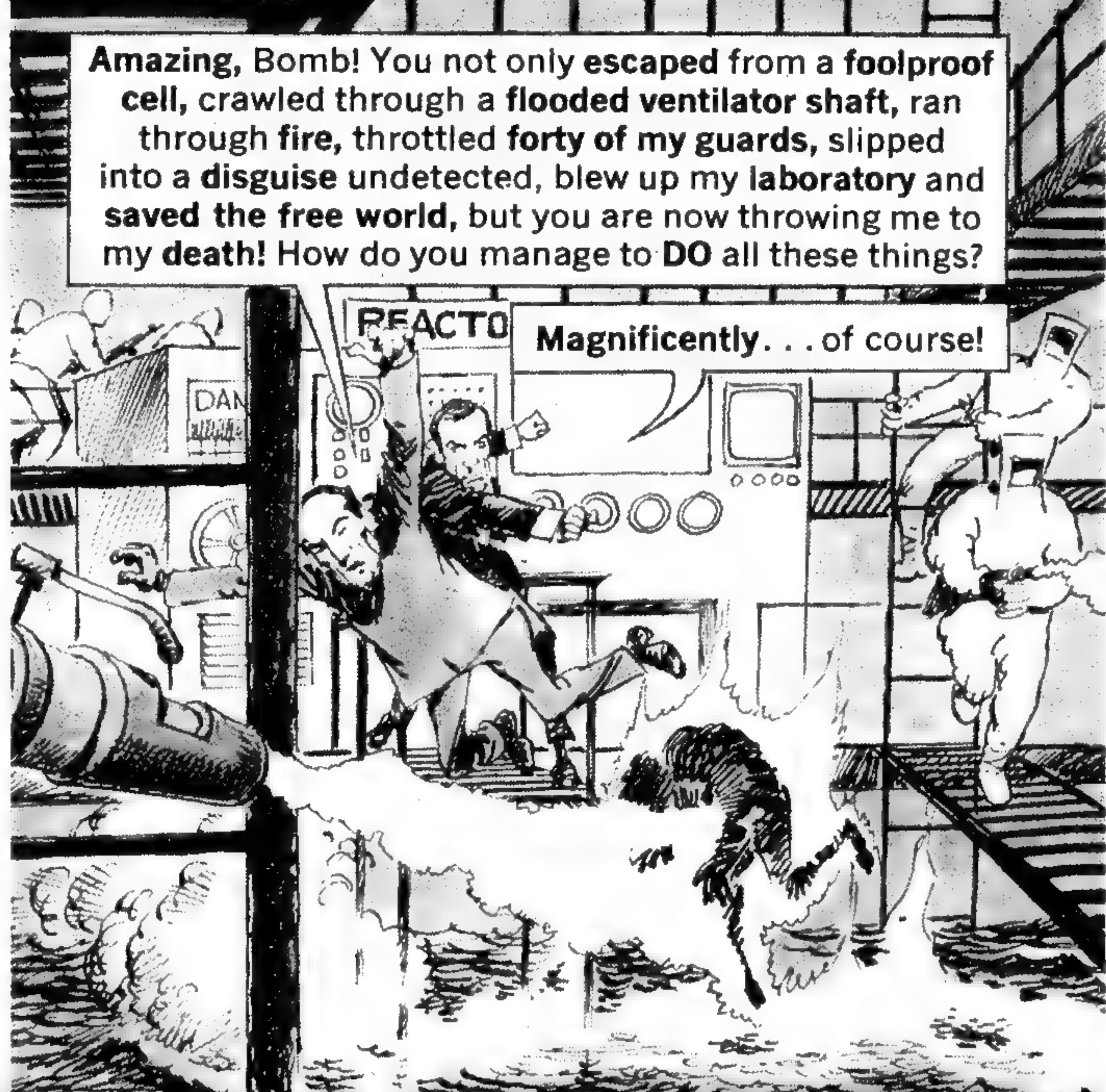
Boy! You have some thriving practice! The "acupuncture" business must be booming!!

I am not a medical doctor, Bomb! I am a scientist! A MAD scientist, who plans to blow up North America! But before I do that, I have an ingenious scheme to torture you with my metal hand!

And what is that?

I am going to snip all your witty lines out of the script!

Tie them up!!



Amazing, Bomb! You not only escaped from a foolproof cell, crawled through a flooded ventilator shaft, ran through fire, throttled forty of my guards, slipped into a disguise undetected, blew up my laboratory and saved the free world, but you are now throwing me to my death! How do you manage to DO all these things?

Magnificently . . . of course!

## "FROM RUSSIA WITH LUNACY"



Please James . . . not here!

Okay . . . then let's row over to MY place in London!

We have no time! We must each go our separate ways! You must rush off to your next adventure . . .

And you?

I must rush off to oblivion!

'Bye, James! I'll look for you in—

In your first film, we introduced SEX! Now, in this next adventure, we grab the audience with ridiculous gadgets!

Please pay attention, 007! This ordinary looking attaché case contains a folding rifle, a concealed knife, a tear gas cannister, a grenade, and an atomic bomb for an emergency!

Call me a weirdo, Sir . . . but I STILL prefer sex to gadgets!



I am the vicious espionage agent, Rosa Klobb.

Welcome to Spectre Training Camp. And this is our most promising student.

**POW!!**

He'll do. Have him report to me in Istanbul.

Excellent choice! You are selecting a killer for James Bomb because Spectre has problems?

No, I just like to punch men in the stomach! You see, I ALSO have problems.



**ZAP!**

. . . and these will be your quarters here in Turkey, Mr. Bomb.

I have a feeling this room is bugged!

Good! I'm hungry. Can I call room service?

Hmm! By the way, what did you say was the name of this hotel . . . ?

Nonsense! I checked it out.

Surely. Just speak into the lamp.

The Istanbul Watergate!





Bomb, I'm going to strangle you with the wire device encased in my lethal wristwatch.

Not before I kill you with my exploding attaché case.

In that case, I'll just beat you to death with my fists!

FISTS?!? What are you . . . some kind of sickie??



You've destroyed all my underlings, Bomb! So now you force me to kill you myself with my poisoned spiked shoe.

It won't work! I'm wearing my arsenic-tipped golashes to counteract it!

You're too clever for me, Bomb!

For YOU, maybe! But get a load of the fat, shrewd villain in my next movie, called—



## "GOLDFINGERBOWL"

Mr. Goldfingerbowl, this is James Bomb. I'm afraid your sexy blonde spotter finds me irresistible, so you'll have to find another way to cheat at cards! She's taking the rest of the day off.

But before I go, here's your last tip. Play the queen and knock with seven.

You shouldn't have done that! Goldfingerbowl hates kibitzing . . . and he has a ferocious temper!

Don't be silly. I'm James Bomb! What could he possibly do to me!?



SEE...

To ME, nothing!

To YOU, plenty!!



Oddblob, tip your hat to Mr. Bomb.

This is my fanatic manservant, Oddblob.

AMAZING! He's the Sandy Koufax of the derbies!

That's nothing. When he really gets angry, you should see the terrible things he does with his UNDERWEAR!

I hate to do this, chum, but—'bye!

What gadgets on this Aston Martin! The smoke screen, the oil slick, the twin machine guns . . . and now THIS—the ejector seat! Too bad the heap only gets six miles to the gallon!

I could have helped you on that, Bomb! Now you and your kind will live to regret this!

Why? You're only one of Goldfingerbowl's thugs!

No . . . I'm Ralph Nader!





You're becoming a nuisance, Bond. Tell me what you know about "Operation Grand Slam"!

Hah!! Do you REALLY expect me to talk, Goldfingerbond?

Oh, you'll talk, all right. And if the laser beam continues moving as it is, you'll talk in a very high-pitched voice!



I'm Tushy Galore, and I'm a judo expert!

You force me to beat you up, Tushy Galore!

Because I work for Goldfingerbond?

No, because people are walking out of theaters all over the world talking about YOUR name, not MINE and I have an incredible ego!



See that building? Right there is the biggest gold supply in the free world!

That's Fort Knox?!

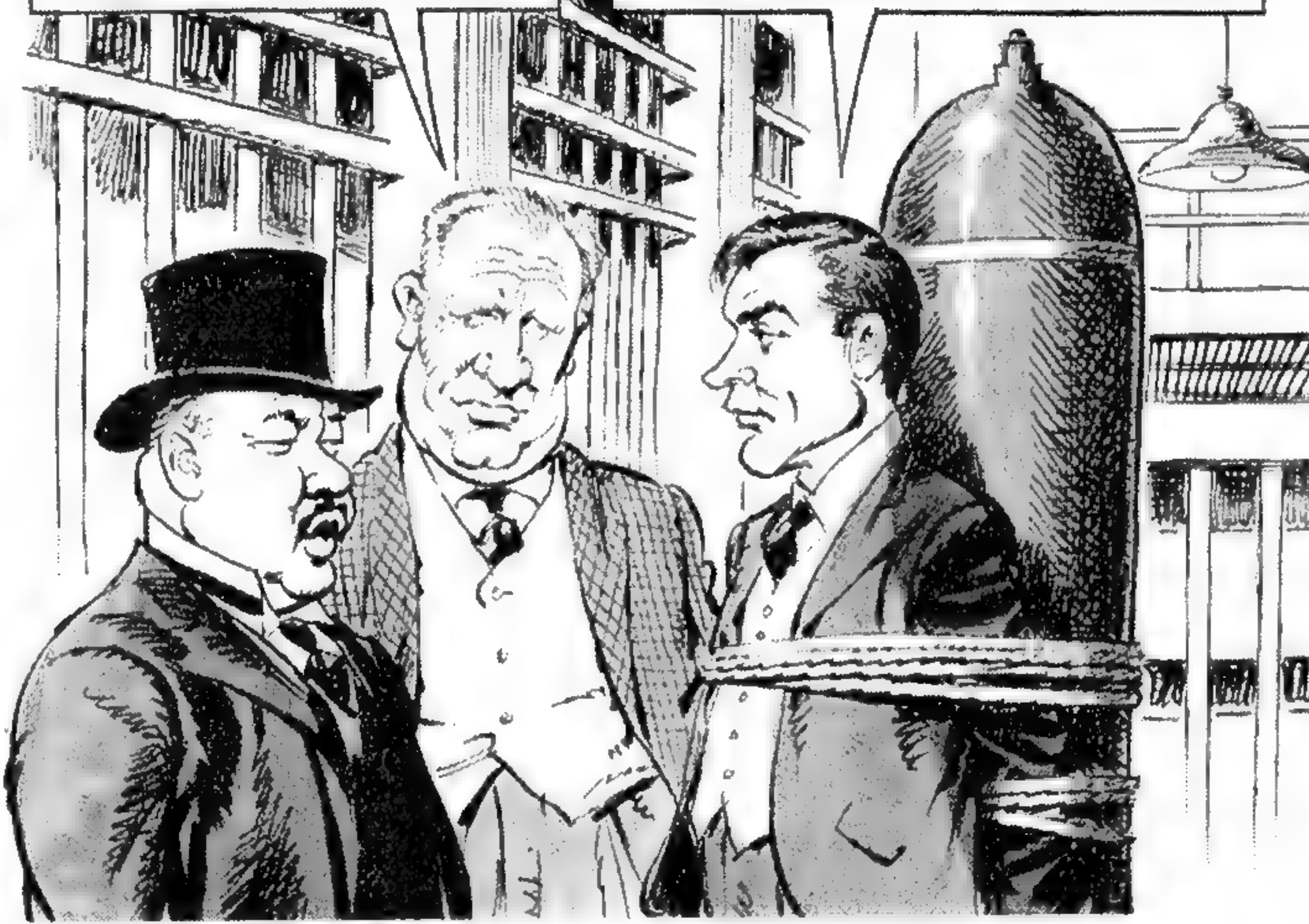
No, that's the offices of Crockoli and Saltzpete, the producers who are making a mint ripping off the public with ludicrous movies like this one!

Fort Knox is a little further on.



... and that's my plan, Bomb! I will destroy the gold supply stored in Fort Knox, and turn the American economy into complete and utter chaos!

Why go to all that trouble? Why not just WAIT a few years until President Nixon announces his phase I through phase IV price control programs?! You want chaos? THAT'S chaos!



And now for one of the all-time classic cinema fights, ranking along with such great battles as Marlon Brando and Lee J. Cobb's in "On The Waterfront," John Wayne and Victor McLaglen's in "The Quiet Man," and Frank Sinatra and Ernest Borgnine's in "From Here To Eternity."

Actually, it's more like Kitty trying to take on Matt Dillon in "Gunsmoke"!



Hope you get a "charge" out of this, Oddblob! That's one of my "current" jokes!

Please! Enough. Enough!

Enough electric shock?

No, the shock I rather like. Enough clever dialogue!

Sorry, but the clever dialogue will have to carry us through the next few pictures, because we're starting to run thin on gimmicks!

Not yet! Next is probably the most spectacular, but probably the DULLEST one of all—





# "THUNDEBLAHH"

In this big budget fantasy, you get to battle frogmen and an underwater army, 007.

So here's your supply of outlandish gadgets! A scuba suit with hand grenades attached, a geiger counter disguised as a camera, a motorized back pack that also fires explosive spears, and...

But that stuff weighs over a hundred pounds. As soon as I put it on, I'll sink straight to the bottom!

That's the idea! See, the stars of **THIS** film are the lavish sets and the special effects. We don't really need you at all!



Hi! I'm James Bomb! I came to the Bahamas to track down a stolen army bomber, and a few missing atom bombs.

I don't have them.

But we're underwater! I've heard of making love on a waterbed, but this is ridiculous!

Good! Let's make love!



That James Bomb may be a brilliant agent on land but this underwater assignment seems to be a bit too much for him.

What makes you say that?

He just torpedoed two tuna, punched a flounder and made a witty, offhand remark to a herring!



Well, James, you finally killed the villain Lardo, recovered the two missing atom bombs, smashed the Spectre operation, and now you've ended up in this boat, alone with me. So, let's celebrate in your usual fashion.

Dominique, you won't believe this, but I'm not in the mood for love.

Not in the mood? But you ate a dozen oysters!

Is there another girl?

Yes! And WE wind up in a boat, too, at the end of...



# "YOU ONLY LIVE NICE"

Well James, you've foiled your archenemy, Blowhard, blown up his volcano stronghold, seduced all his female assistants, and saved the free world once more. How do you feel?

Terrible! I'm retiring as James Bomb.

Why, you can't be serious! You ARE James Bomb!

I know. But I am also Sean Crockery. I want to pursue my career as an actor. I will NEVER play James Bomb again!

Who will they get?

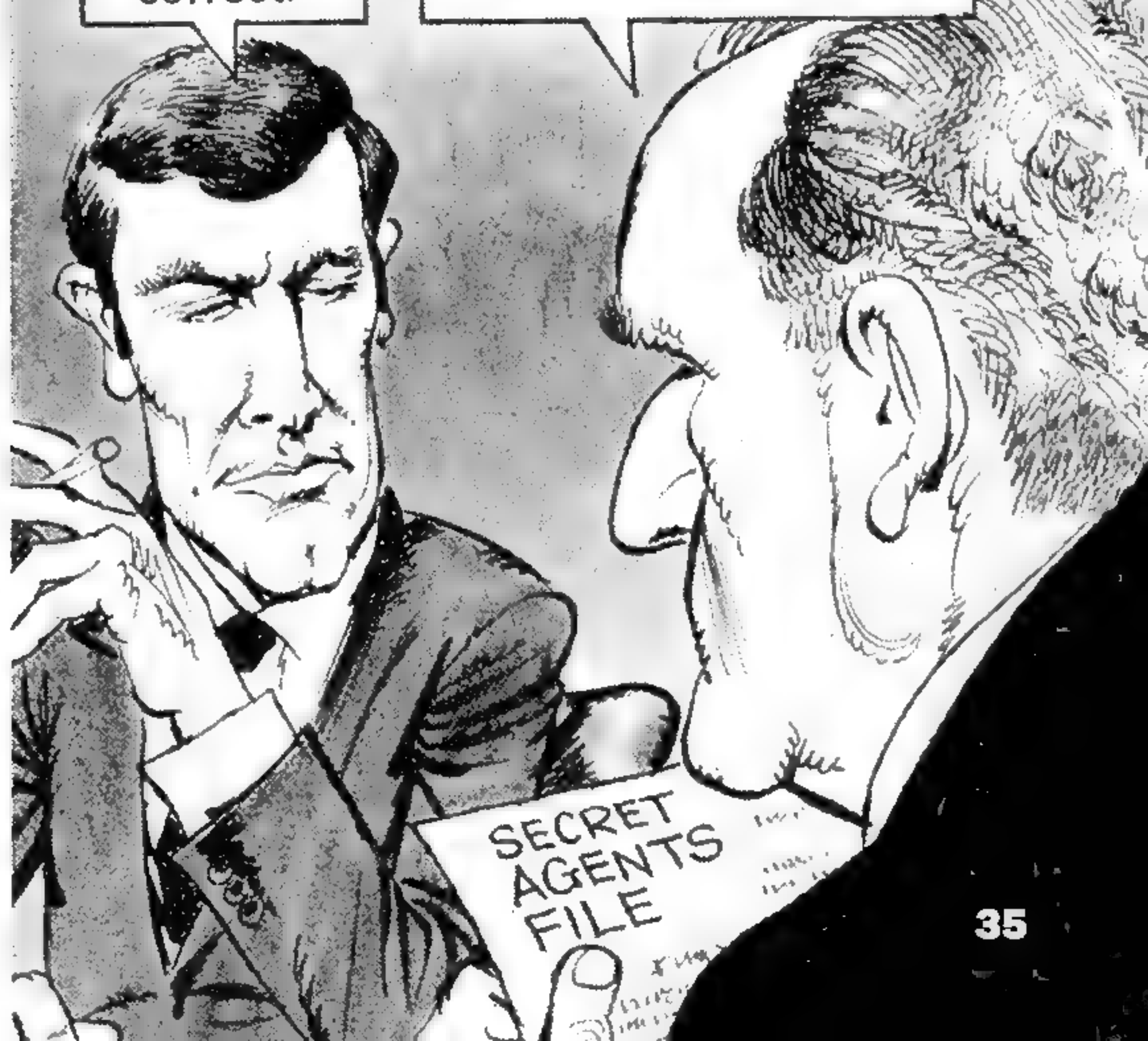
Well, undoubtedly they will have to replace me with another "super-star," like a Richard Burton, or a Paul Newman, or a Steve McQueen, or a... G-Geo...



G-George LAZYBEE?!

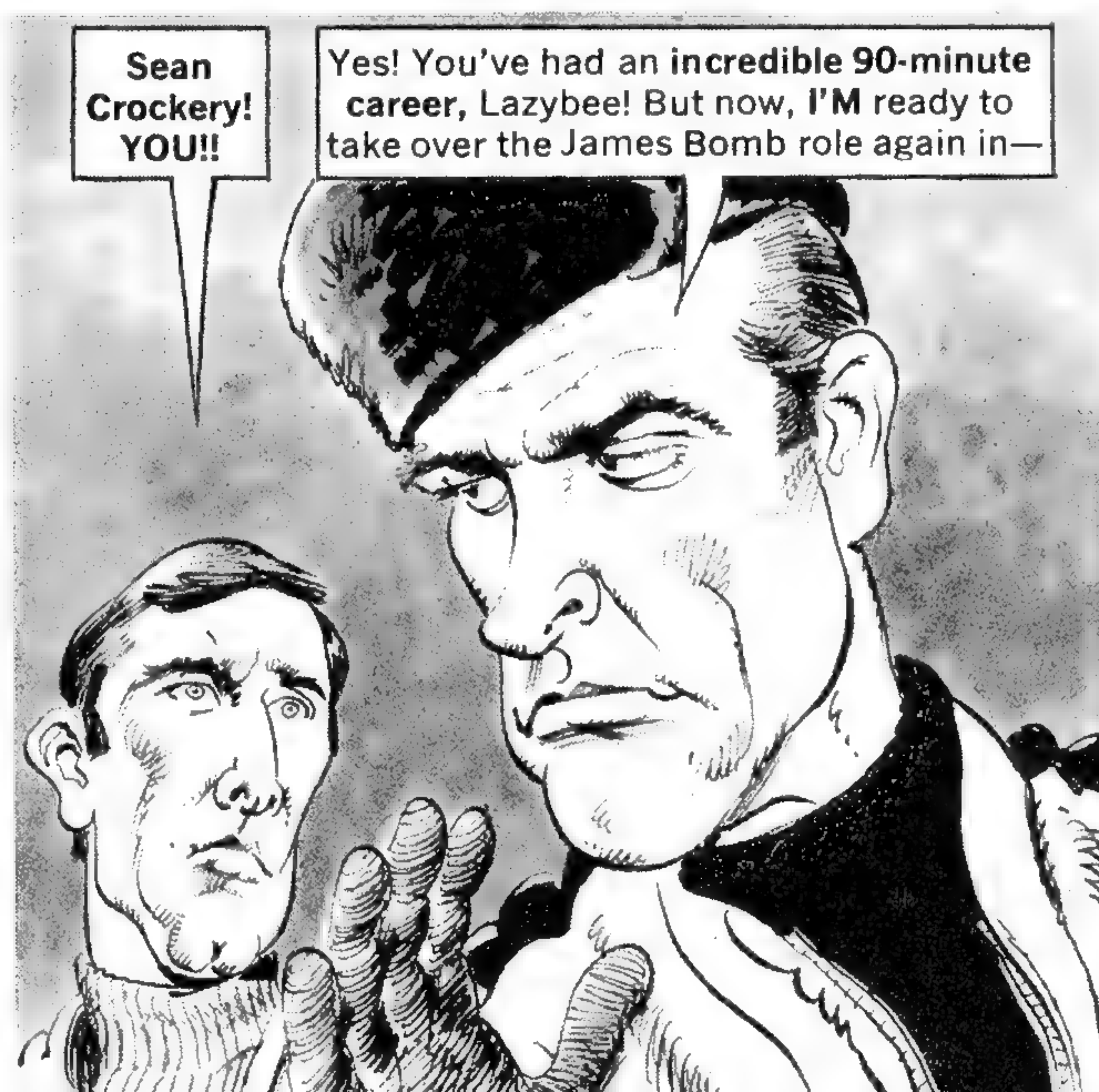
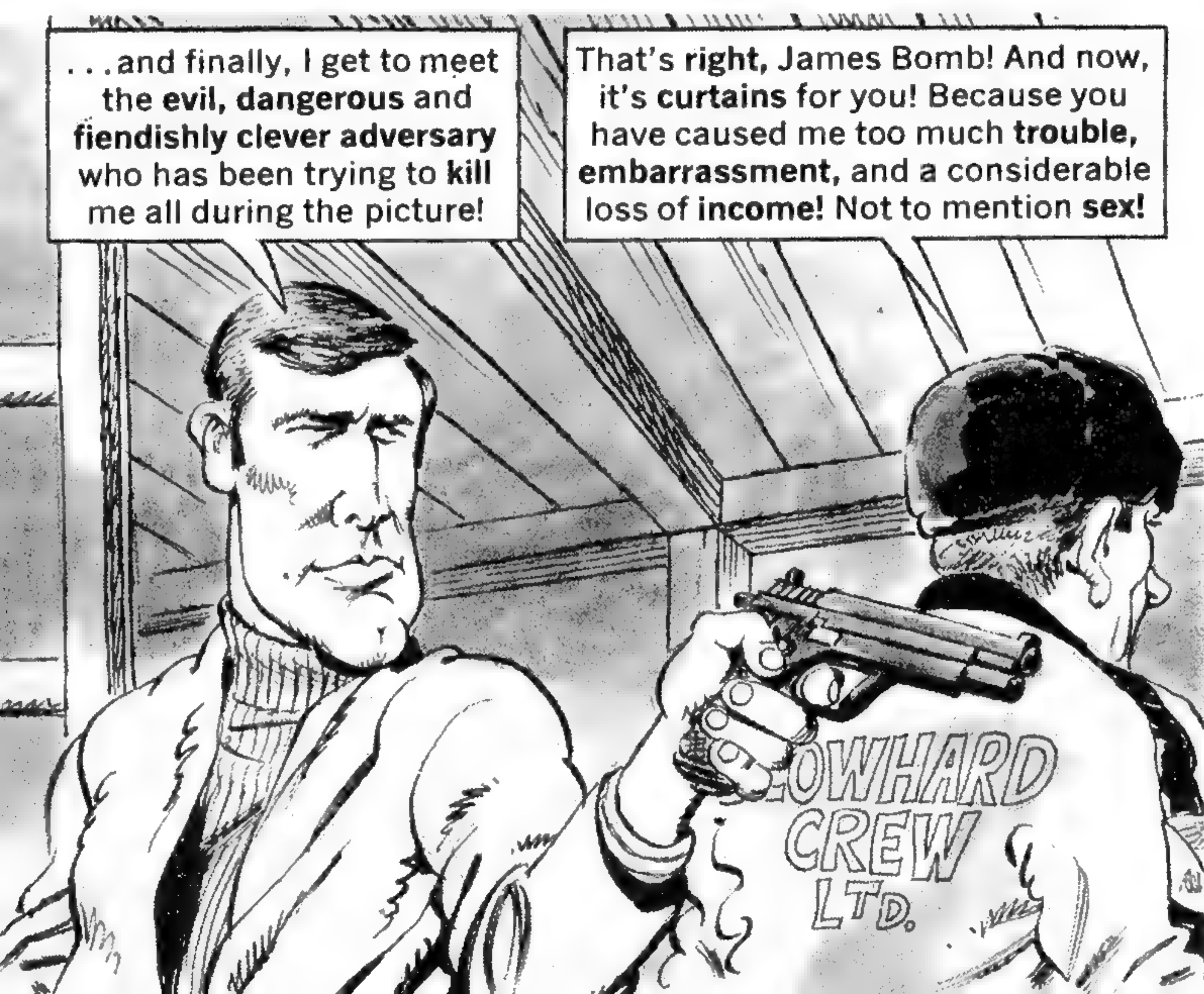
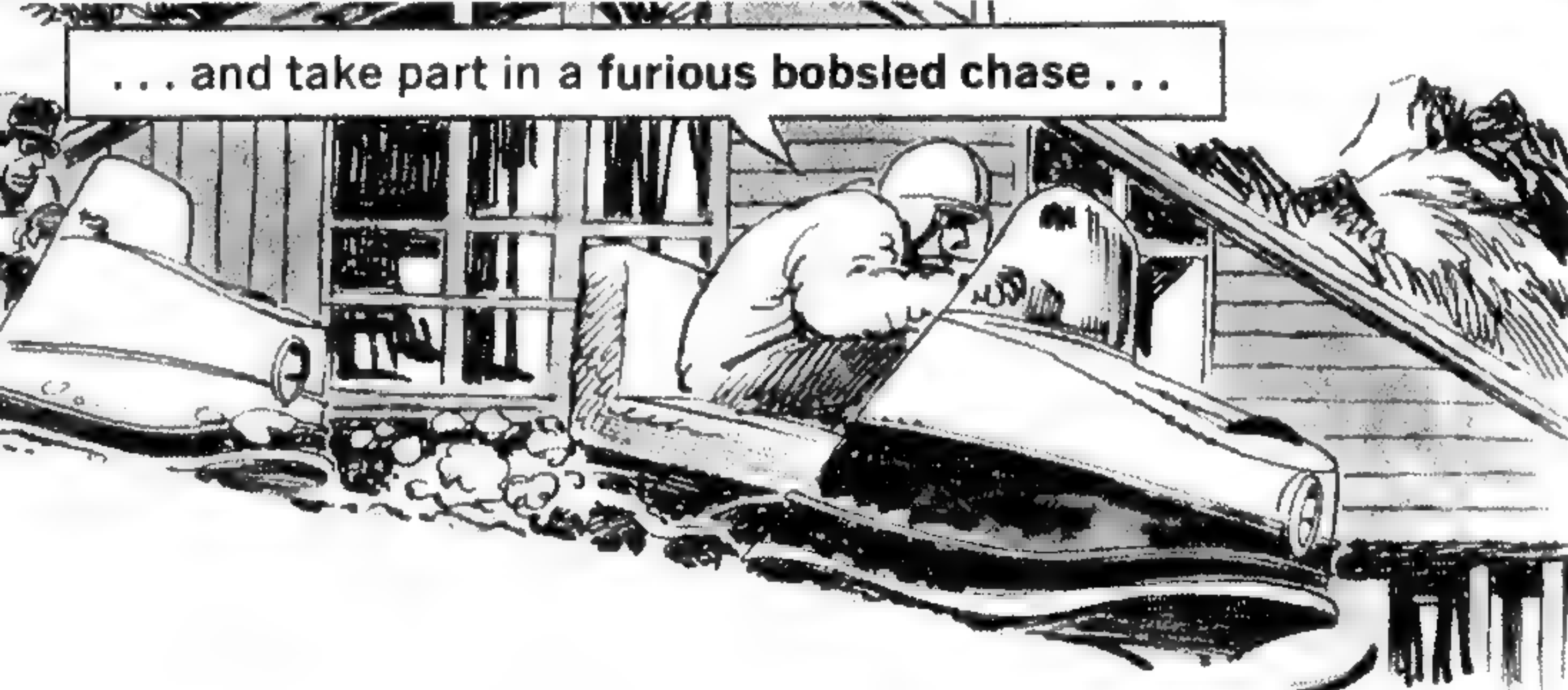
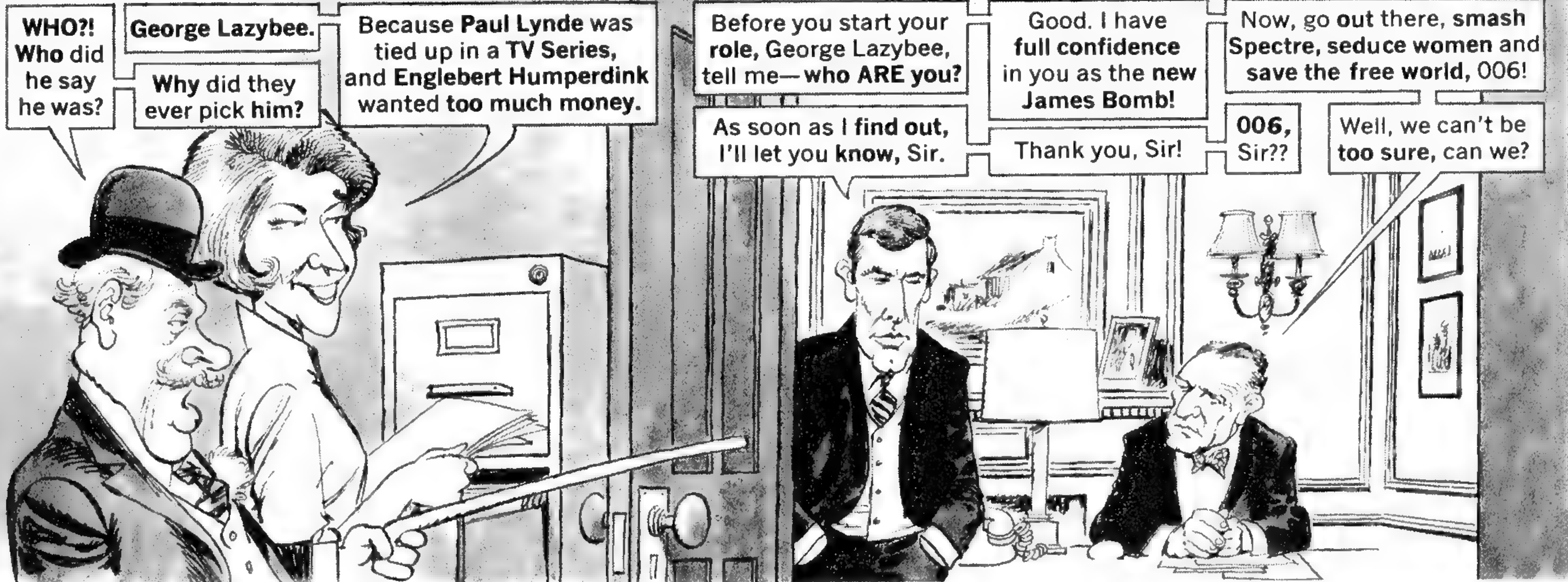
That is correct.

You have been chosen from among all of the "super-stars" to be the new James Bomb in...





# "ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SHAMUS"





# "DOLLARS ARE FOREVER"

Well, Sean? What changed your mind and made you put on your shoulder holster again?

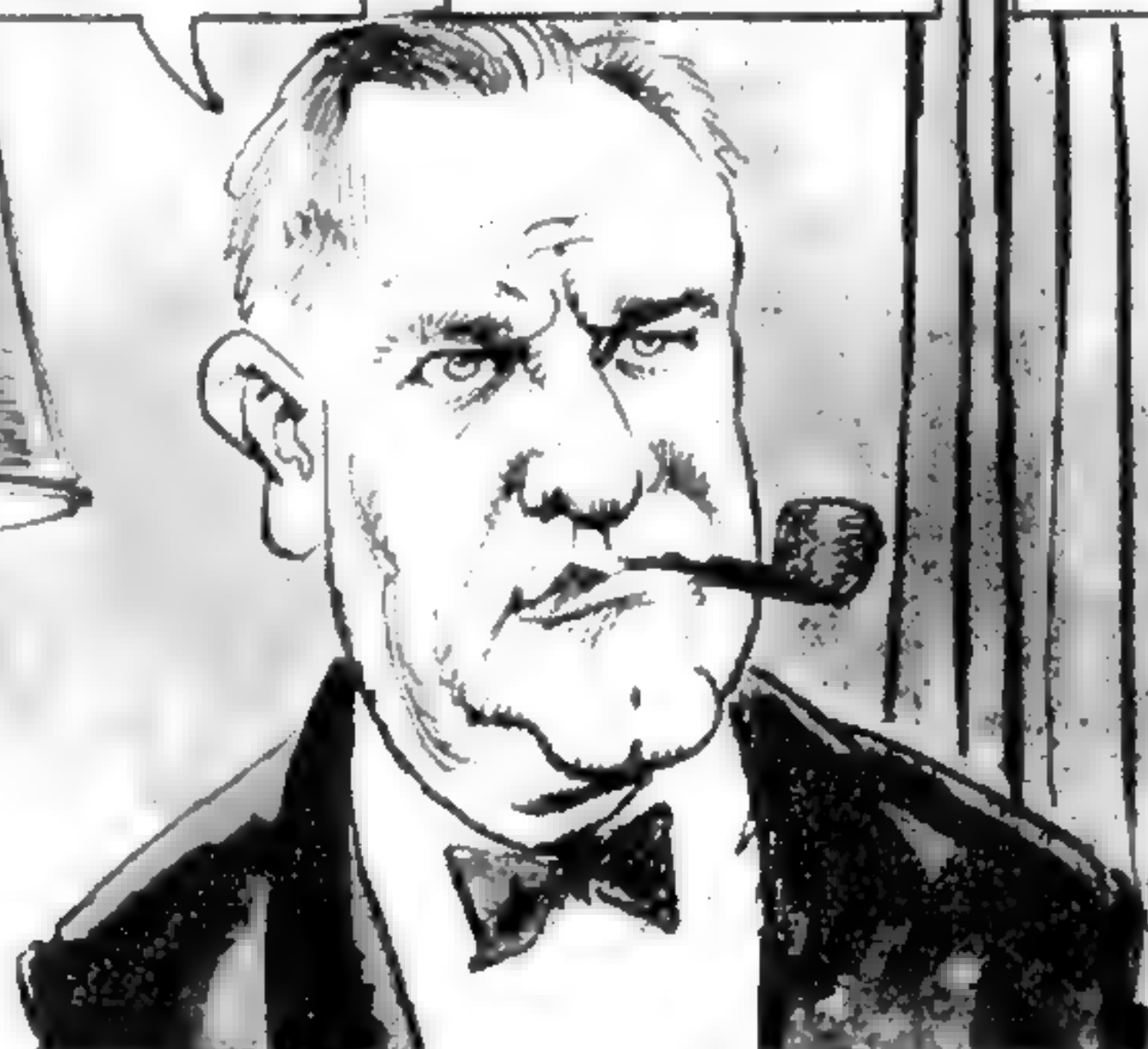
Two reasons. First, the money they offered was incredible—

And the other . . . ?

In two years, the only other career offer I got was a chance to sit in the middle box on "Hollywood Squares!"

But now, you are older and considerably fatter. Do you think you can handle the rigors of playing James Bomb?

W—why not? Of course I can!



Here we are in a zany chase scene, barrelling through Las Vegas!

And LOOK. . . James Bomb's car is tipping over on two wheels! What a great stunt driver they've got!

That's no stunt driver. That's BOMB!! He HAS put on weight!



Say...you're Jill St. Joe, the gal who dates Henry Kissinfoot, aren't you?

Tell me, how do I compare to him?

Well, he's sexy.

I'M sexy!

He's very witty and charming!

I'M very witty . . . and charming!

He has a brilliant future ahead of him.

I'M very witty and charming!



Hurry! It's hanging by a thin thread!

The rope?

No, my career!



Please allow me to end that career, and start MINE, in . . .



# "LIVE AND LET SUFFER"

Get dressed, Bomb. You're off on a new assignment. We're predicting that this picture will do fantastic box office.

Impossible! You've got a cast of **UNKNOWNs**, with me leading them!

Yes, but we've got Paul McCartney to sing the title song!

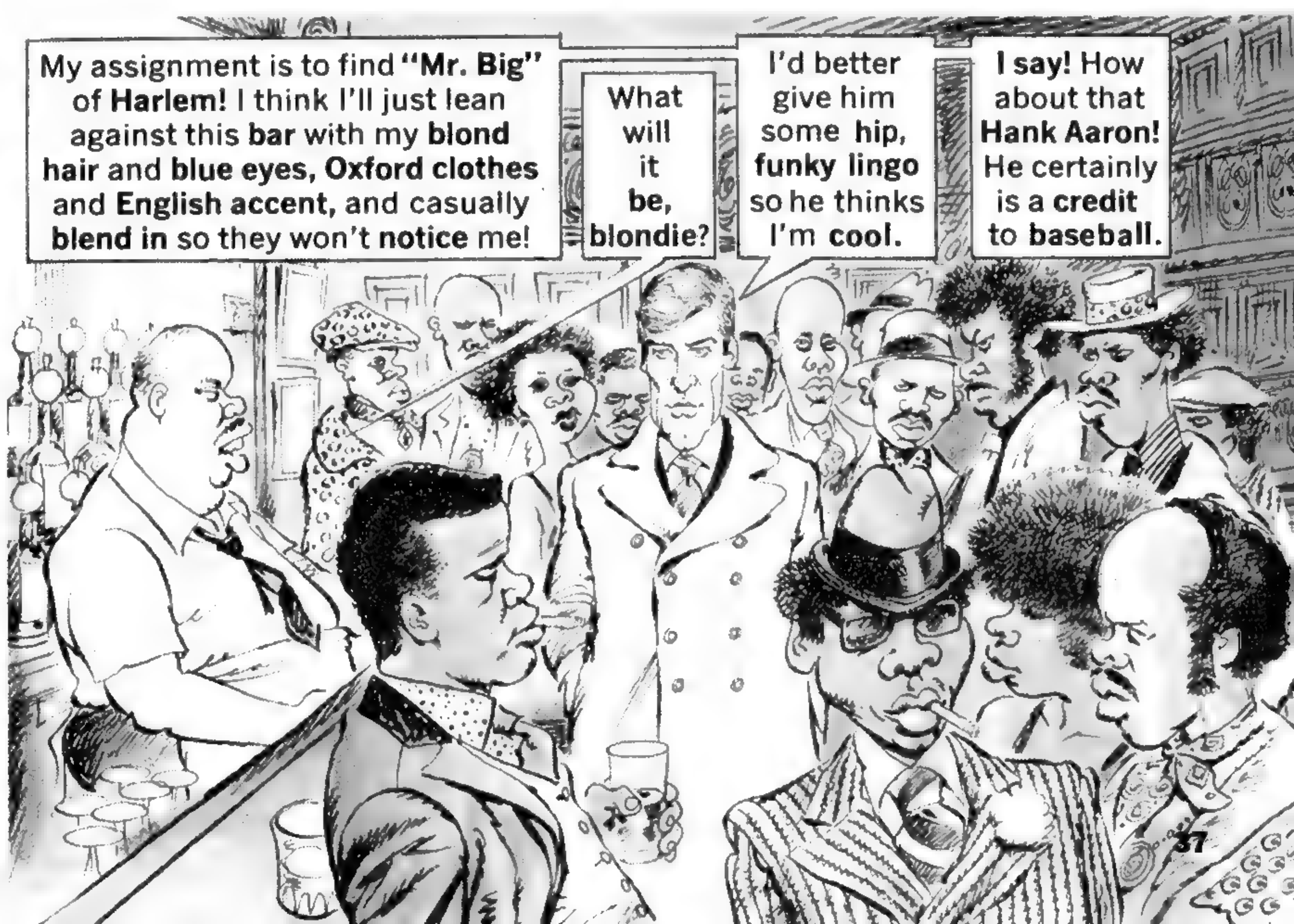


My assignment is to find "Mr. Big" of Harlem! I think I'll just lean against this bar with my blond hair and blue eyes, Oxford clothes and English accent, and casually blend in so they won't notice me!

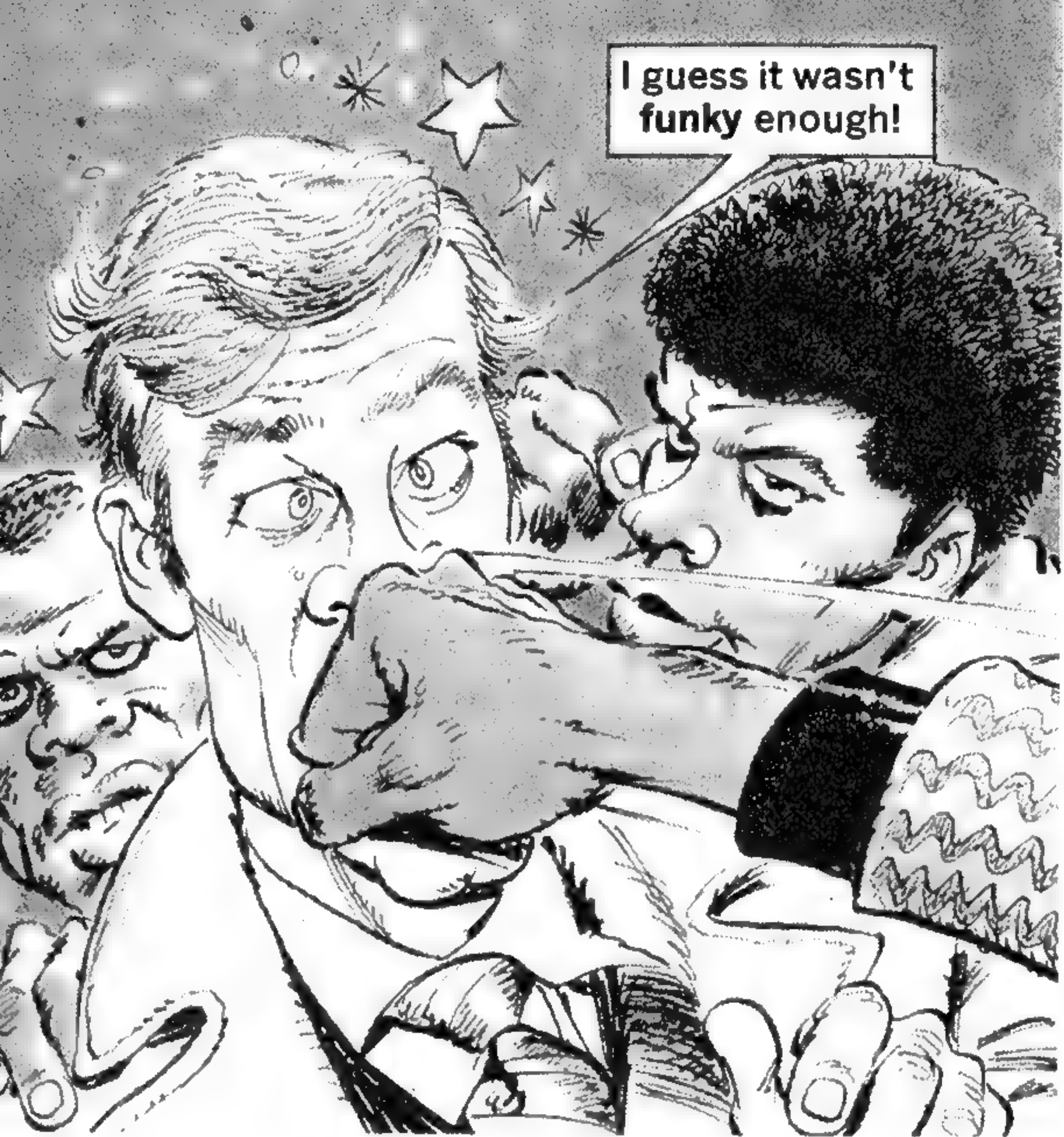
What will it be, blondie?

I'd better give him some hip, funky lingo so he thinks I'm cool.

I say! How about that Hank Aaron! He certainly is a credit to baseball.







I guess it wasn't funky enough!



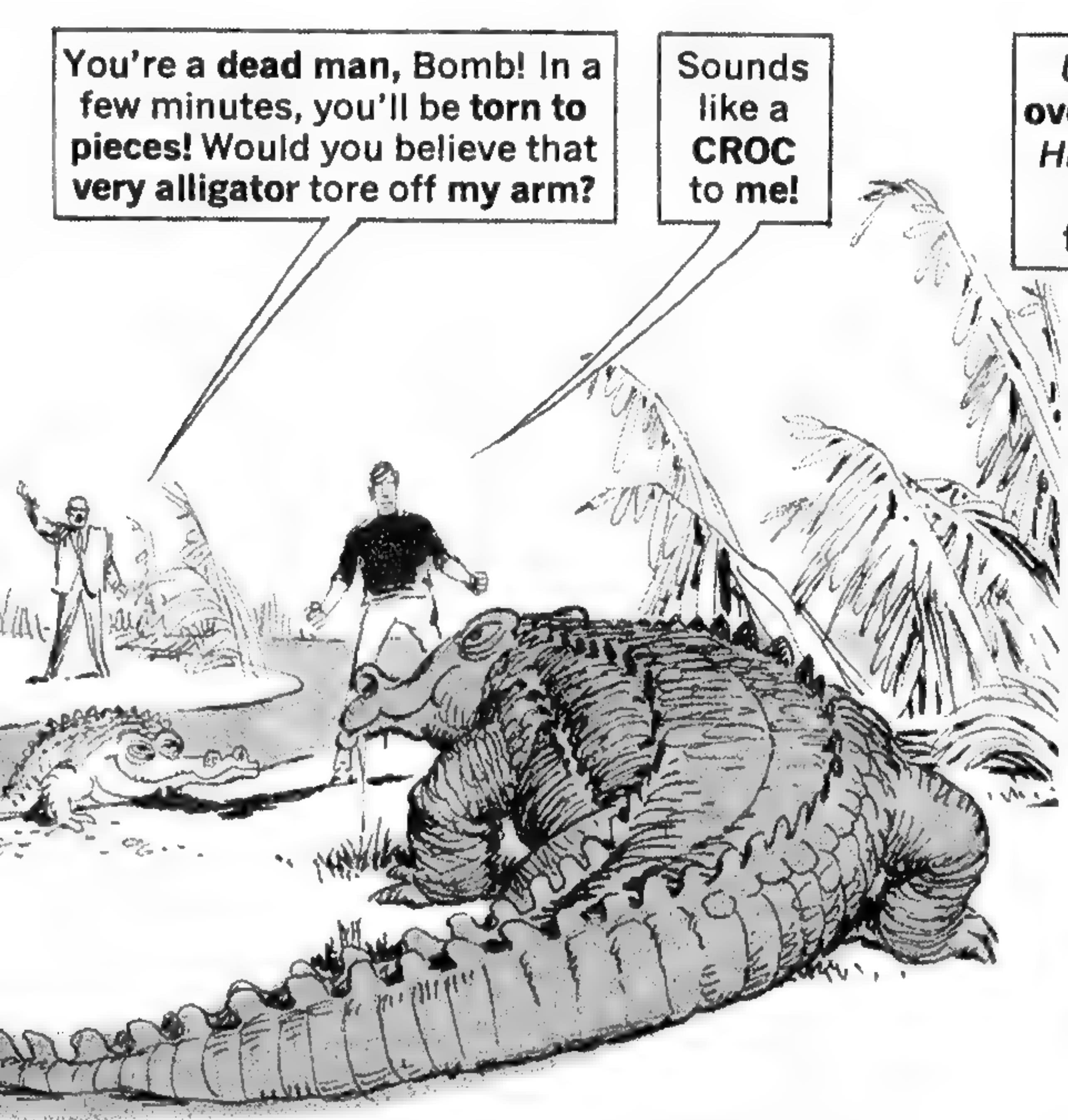
What do the tarot cards tell you about him, Canasta?

The cards tell me that he will cause you no problems.

Groovy! What else do they tell you?

They tell me that President Nixon did not know about Watergate, that there is no mafia, that Howard Cosell is modest and that Totie Fields will be the next Miss America!

I think we're in big trouble. We'd better blow Harlem and return to the Caribbean!



You're a dead man, Bomb! In a few minutes, you'll be torn to pieces! Would you believe that very alligator tore off my arm?

Sounds like a CROC to me!

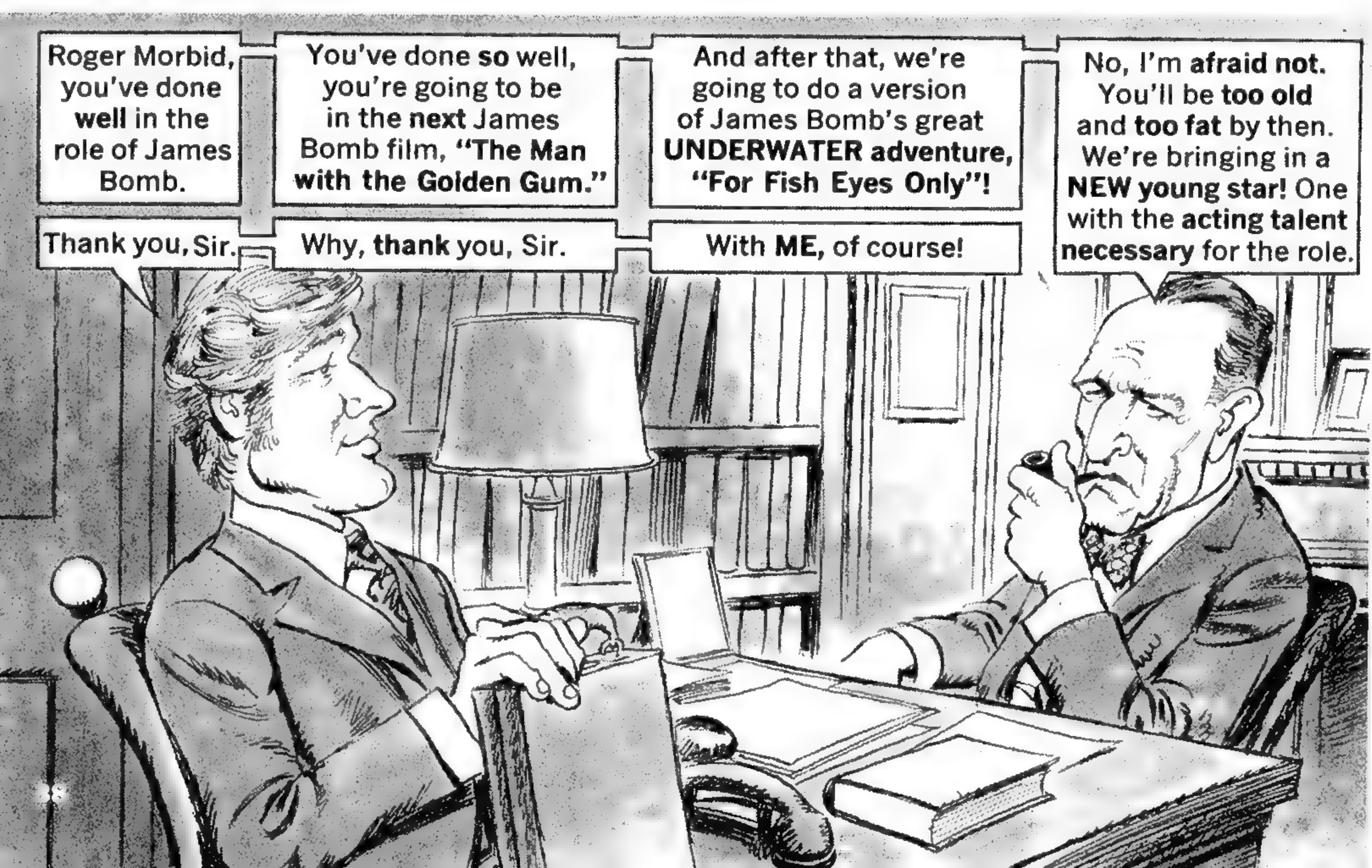


Uggh! Ooooff! You've overpowered me, Bomb! Hmpf! Good spy beats up bad spy in a 007 film? What a cliché!

It's a form of sweet revenge!

For the secret agents we killed? For subjecting your girlfriend to the pain of voodoo torture?

No, for the box office success of good movies like "Scorpio"!



Roger Morbid, you've done well in the role of James Bomb.

You've done so well, you're going to be in the next James Bomb film, "The Man with the Golden Gum."

And after that, we're going to do a version of James Bomb's great UNDERWATER adventure, "For Fish Eyes Only"!

No, I'm afraid not. You'll be too old and too fat by then. We're bringing in a NEW young star! One with the acting talent necessary for the role.

Thank you, Sir.

Why, thank you, Sir.

With ME, of course!



glugg  
glugg





A MAD peek behind the scenes at  
the making of...

# AUSTIN POWERS THE SPY WHO SHAGGED ME

In this sequel,  
Mike Myers plays  
Austin Powers, Dr.  
Evil AND Fat Bastard!

I guess it  
really shows  
his talent!

You said it! His talent  
for business! Playing  
three parts means  
getting three salaries!

Is that  
Mike Myers'  
real chest  
hair?!

No, but the  
amazing thing  
is, those are  
his real teeth!

I think Mike Myers  
does the worst  
impression of a  
James Bond  
character ever!

Obviously,  
you've  
never seen  
Pierce  
Brosnan!

This movie used  
every known  
euphemism for  
male genitalia!

All but  
one!  
"Adam  
Sandler"!

Does this make  
you horny, baby?  
Just turn the  
page for more!





I'm concerned about this part of the script, Mike! Do you realize there are four scatological jokes in three minutes?

Oh, that's an old draft of the script! I've already taken care of that! The revised version has SIX scatological jokes in three minutes!

Mike, you are a comedy genius!

Elizabeth Hurley was in the original *Austin Powers*, so how come Mike Myers hired Heather Graham for the sequel?

If you were married and had the chance to romp around naked with someone new and call it "business," wouldn't you?

I have to get in bed with that thing and make love to it!

My God, how do you prepare for something like that?!

I pretend I have to choose between making love to him or dealing with a bunch of lawyers!

Jerry Springer must have rehearsed a lot to make this fake fight scene look so realistic.

Actually, he didn't rehearse at all. He's staged so many fake fights for his TV show, faking one for the big screen is no problem!

All through this movie they talk about shagging! What exactly IS shagging?!

How the shag should I know?!

Hey! We're shooting a movie here! Shut the shag up!

Shag you, you shaggin' moron!

Do you have the precise order of how you want these scenes to run?!

On this film it doesn't matter! Just splice strips of film together and stop when you hit 90 minutes!

This prop really does work!

Check the instruction book again! And pay close attention to the picture of what part of the anatomy it's used for.

PROPS  
(AND MERCHANDISING TIE-INS)

I think Rob Lowe does an incredible impression of a young Robert Wagner!

I agree! But the guy playing the old Robert Wagner sucks!

I think Dr. Evil and Mini-Me is the oddest pairing I've ever seen!

Wait till you see the scene with Burt Bachrach and Elvis Costello!

I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are. Now please get off the lot!

Mike Myers must get a lot of strangers pestering him.

He does! Unfortunately, that man was Dana Carvey!

I'M WORTHY!

WAYNE'S WORLD III



Why You  
**SHOULD**  
See This  
Movie!



A POKE IN THE SPY DEPT.

Movies are expensive. The tickets cost a bundle. And hoo boy, what about the price of popcorn?! (How come stand-up comics never talk about that?) Double those figures if you bring a date (although, if you're reading MAD, that's probably not an issue)! Still, with so much riding on a night out, it's nice if the movie is actually decent! Which is why, as a service to our loyal readers, we want to help you make an informed choice, a competent pick, an un-sucky selection! You'll be able to do that after you read...

# MAD'S THUMBS UP/THUMBS DOWN REVIEW WHY YOU SHOULD OR SHOULDN'T SEE...

## AUSTIN POWERS IN GOLDMEMBER

WRITER BARRY LIEBMANN  
ARTIST HERMANN MEJIA

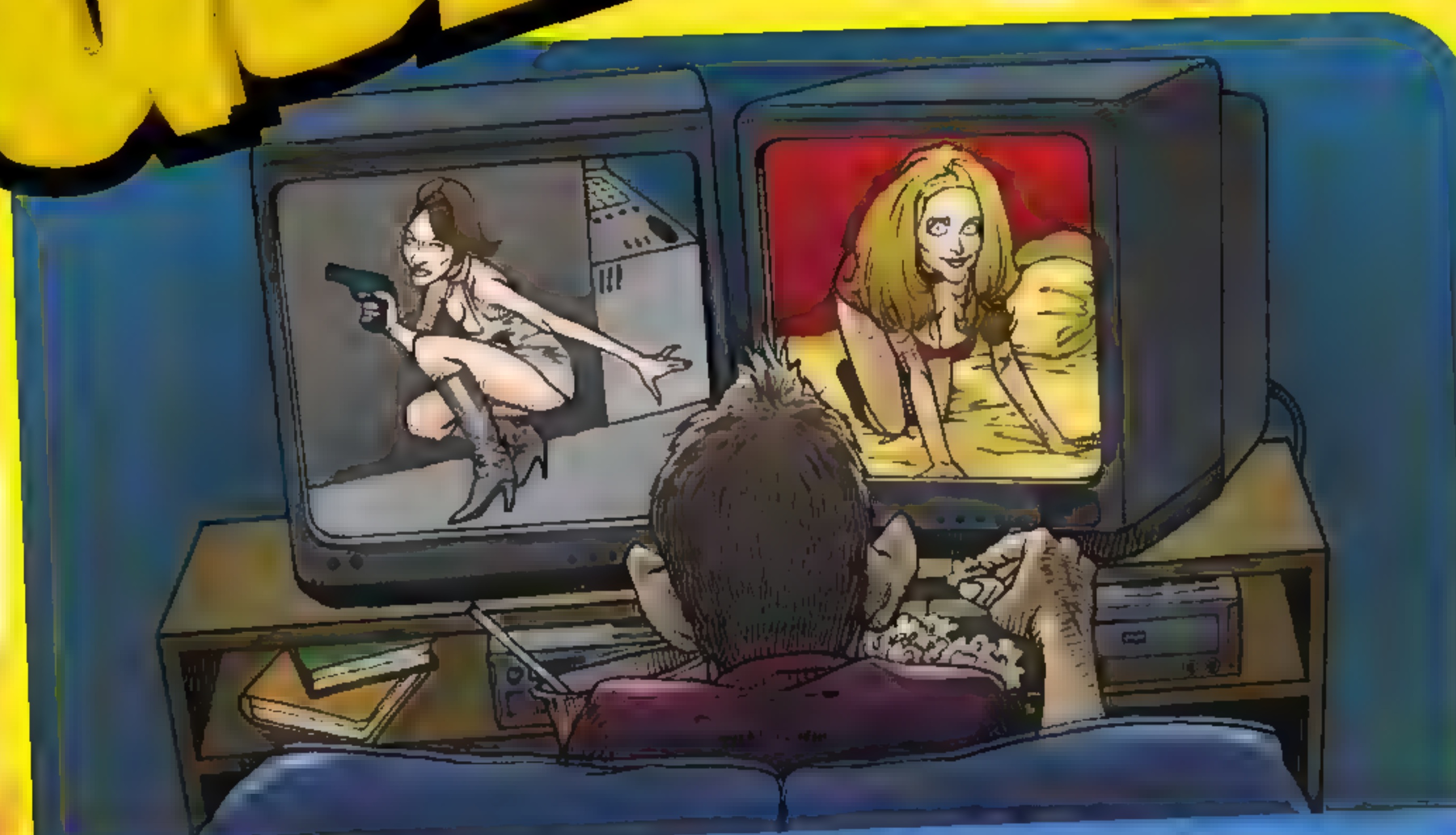
Why You  
**SHOULDN'T**  
See This  
Movie!



You haven't seen the trailer and therefore haven't yet seen the only two funny scenes in the film.



You're a poorly dressed, braces-wearing nerd who wants to see someone even more awkward than yourself getting laid.



You realize you can rent the last two Austin Powers movies and pretend you're seeing this one.



The sight of Mike Myers' fake chest hair reminds you of Robin Williams (and his much better Sean Connery impersonation).



Since Bush became President, it's comforting to believe that a clueless dimwit can indeed save the world from evil.



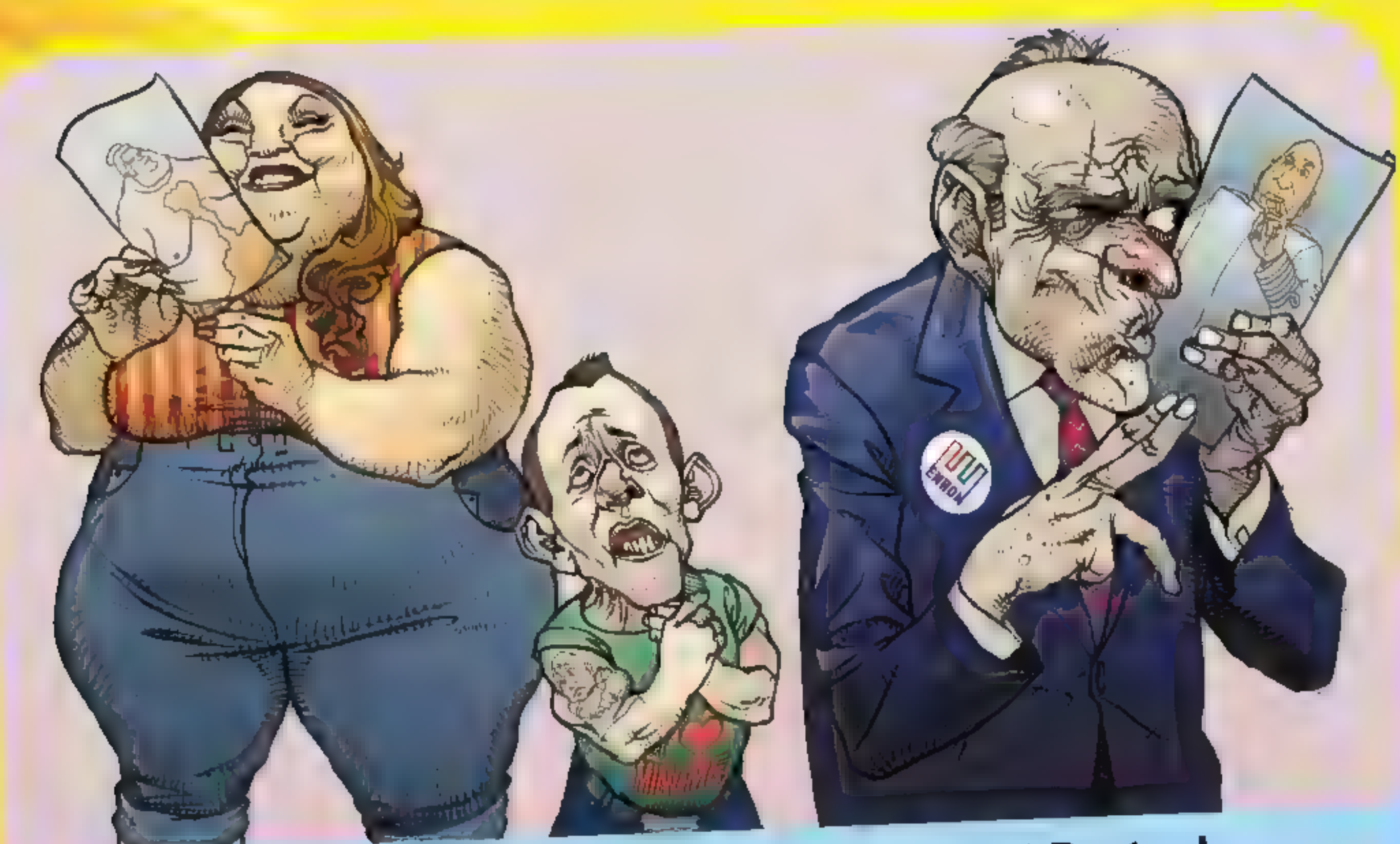
Seeing all the freaky characters in the movie is a nice consolation if you weren't invited to Liza Minelli's wedding.



The comedic love scenes between Mike Myers and Beyoncé Knowles aren't half as funny as the serious ones between Natalie Portman and Hayden Christensen in *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones*.



If you see it and contribute to it becoming a box office smash, you'll only be encouraging more losers to do grating Austin Powers impressions, incessantly parroting "Yeah, baby!" and "Do I make you horny?" every chance they get.



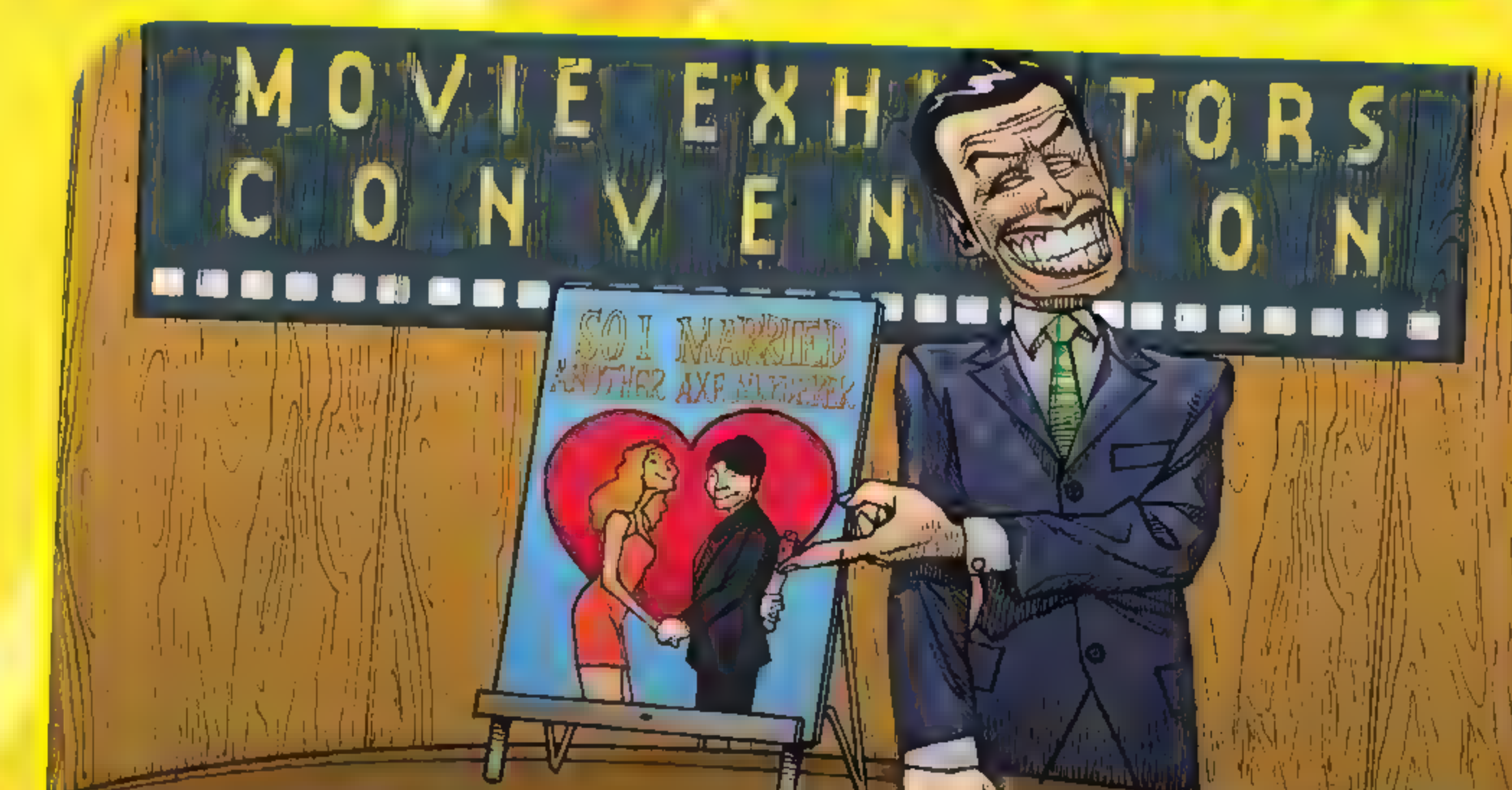
You're a chubby chaser turned on by Fat Bastard; a little person devotee turned on by Mini-Me; or an Enron executive turned on by Dr. Evil.



You find the humor of Adam Sandler movies to be a little too complex and refined.



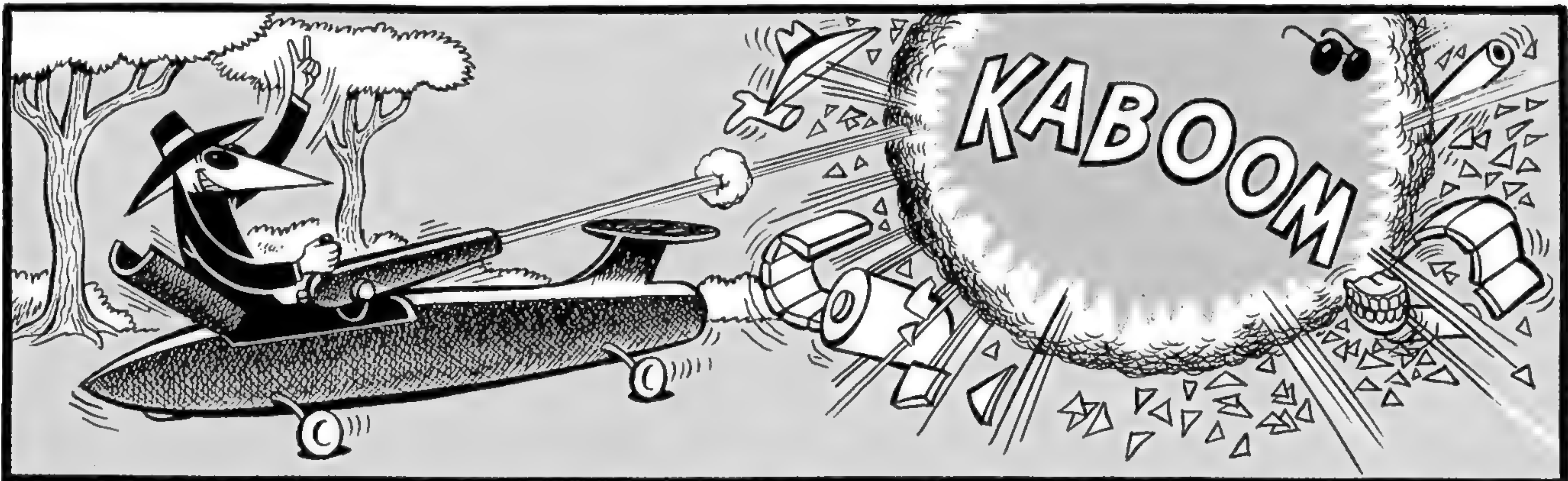
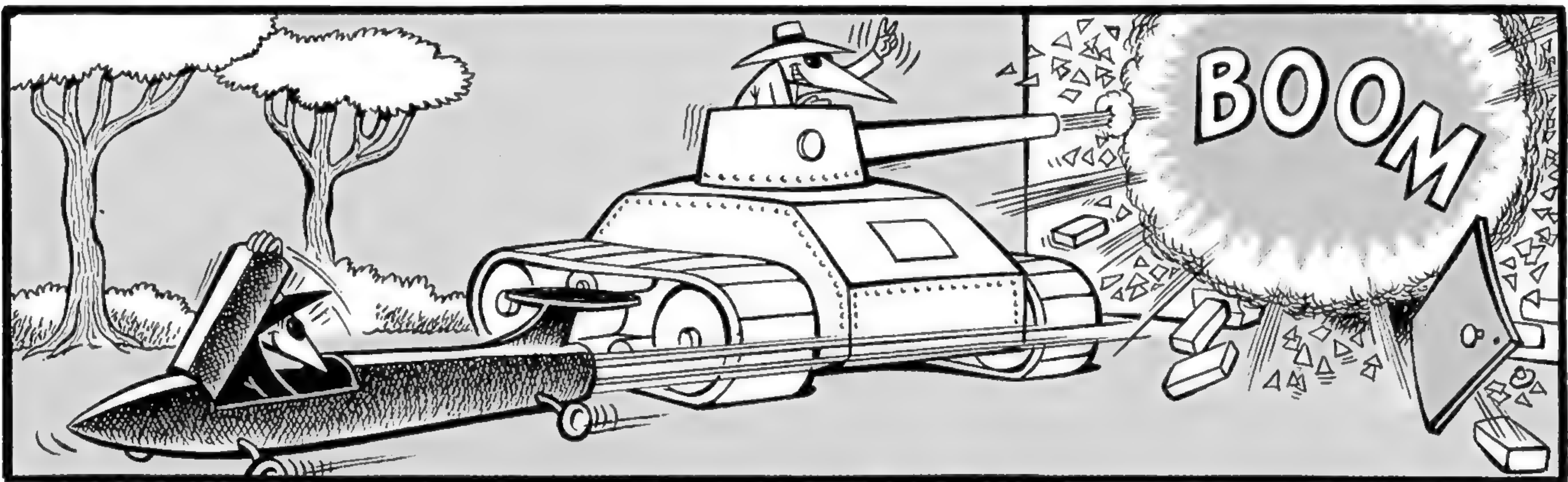
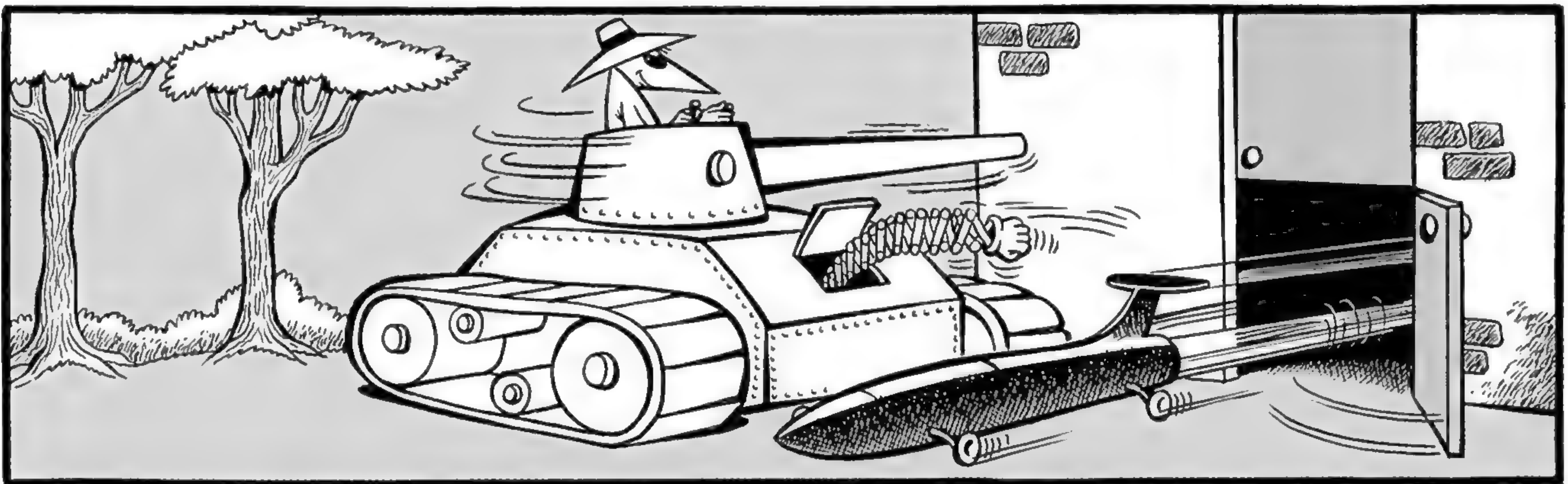
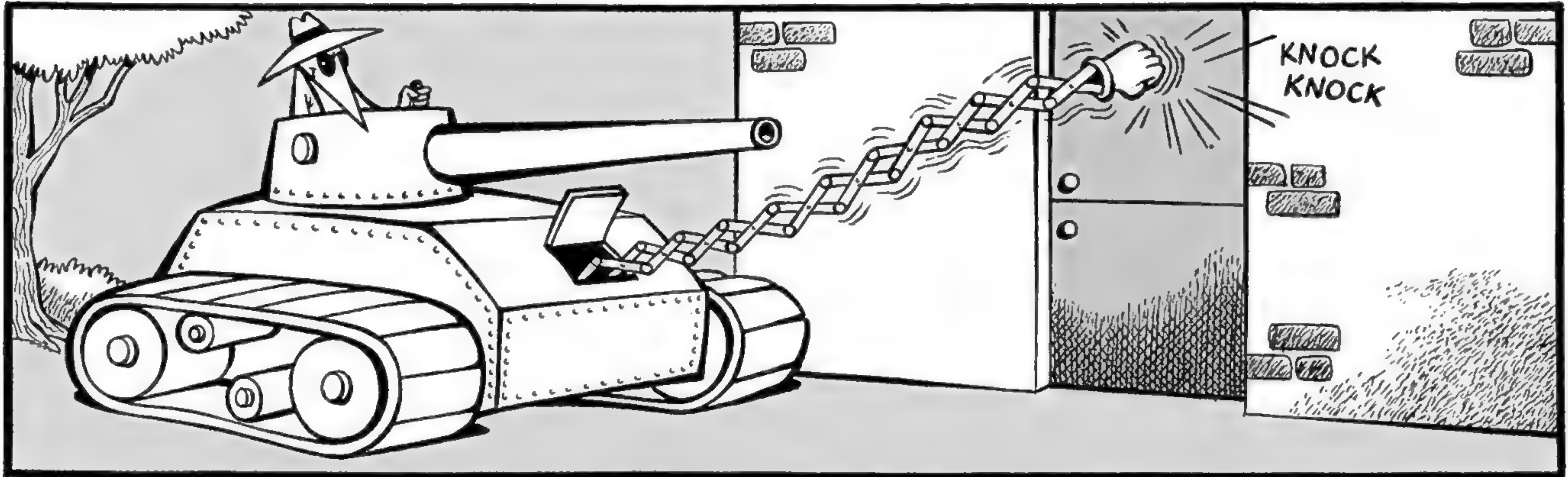
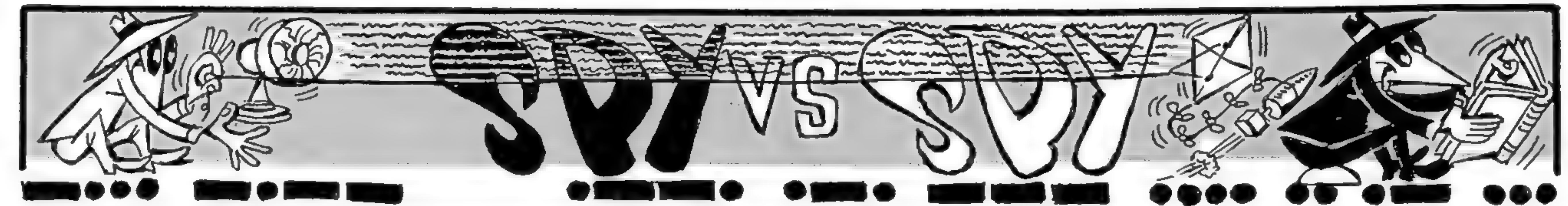
If you really want to see a stammering, snaggle-toothed Englishman clumsily hit on women, you can just see the Hugh Grant movie in the next theater.



If this film is a success, it might make movie execs think that there's a market for *So I Married Another Axe Murderer*.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #421, SEP 2002



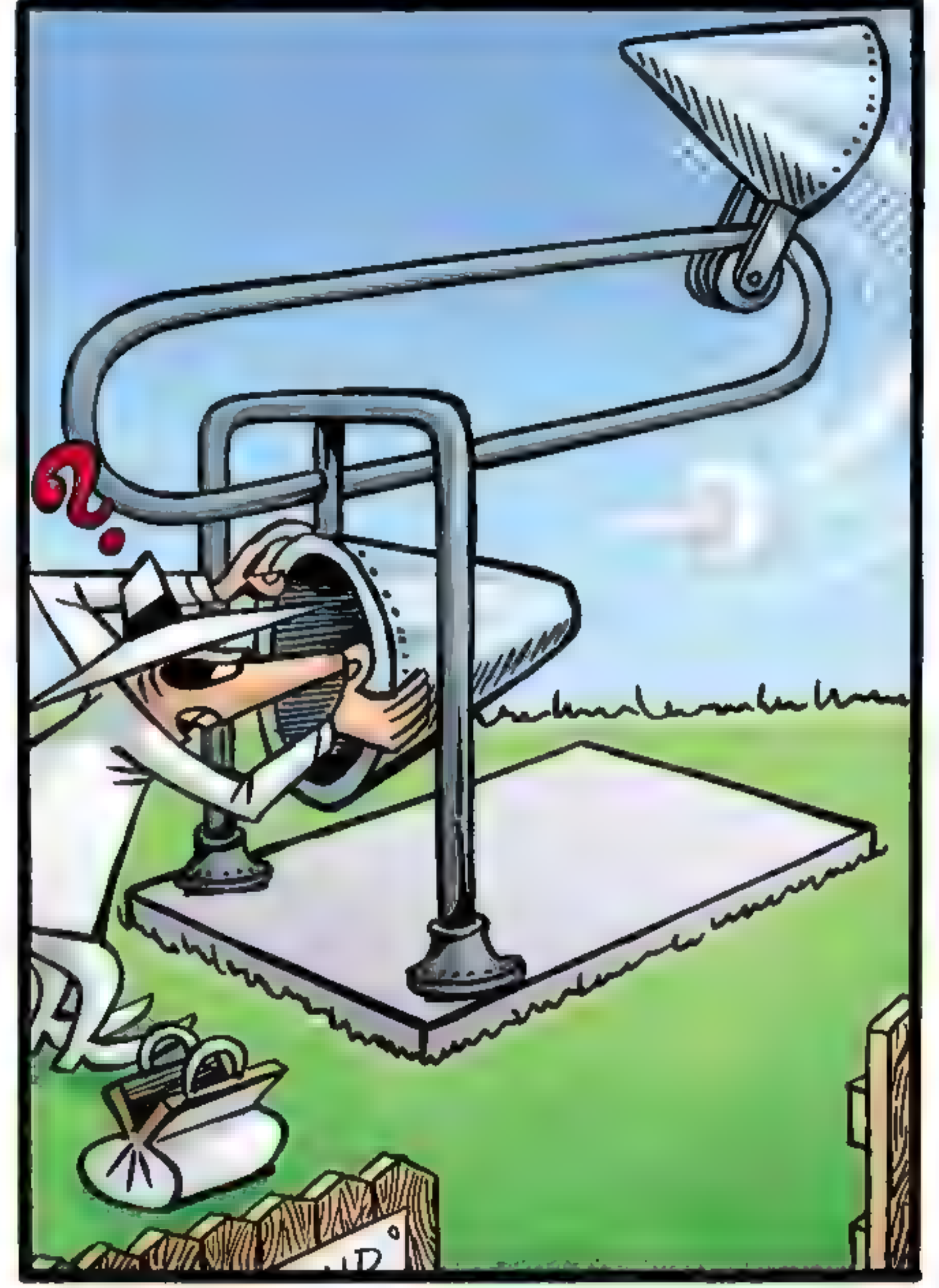
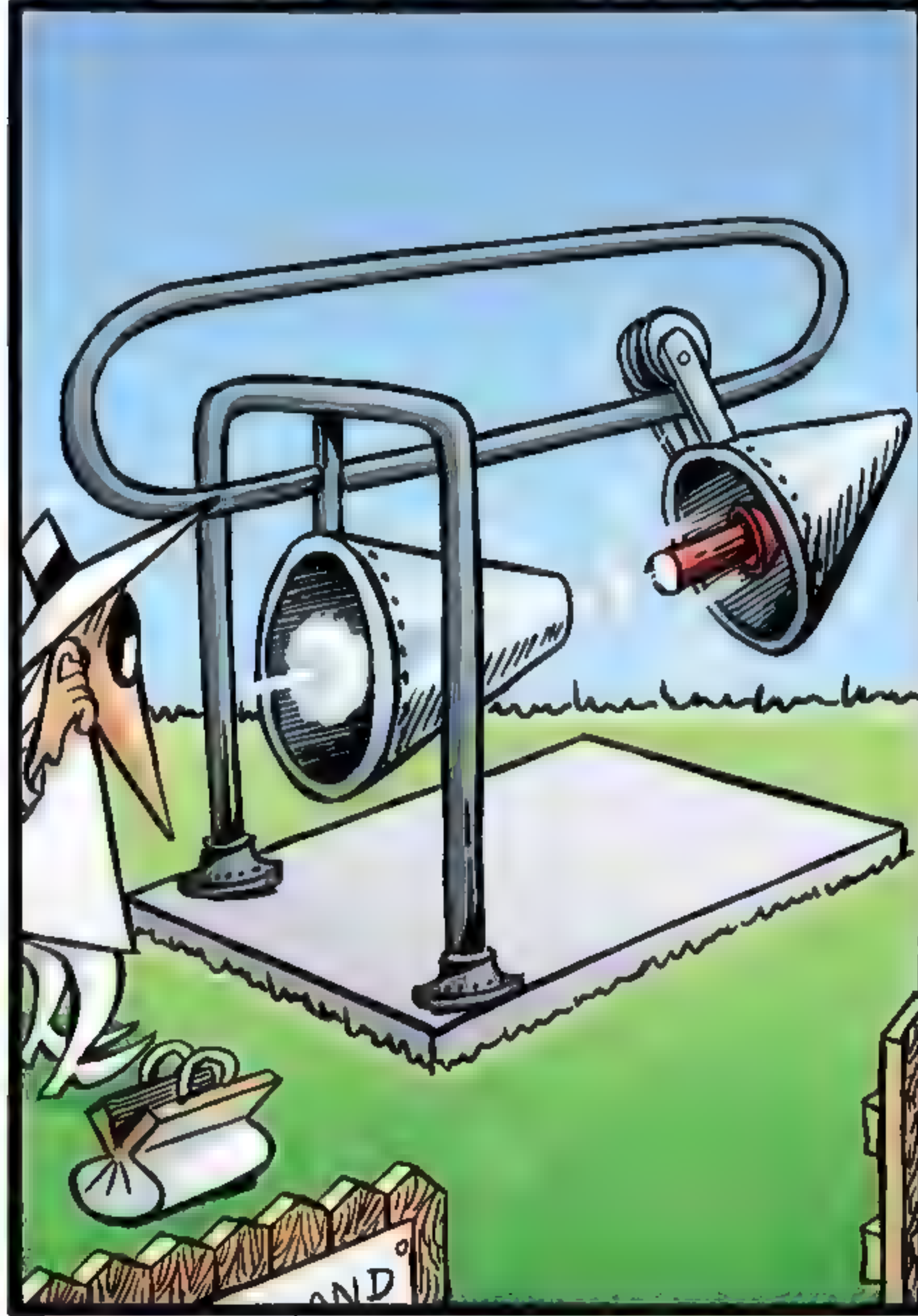
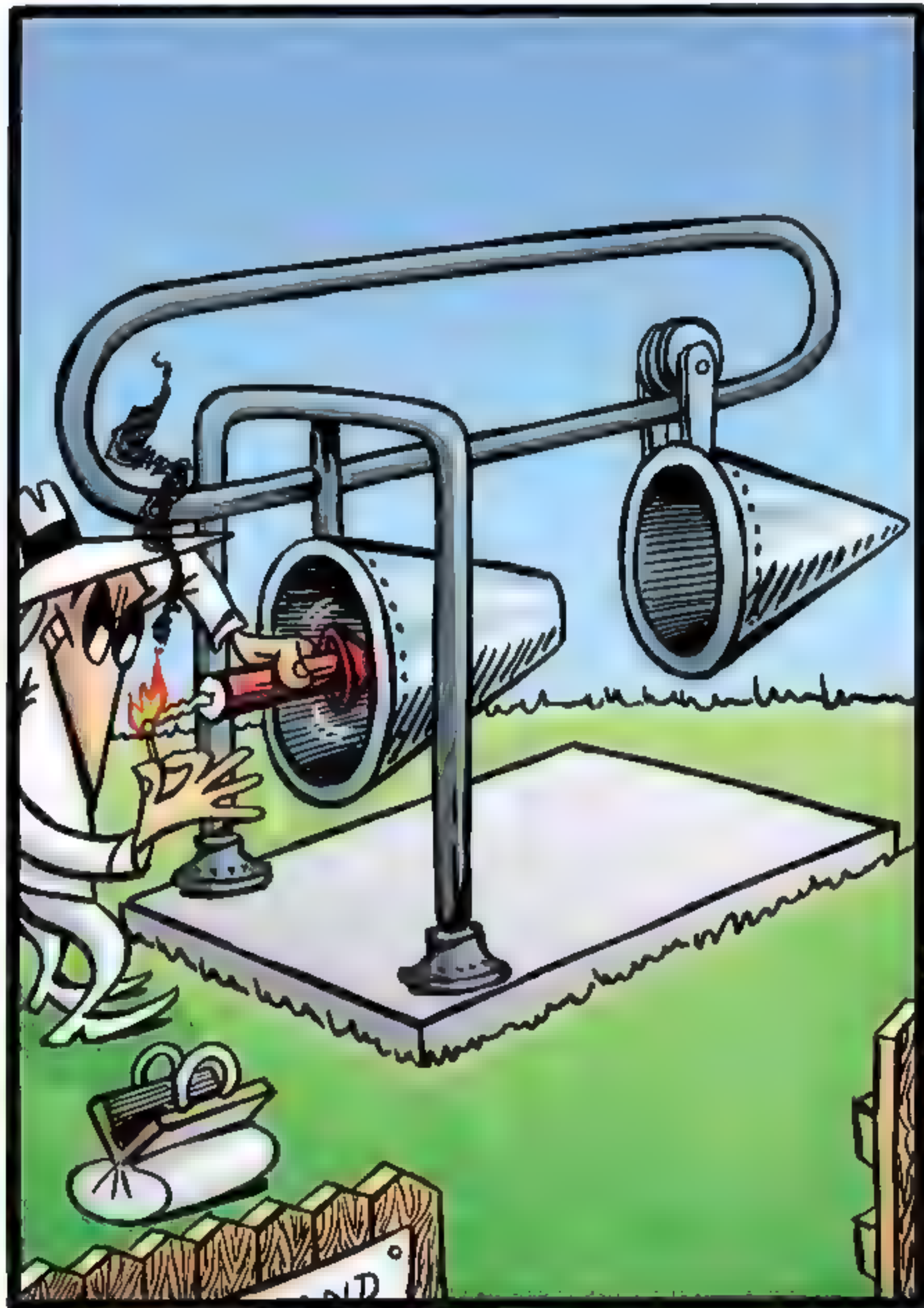
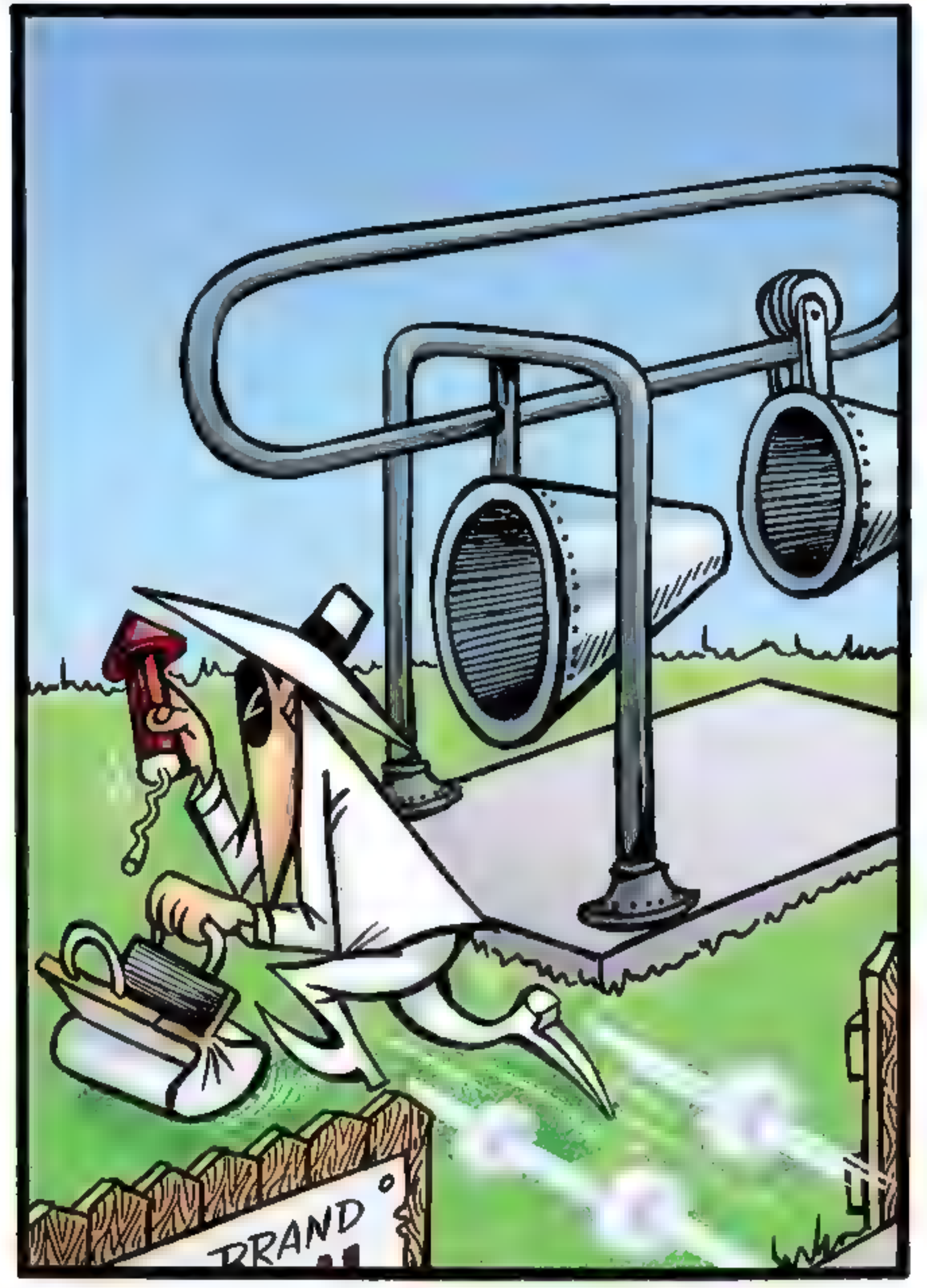
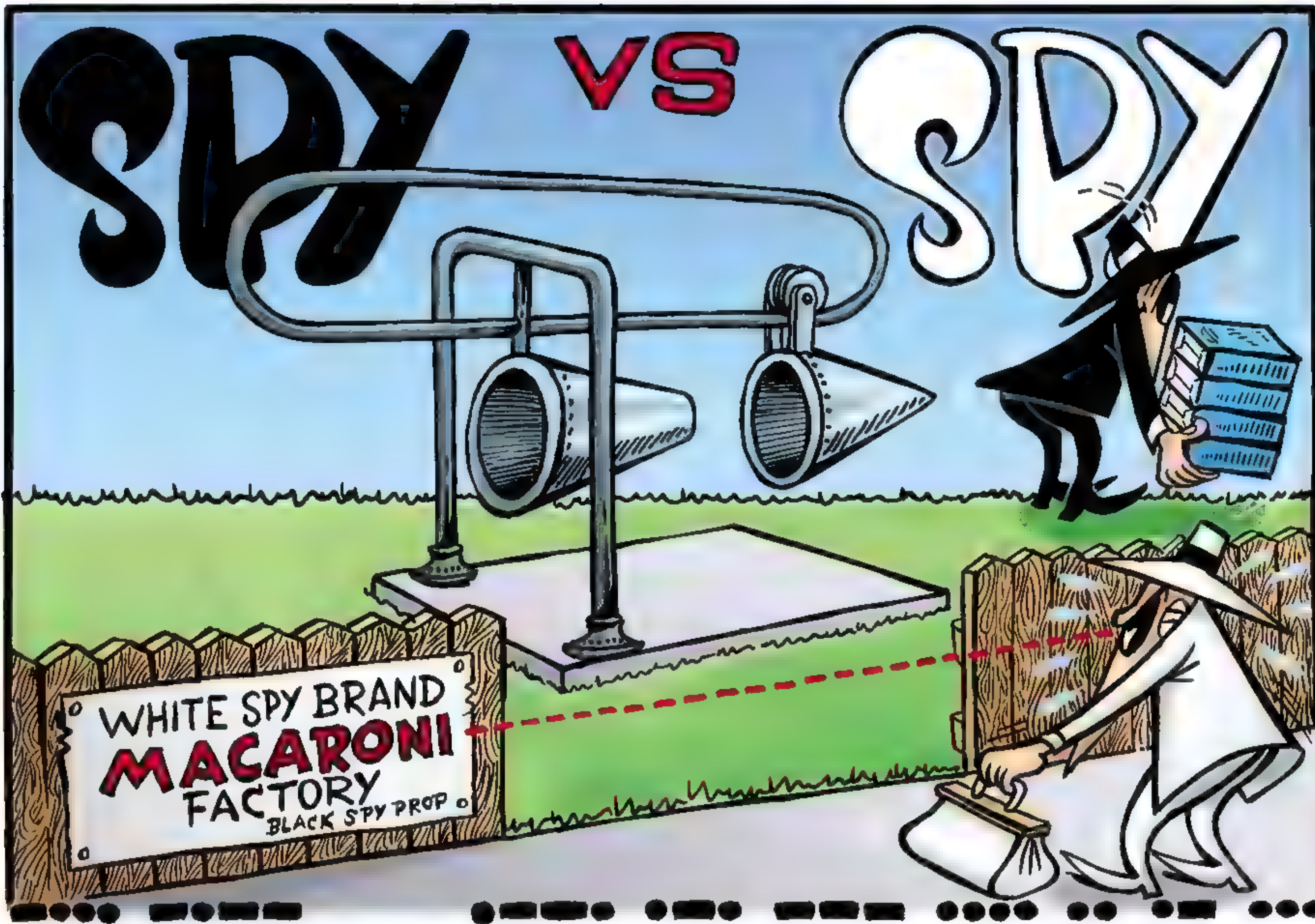
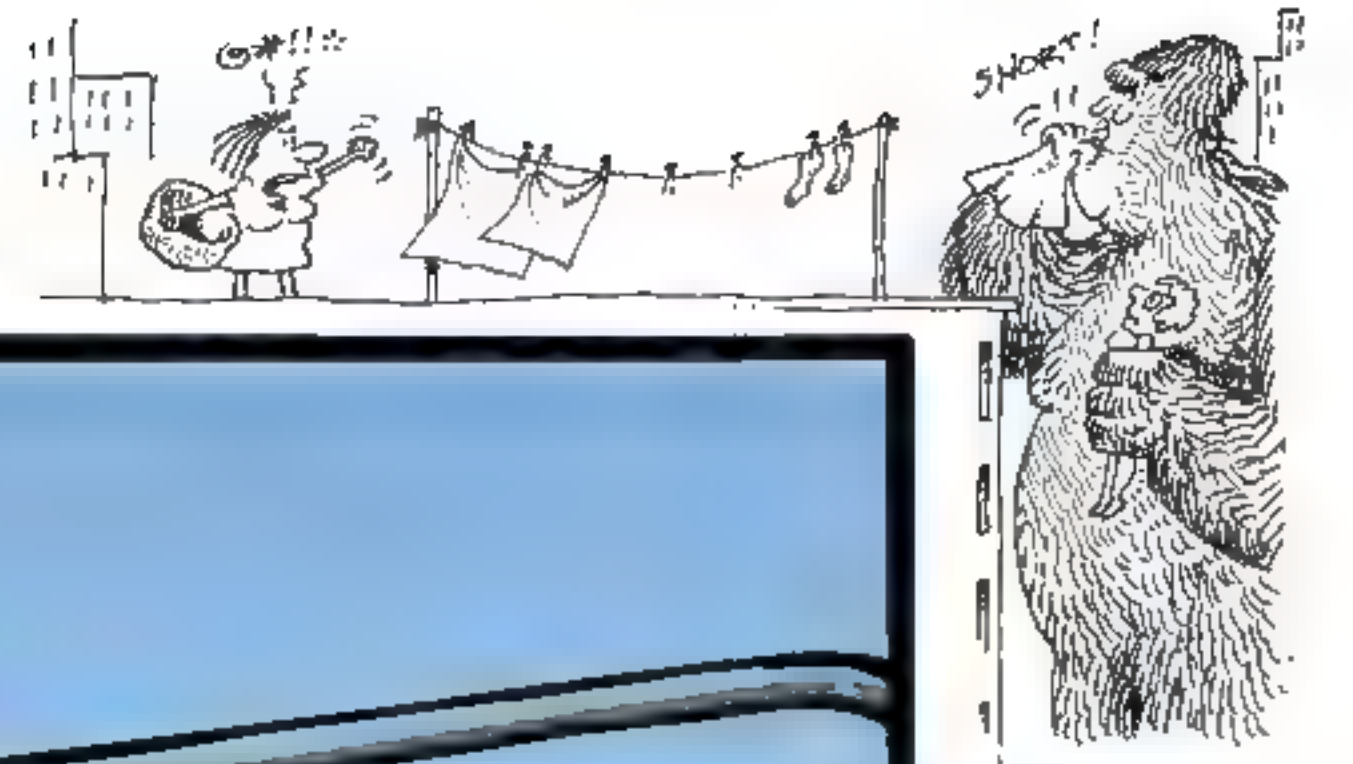


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #268, JAN 1987

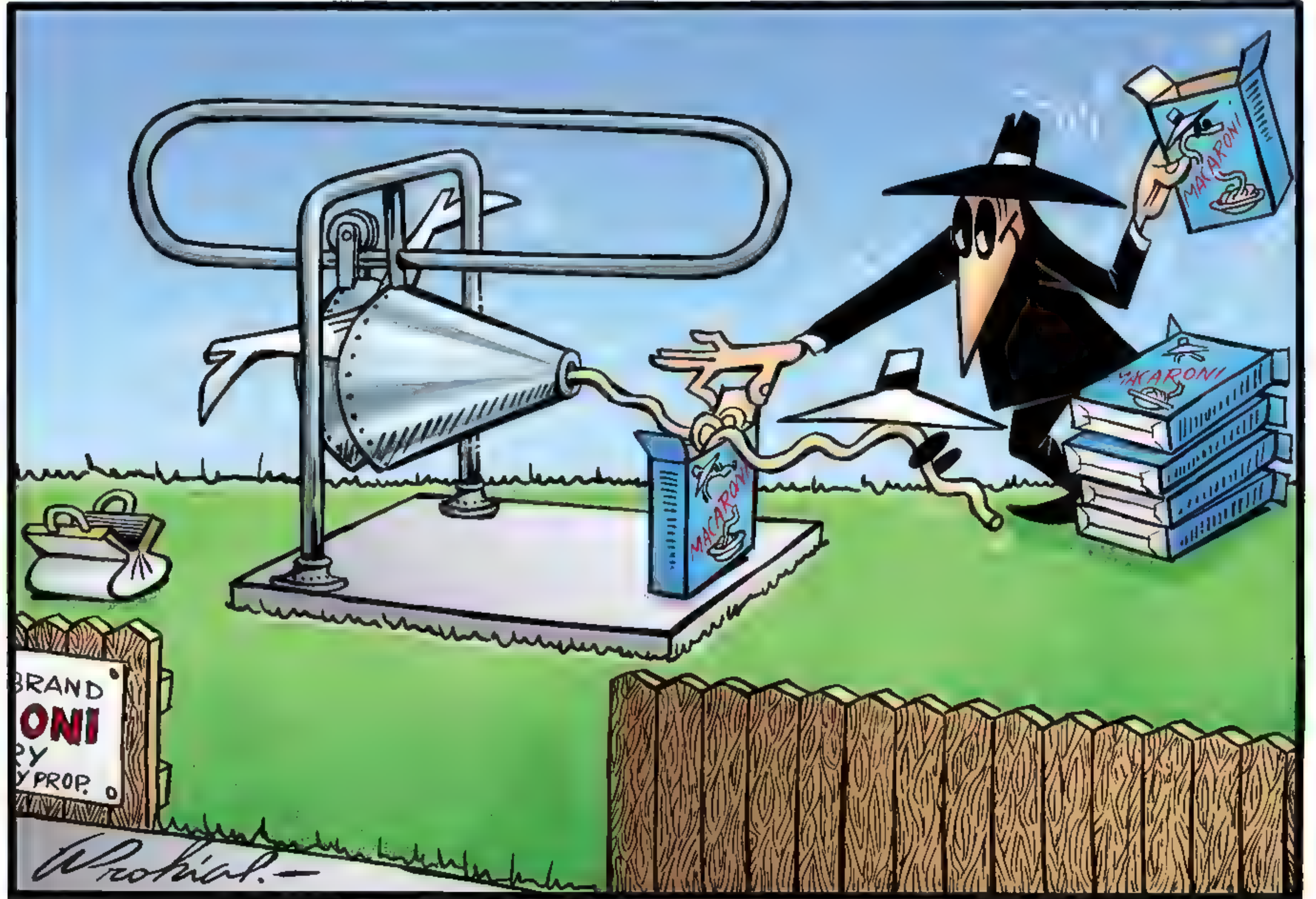
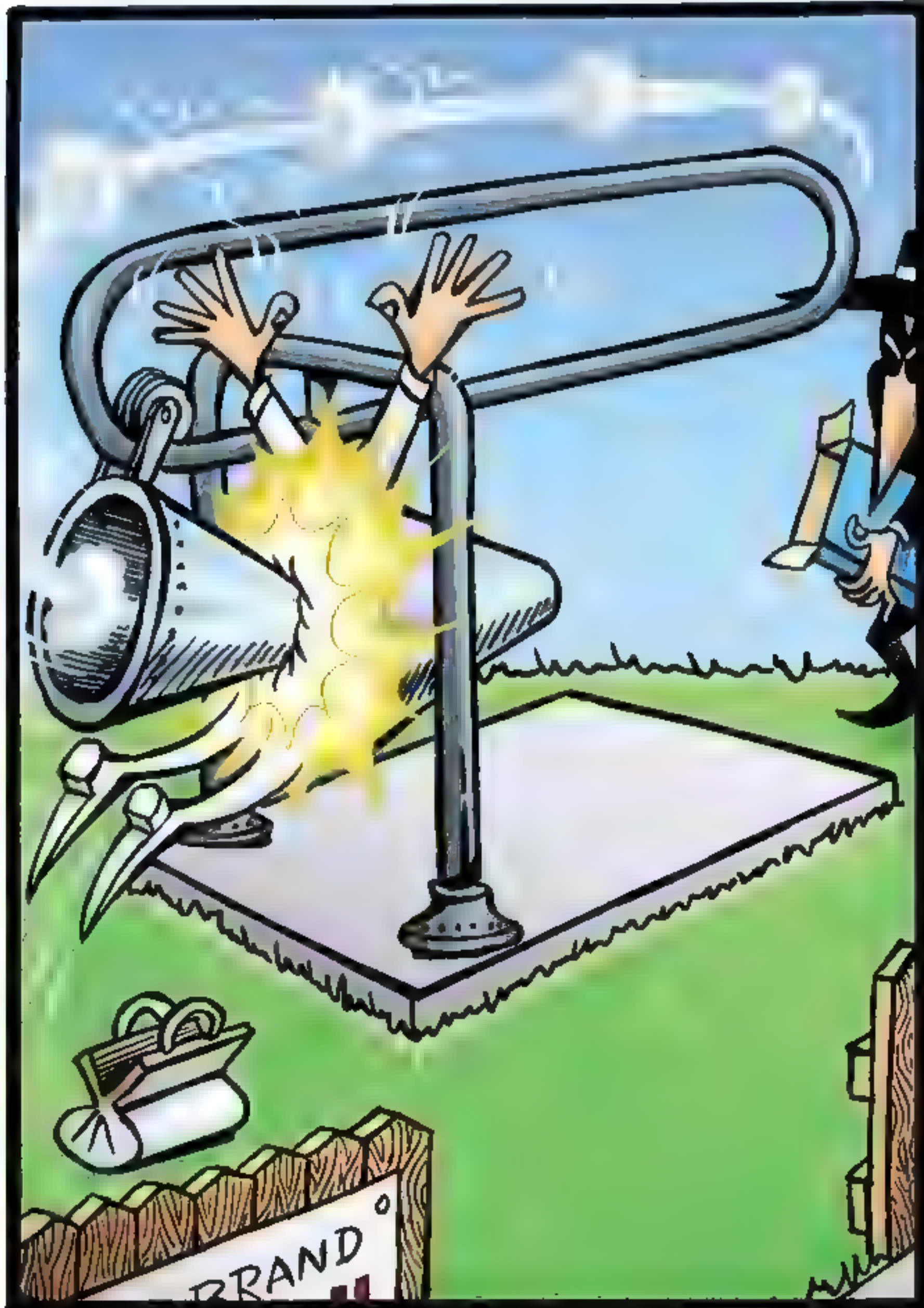
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WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN







# 24 HOUR GANG DEPT.

What a great idea! A TV show that covers just 24 hours of a single day. Each week fans see just one hour of the 24! Millions tune in! They're confronted by a huge cast! Multiple plots! Multiple sub-plots! Multiple images! Quick cuts! Five scenes jammed onto the small TV screen at the same time! Characters that look so much like each other, you don't know who's who! As the weeks go by, the audience gives up trying to figure out what the hell is going on, and for the final episode, how many people are actually still watching?

# 24 VIEWERS

The following takes place between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m. PST or 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. MTN...or 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. CST...or 11 a.m. to noon EST. Overseas viewers — you're on your own!

It's about time that a black man got to be President! Finally, a black man gets to share in all the responsibilities of the White House! Like those white Presidents who have gone before me, I get to lie to the press, declare war without consulting Congress, appoint morons to the Supreme Court, make shady deals with big businesses, have people detained on a whim...the list is endless! Yep, it's good to be President!



I'm Standin, President Calmer's right-hand man! I read every communication destined for the President! The ones I think are unimportant, he never sees! The ones I think are good, I take credit for!

I'm the President's chief aide! It's my job to help protect the President and, of course, being in Washington, the political backstabbing capital of the world, my most important job is to protect my own ass first!

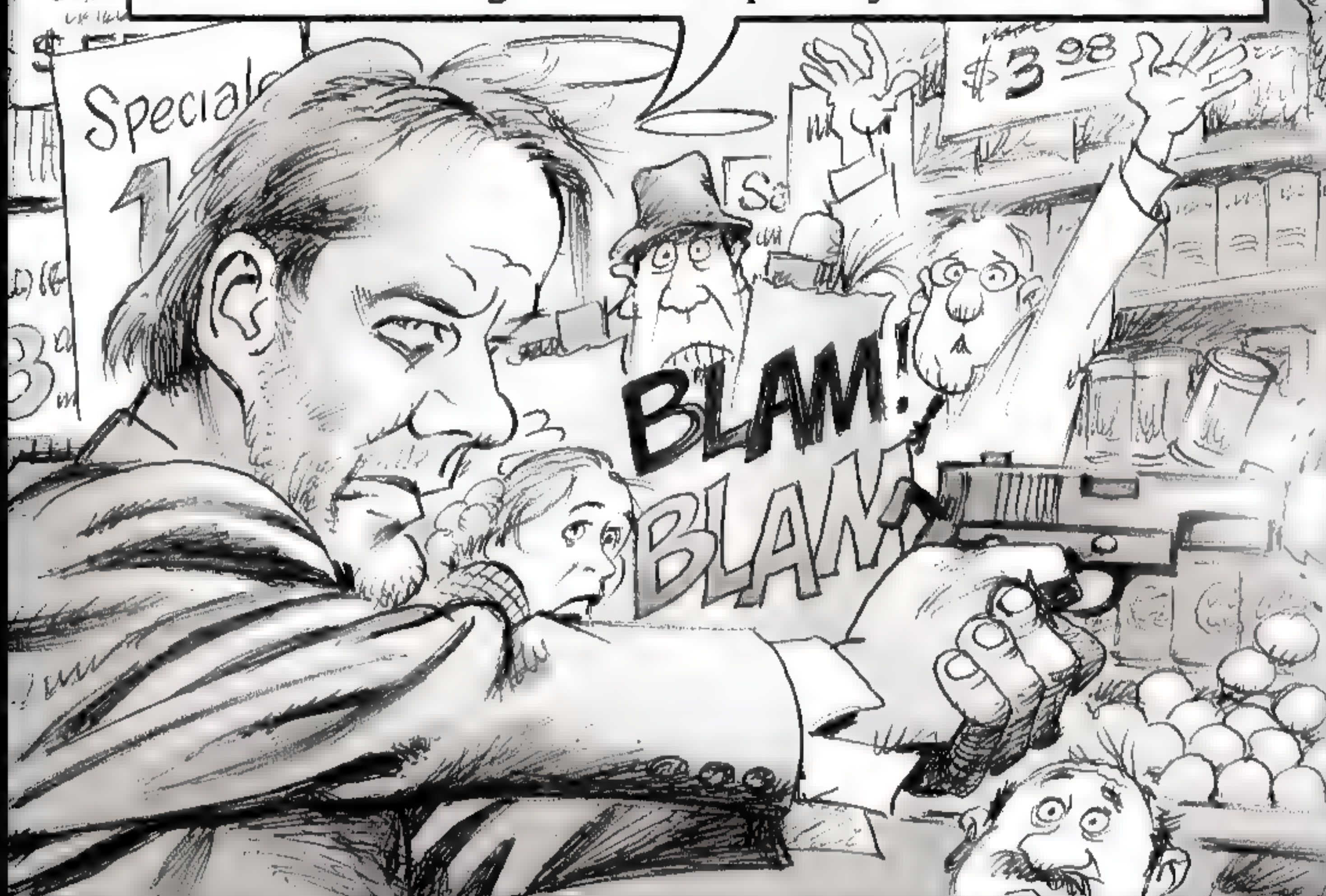
I'm Kake! My sister, Marry, always had more ambition! She was the first to want to get married, and the first to want to help take over the world! And the first in the family willing to commit murder! Next to her, I'm such a failure!

That handsome guy on the right is my fiance, Raisin, but I'm not going to marry him! I can't tell him that, because he would be heartbroken. So I'm going to kill him instead! Yes, I'm THAT sensitive to his feelings!



I'm Jerk Sour! I quit CTU last season, but I'm back! It's nerve-racking, dangerous work, hunting down spies! Okay, I admit it, I'm a little high-strung! These people I'm mowing down in the supermarket aren't spies, but every one of them asked for plastic instead of a paper bag! I hate it when people don't think of the environment!

The upside of my job is that I get to blow away anyone I feel like! That, plus the fact that I only work Tuesday nights for one really intense hour a week! That leaves 6 days and 23 hours to mellow out! Hell, if you take out time for the commercials, I only work 42 minutes a week! 42 minutes work for a full week's salary! Typical of how the American government spends your tax dollars!

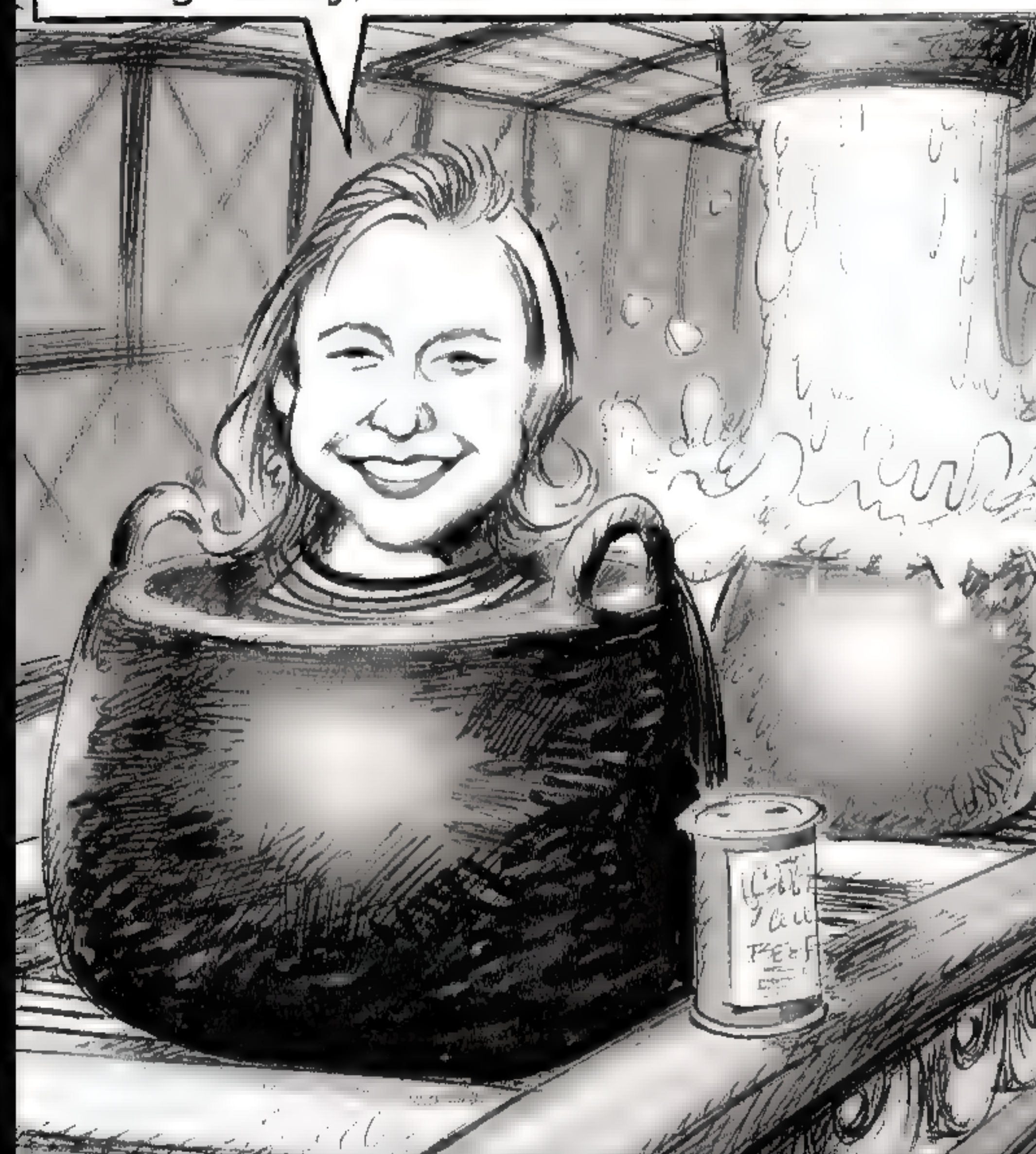


I'm Dim! Trying to get my Dad, Jerk, on the phone is just about impossible! Then, when I do get him, he always has an excuse why he can't see me! He says he's stopping a nuclear explosion, or executing a terrorist, or cracking a spy ring! A typical male — no priorities! Especially today, when I need him most for something really important! I'm having a bad hair day!



WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST BOB JULIAN TONAL RENDERING WILDSTORM

I'm Merun! Dim is my Nanny! She gets paid \$20 an hour! Normally a Nanny would only make \$15 an hour, but since my dad is a child-beating, wife-killing, raging psychopath, we spring for the extra \$5 an hour! Whenever my dad, Scary goes into one of his fits, Dim takes me away from home so he can't touch me! She always brings me to a safe place to hang out! Right now she's hidden me here at this smelting factory, where I'll be free from harm!



What's all this talk about me being an irrational father? Irrational? Irrational? And what are you looking at? Yeah, you! You, reading this panel! Who the hell do you think you are? You want a punch in the mouth? Go to another panel and leave me alone! If you really want to know why I'm irrational, it's because all I ever get to do on this show is be irrational! And that makes me furious! Would it kill them to write me a rational scene? Like letting me use a doorknob to open a door once in a while?



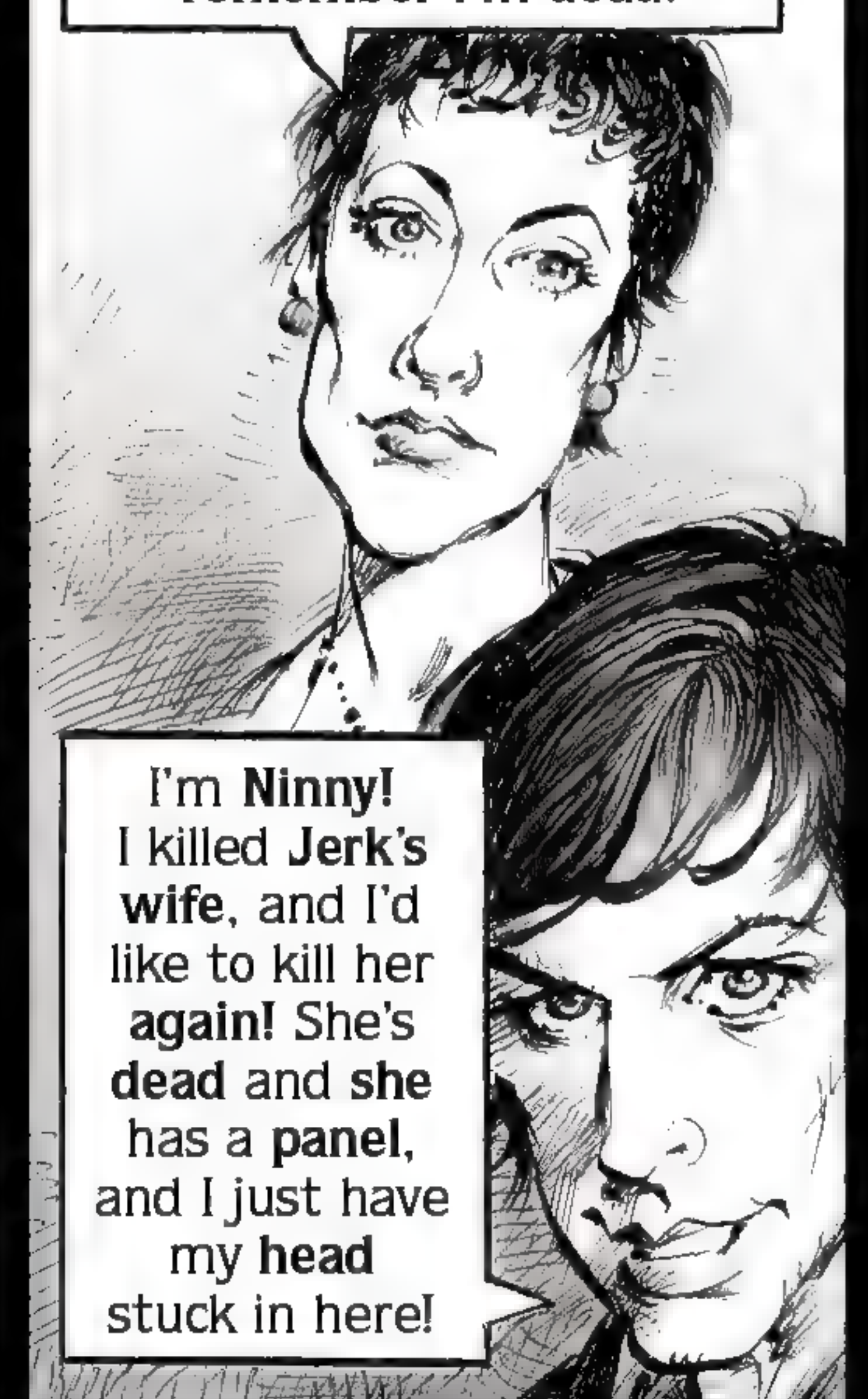
Being a highly trained Systems Validation Analyst here at CTU is scary! Here, when you see "fatal error" on your computer screen, it means you're a goner! For years, I thought CTU stood for Counter Terrorist Unit, but it actually stands for Contrived Timetable Unit! That's why there are those stupid digital clock numbers all over the place!

I'm Special Agent Brazen, head of the top secret Shhhhhh Unit here at CTU! During a raid, I was exposed to a lethal dose of Plutonium and given a week to live! Fortunately, on this show, when you live just one hour every seven days, a week turns out to be quite a bit of time! Hell, I may even live to... cough...cough...uh, maybe not!

I wrote the top-top-secret encryption codes for every highly-classified document we have on file! When there was a big explosion at CTU, only I could give the secret code! That's because the Post-It Note I kept on my monitor with the secret code got blown away and couldn't be found!



I'm Jerk's wife, Tarry! I was killed in the first season, but when the producers do these fast-paced montage shots to fill the screen, all the characters look like other characters and in the confusion, you won't even remember I'm dead!

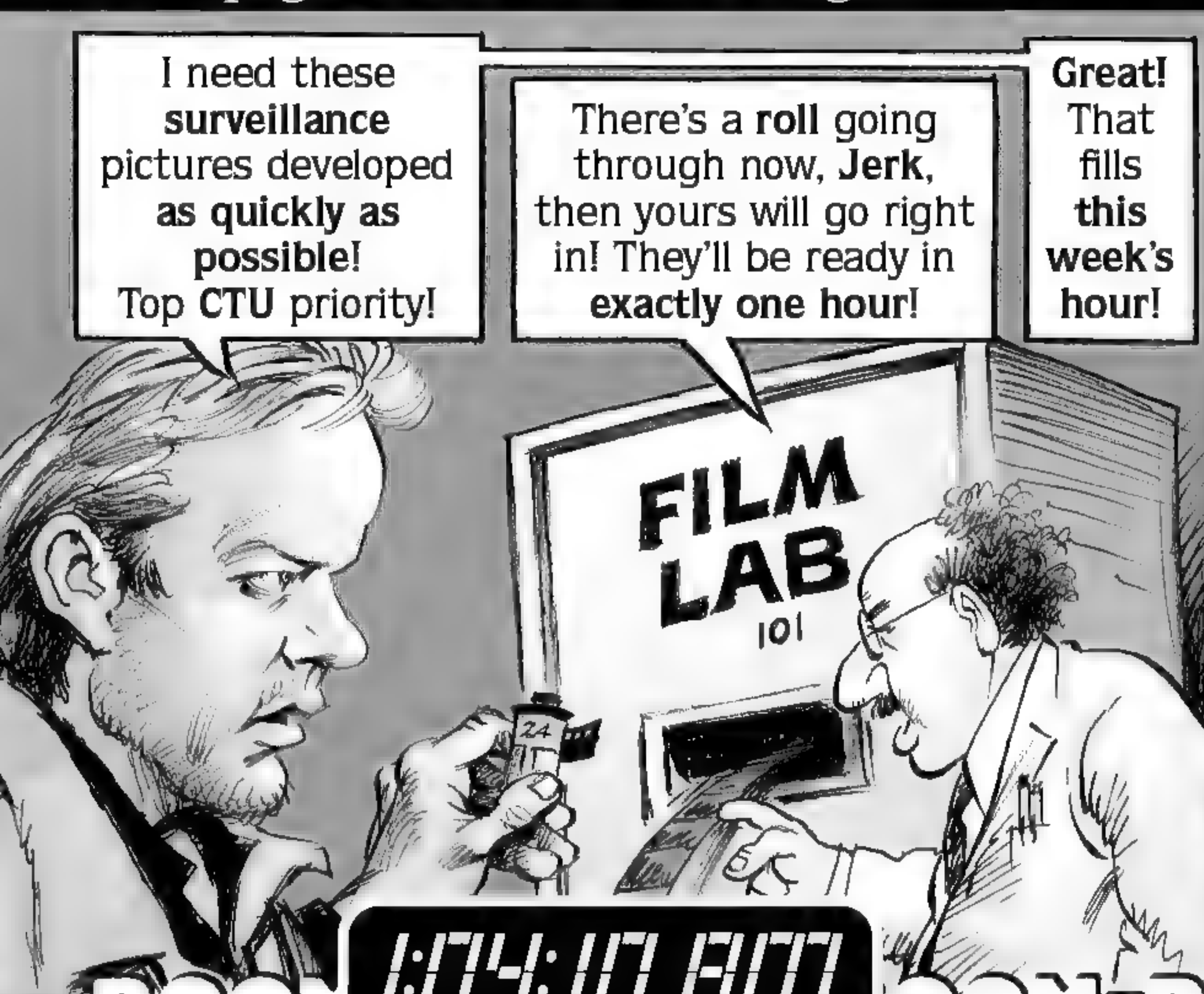


I'm Ninny! I killed Jerk's wife, and I'd like to kill her again! She's dead and she has a panel, and I just have my head stuck in here!

BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!

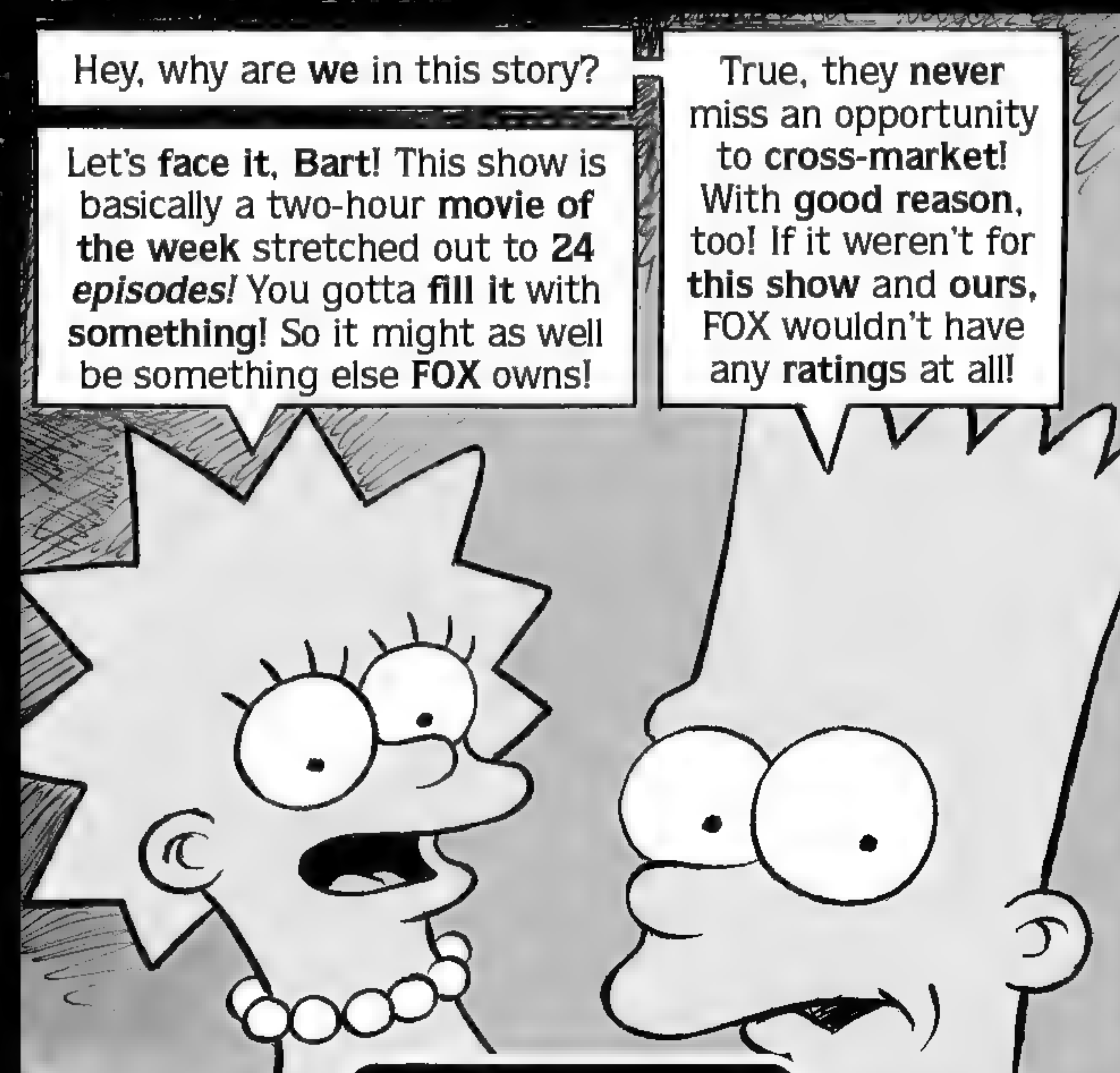
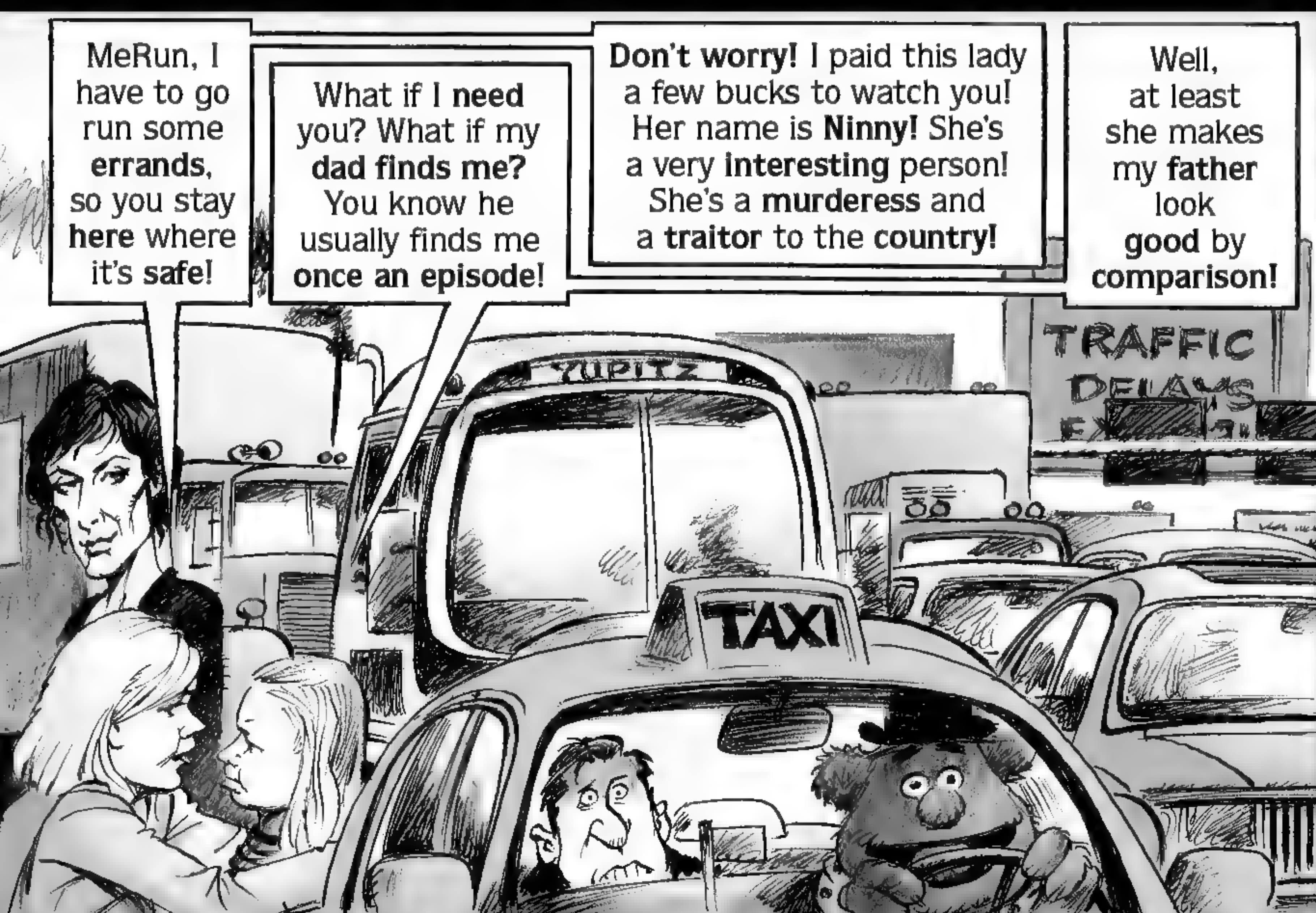
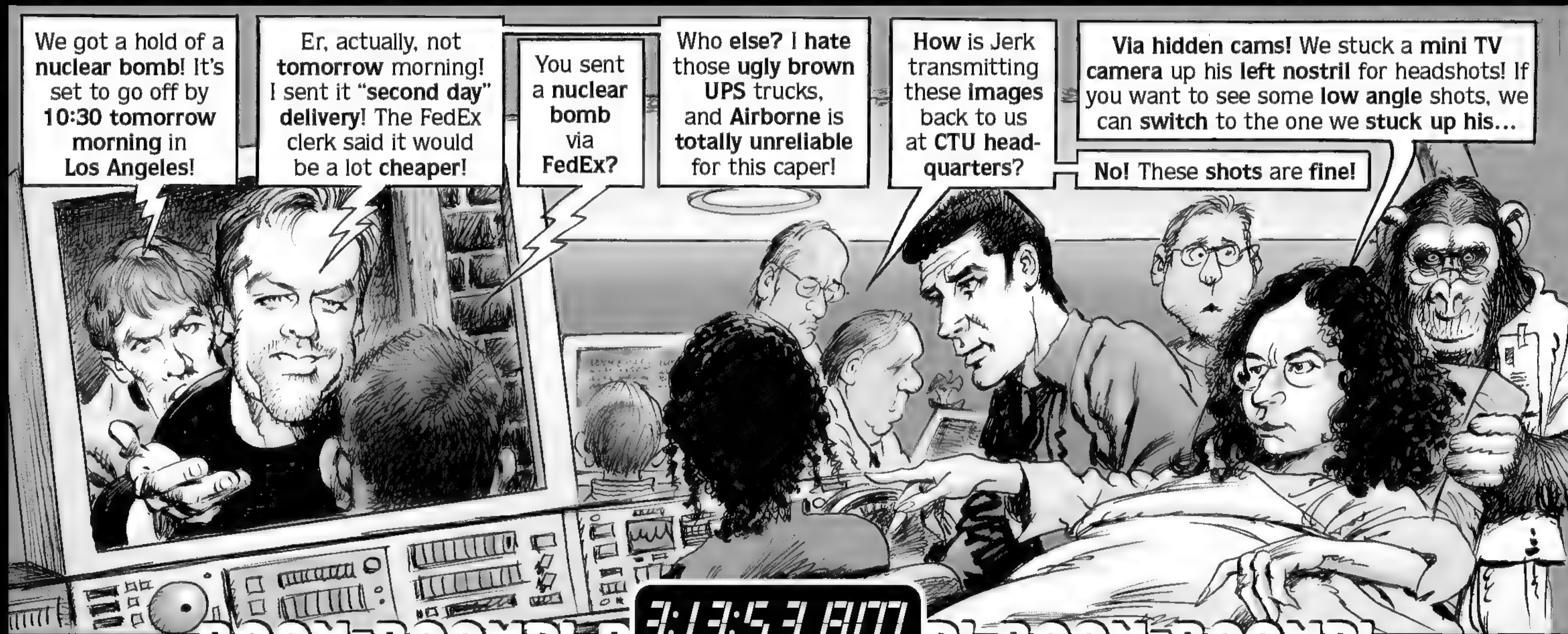


The following takes place between  
pages 9 and 10 of this magazine!



BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!

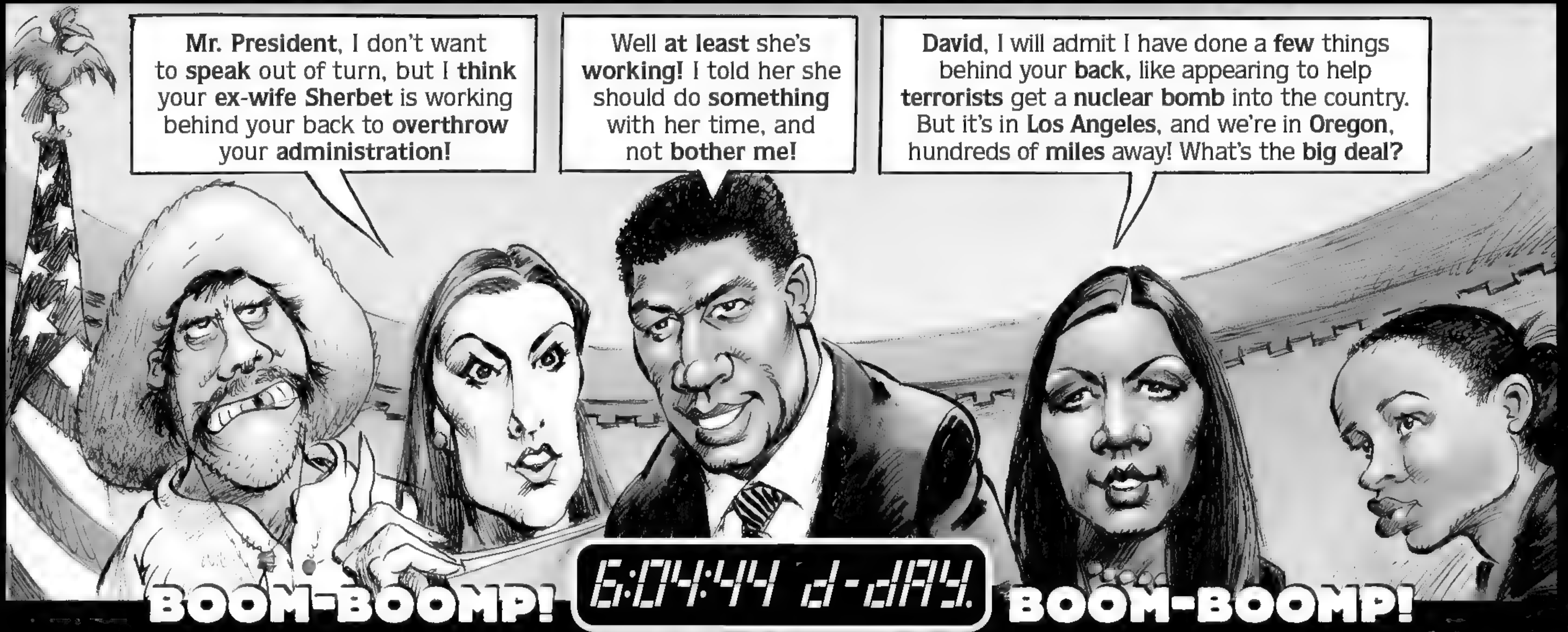
The following takes place one hour after  
the hour you saw in last week's episode!



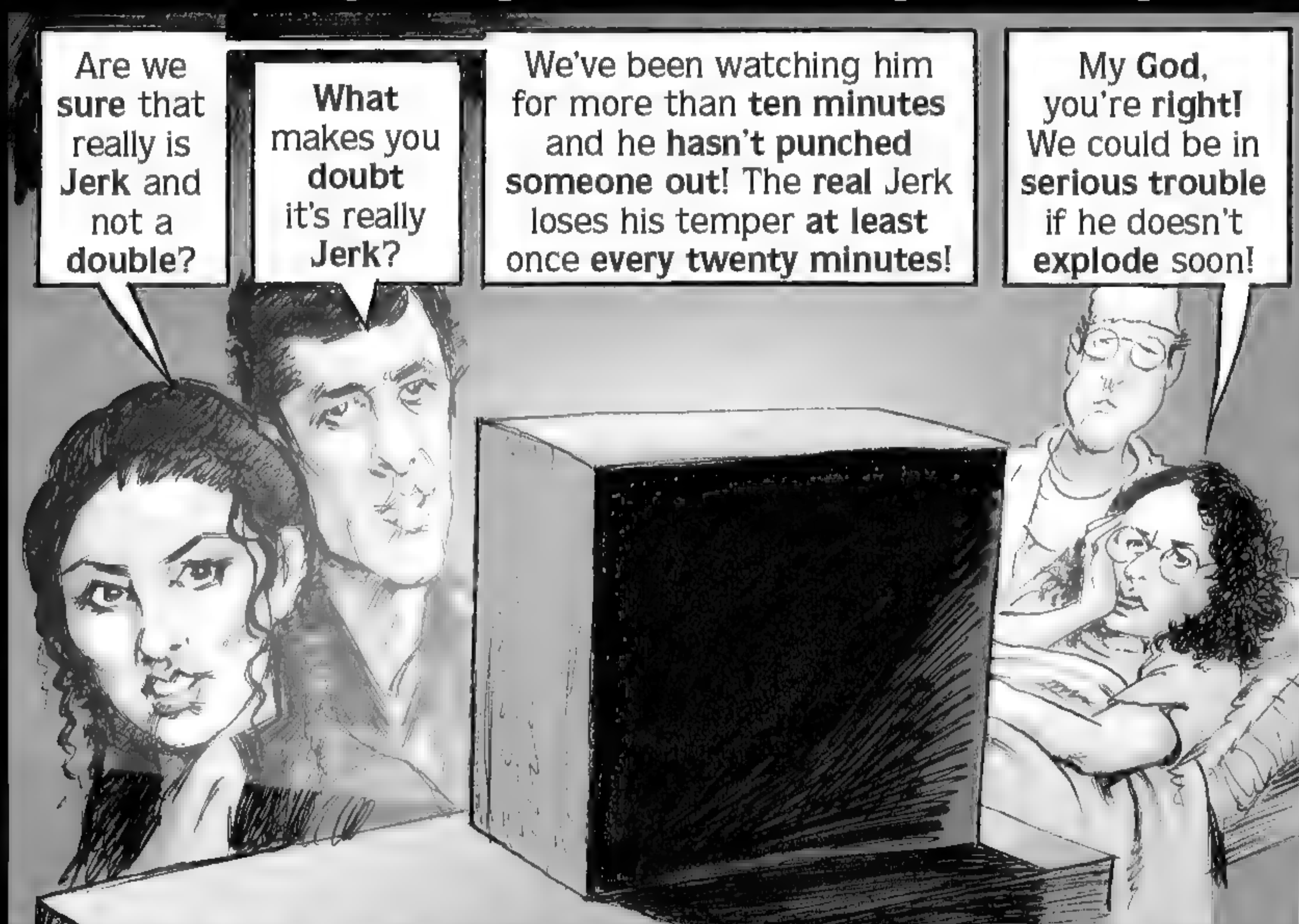
BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!



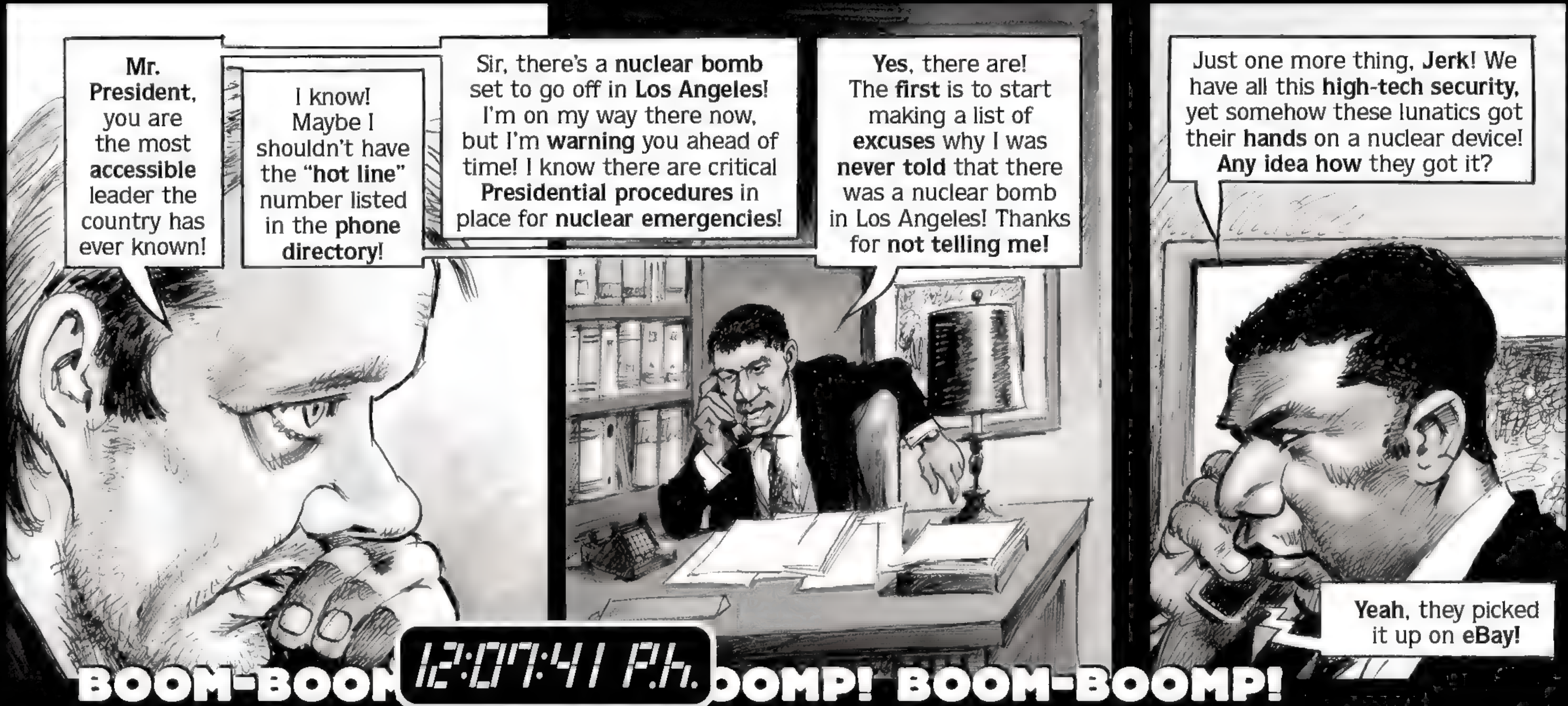
The following takes place after the writers drank straight Scotch from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. and then started writing the dialogue!



The following takes place between VIII p.m. and IX p.m.!







Mr. President, you are the most accessible leader the country has ever known!

I know! Maybe I shouldn't have the "hot line" number listed in the phone directory!

Sir, there's a nuclear bomb set to go off in Los Angeles! I'm on my way there now, but I'm warning you ahead of time! I know there are critical Presidential procedures in place for nuclear emergencies!

Yes, there are! The first is to start making a list of excuses why I was never told that there was a nuclear bomb in Los Angeles! Thanks for not telling me!

Just one more thing, Jerk! We have all this high-tech security, yet somehow these lunatics got their hands on a nuclear device! Any idea how they got it?

Yeah, they picked it up on eBay!

MeRun, I have to go run some errands, but you'll be safe here on top of this nuclear submarine! Now, if it starts to leave the dock or submerge, knock on the lid and tell them to call me on my cell phone!

I'm beginning to think I'd be safer staying with my abusive dad!

I made it to L.A., Thorny!

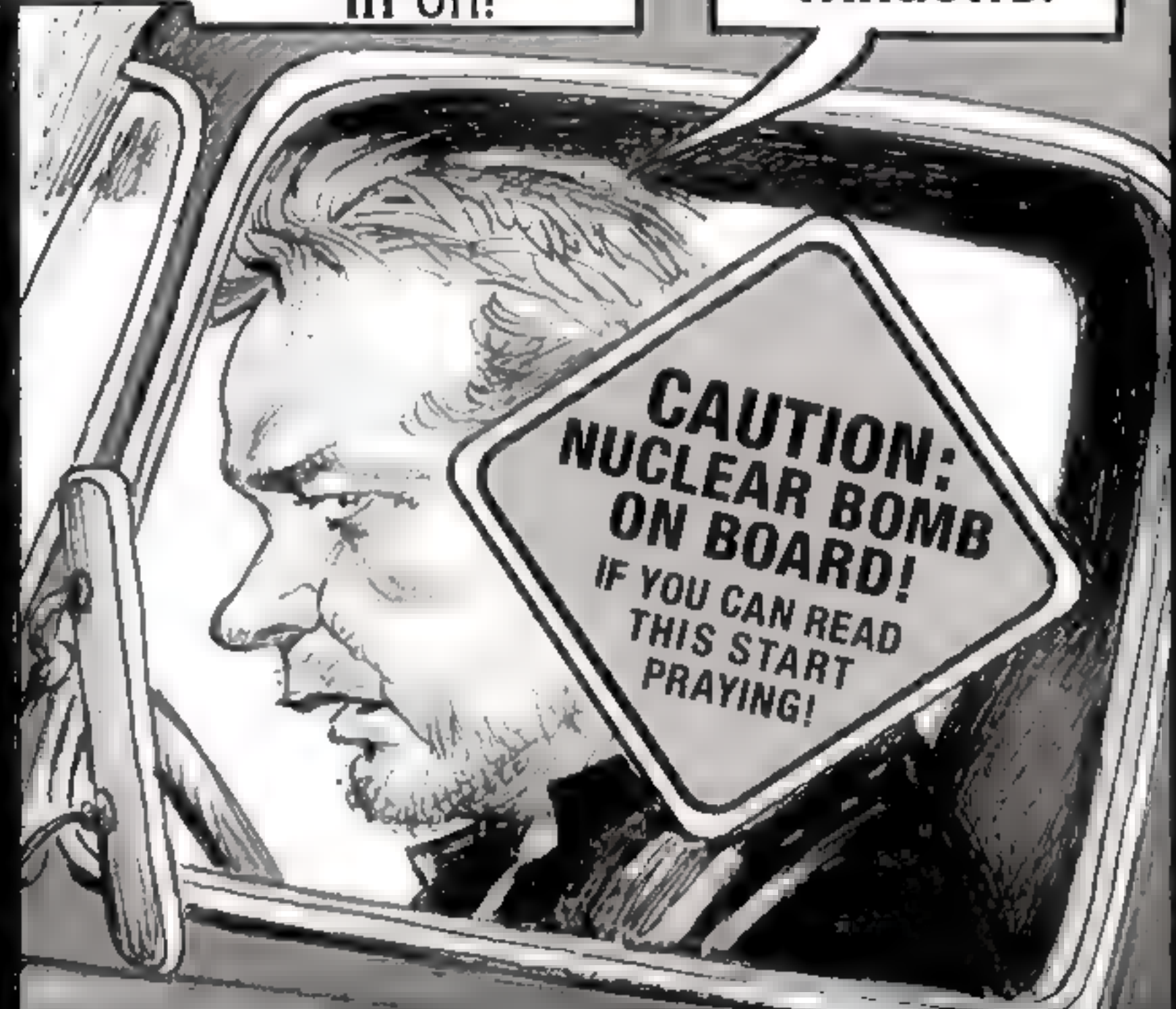
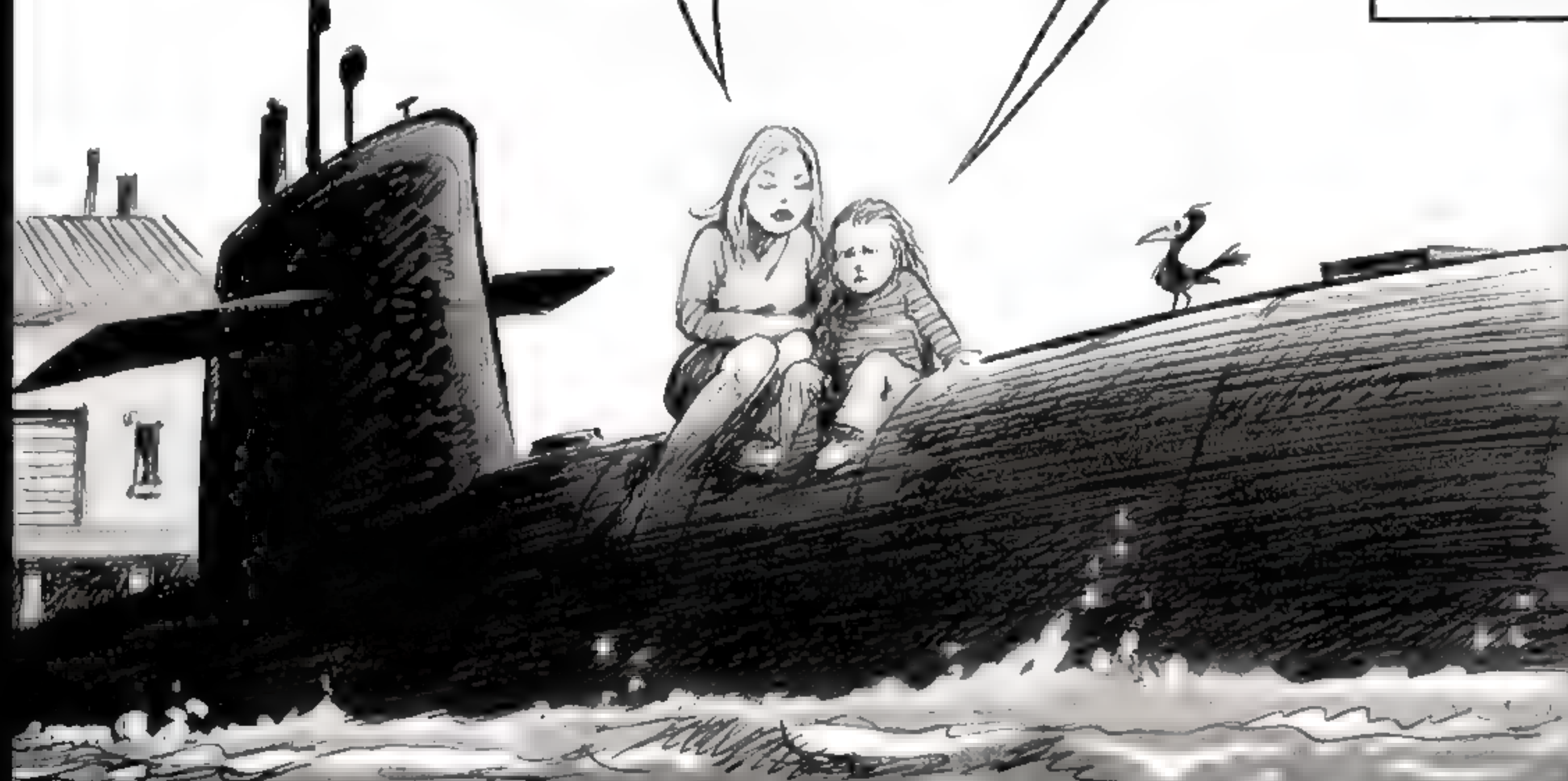
Good, we're feeding your laptop live surveillance photos of Los Angeles from our SPY-CAM Blimp!

They're coming in clear! See if you can zero in on Nicole Kidman's bedroom window!

Can't do it! This is FOX, not HBO! But wait! Look at what I just zoomed in on!

Good going! Thank God people can't resist the urge to put stupid signs in their car windows!

CAUTION: NUCLEAR BOMB ON BOARD!  
IF YOU CAN READ THIS START PRAYING!



The following takes place between two breaks of six solid minutes of commercials!

This is the truck with the nuclear device in it! But I can't open the door!

Come on, Jerk, you can outsmart any sophisticated lock in the world, no matter how complex!

Of course I can, but this is one of those sliding bolt locks — there's no way to electronically defeat it! I'm stumped!

Jerk can't get to the bomb! We're doomed!

We're in Los Angeles, that means every one of us is going to die!

Don't always look on the dark side! Some of us will only be maimed for life!

Success! I got the bomb! I ripped the truck doors off their hinges! The little slide bolt is still holding them together, but I got the bomb!



BOOM-BOOMP! 01:02:03 GO! P! BOOM



Jerk, we fed x-ray pictures of that bomb from the **SPY-CAM** into our **\$3 trillion** super-high-tech government computer and we have the analysis!

The computer has narrowed the **probable odds** of the device **going off** to between **0 and 100%**!

God bless that computer! Without it, we'd just be guessing!

**BOOM-05:02:75 HUT BOOMP!**

The following takes place between this time

and this time!

I found the bomb, Mr. President, but I've been unable to defuse it! I fear it's going to go off!

Then take the bomb to Montana!

Montana, sir? I don't know anyone in Montana!

And I don't know anybody in Montana either! So it's a perfect place to bring it!

THE FOLLOWING TAKES PLACE IN 60 MINUTES.

MeRun, I need to run a few more errands! I'll leave you here, where you'll be safe!

What's a rifle range?

It's just like the one at the amusement park, except they use live ammo! Now, go over there and hide behind that target! You'll be safe until I come and get you!

**RIFLE RANGE**

I hope my flight to Montana isn't crowded!

It won't be! No one wants to go to Montana! Don't you think they'll stop you from carrying that nuclear bomb on the plane?

I don't think so! The sign says "No knives, no guns, no scissors, no meat cleavers, no sling shots, no machetes, no harpoons," but it doesn't say a word about "no nuclear devices," so I think I'm safe!

Ladies and gentlemen! The wait to get through security is one hour! Stay tuned for the next episode!

**INS CHECK**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #429, MAY 2003

The nation is **safe**, sir! Well, at least from the bomb, not from me!

You disarmed it?

I didn't have to! You know that annoying digital clock that runs at the bottom of the screen?

Yes, the one that makes that damn drum beat with every tick?

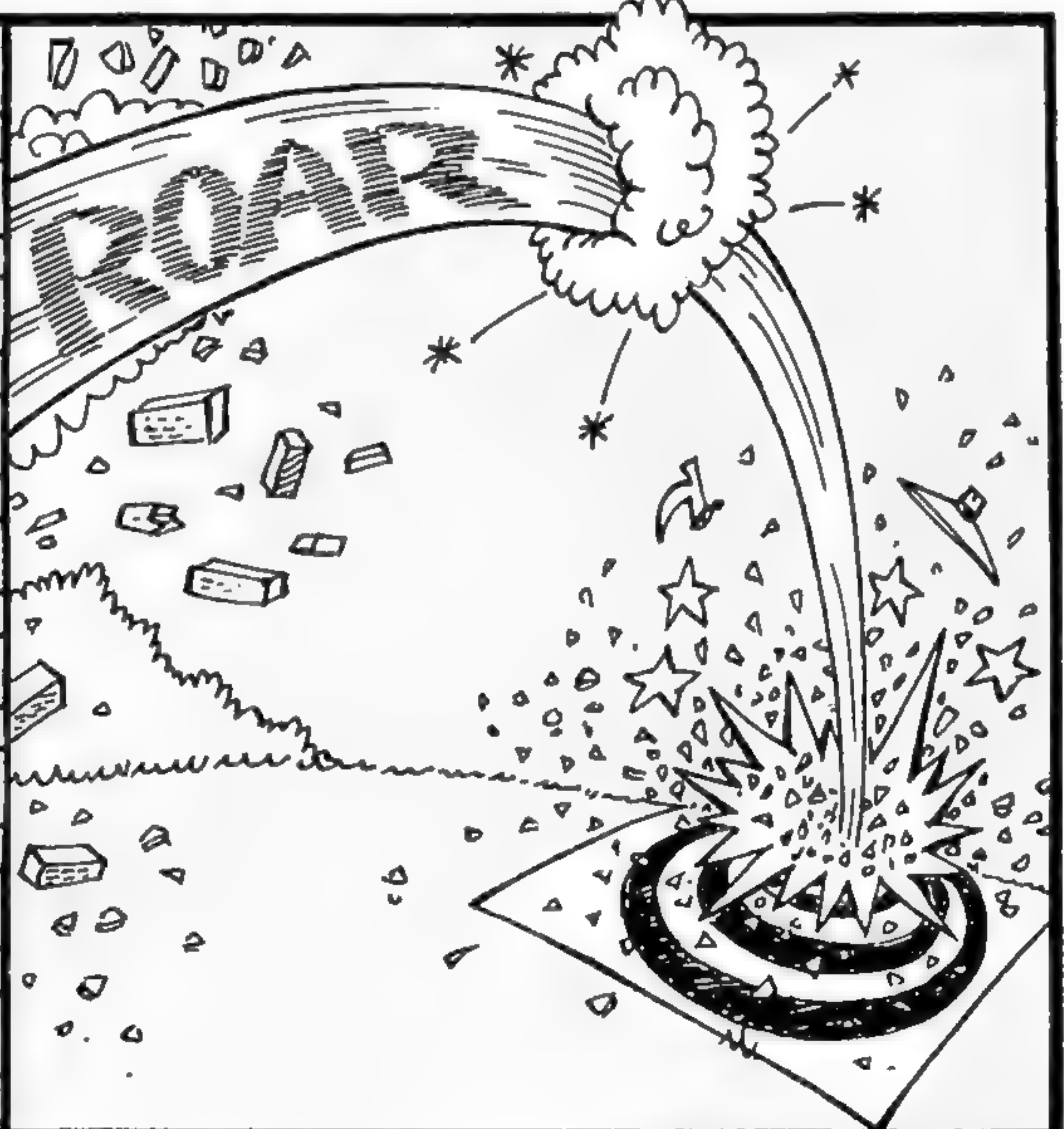
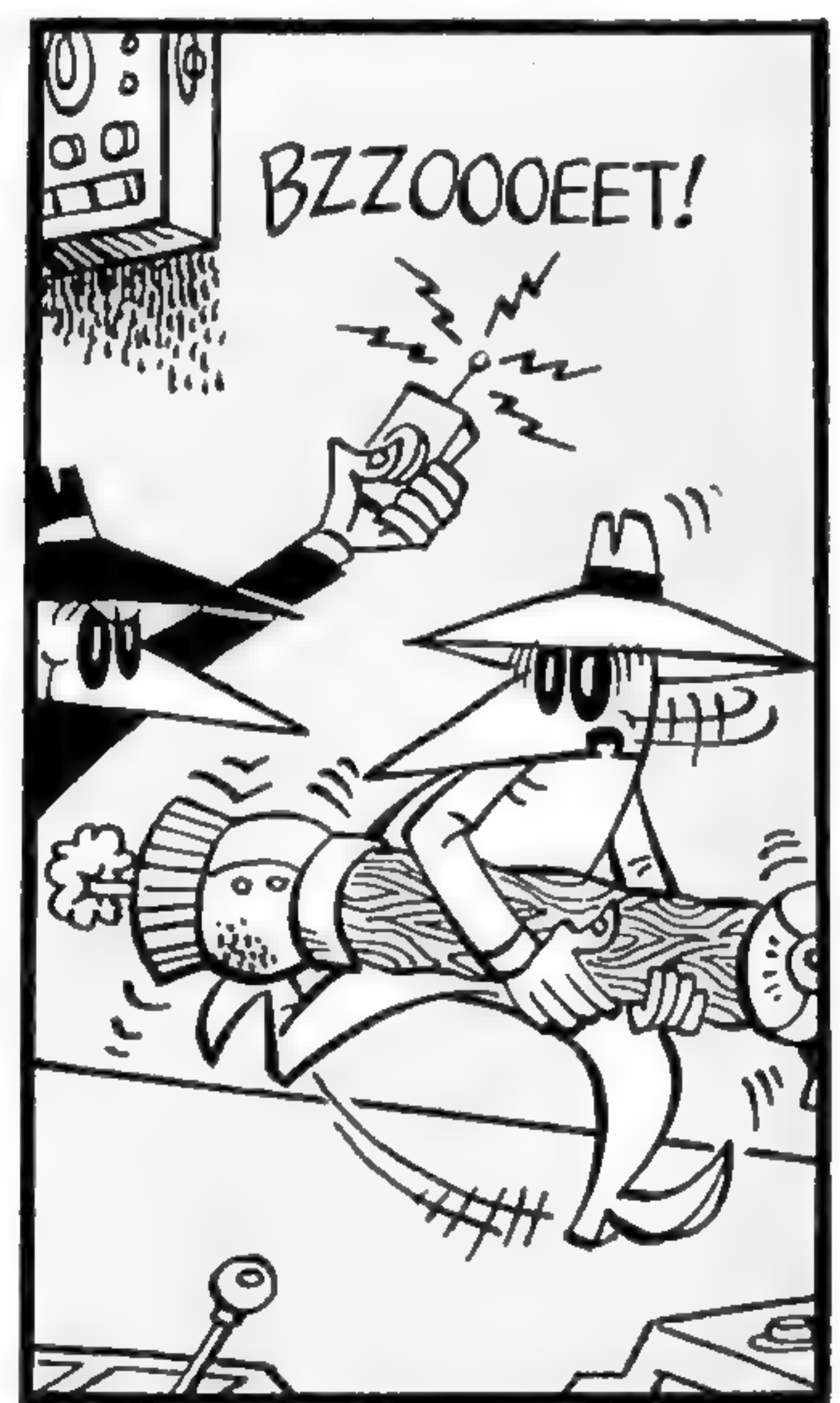
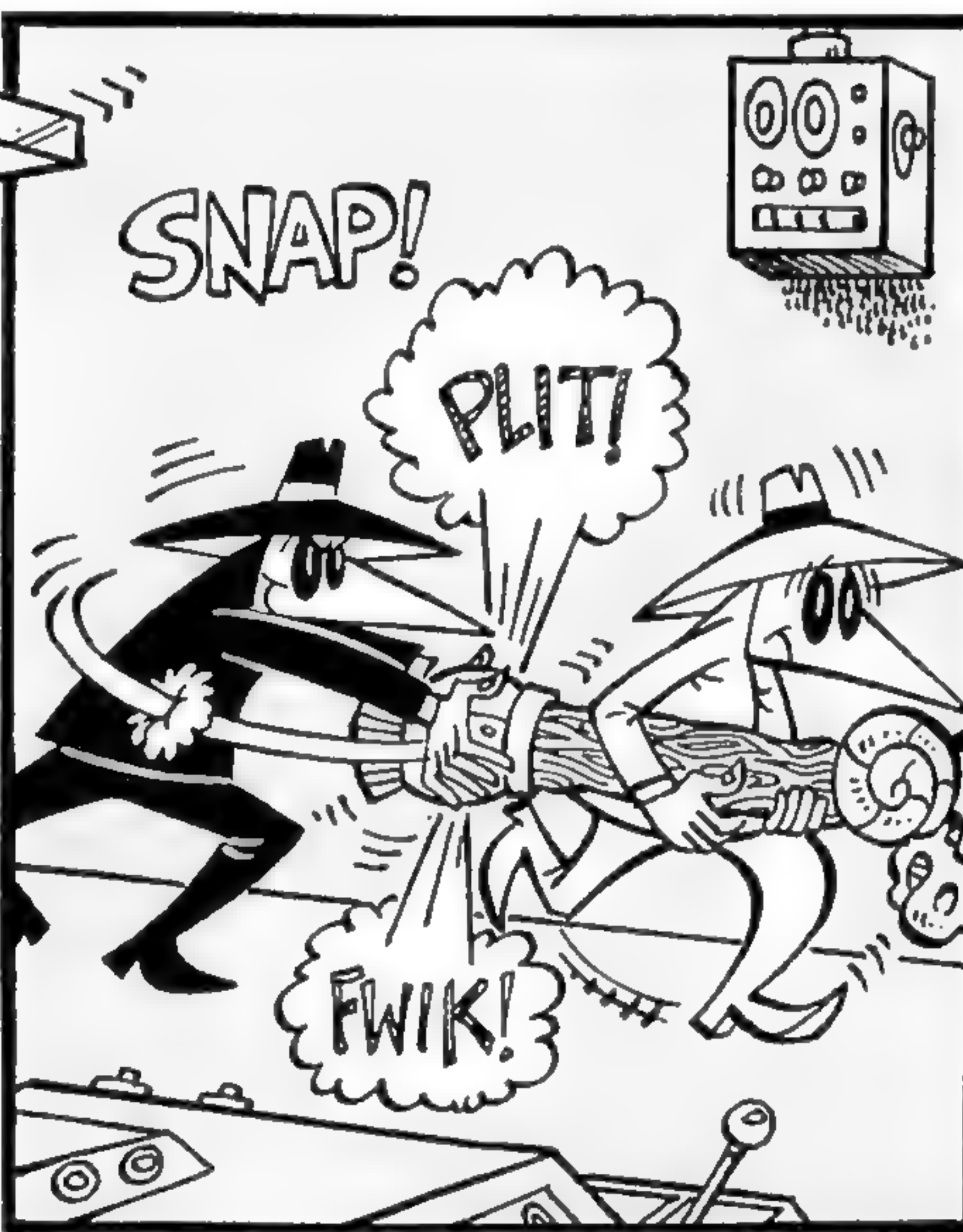
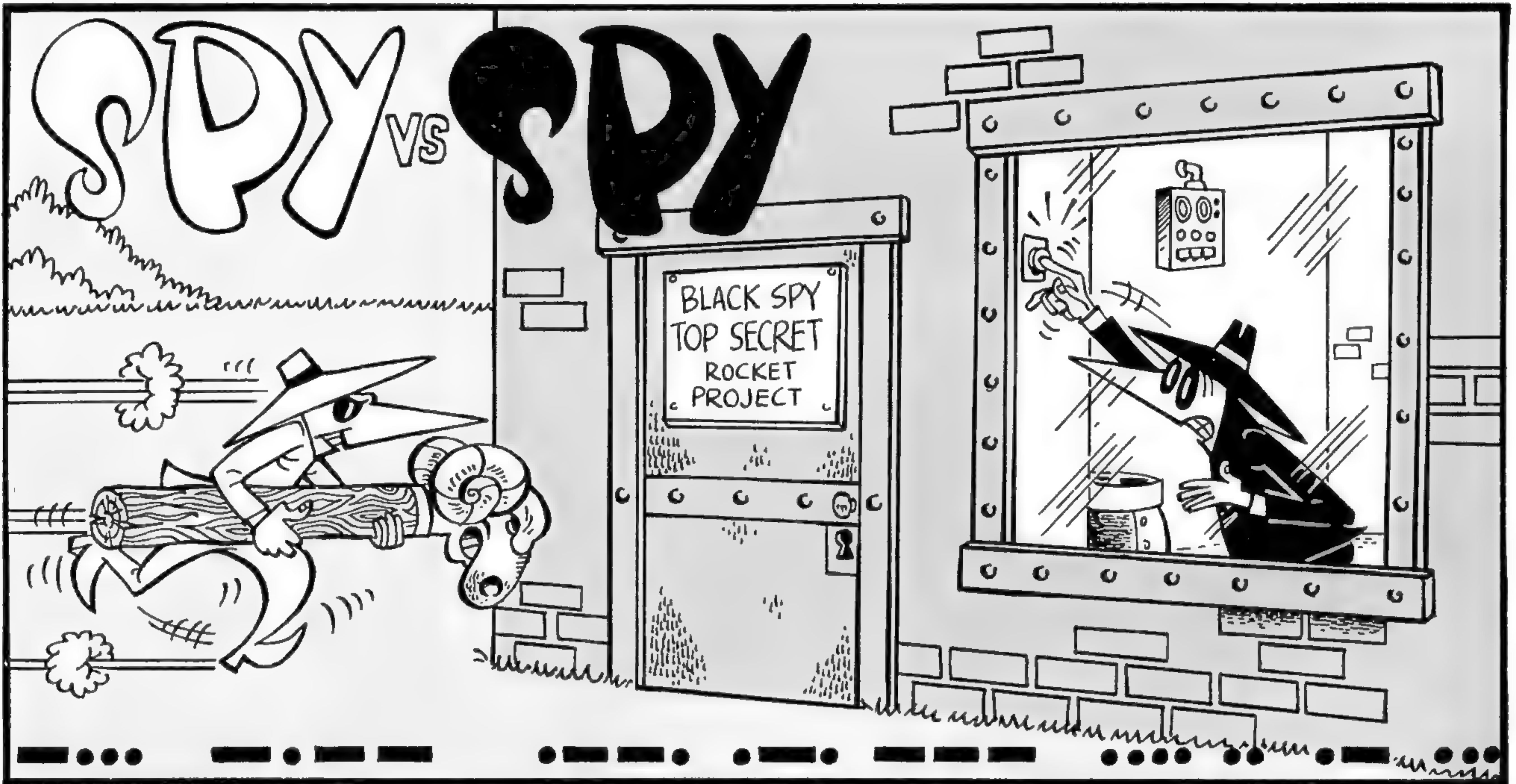
Yep, that one! I took the battery out and it stopped! Without that corny countdown device, the bomb can't go off!

Did you know about the back-up battery? Jerk? Jerk????

**BOOM-10:58:76... BOOM-5:43:21... BOOM**







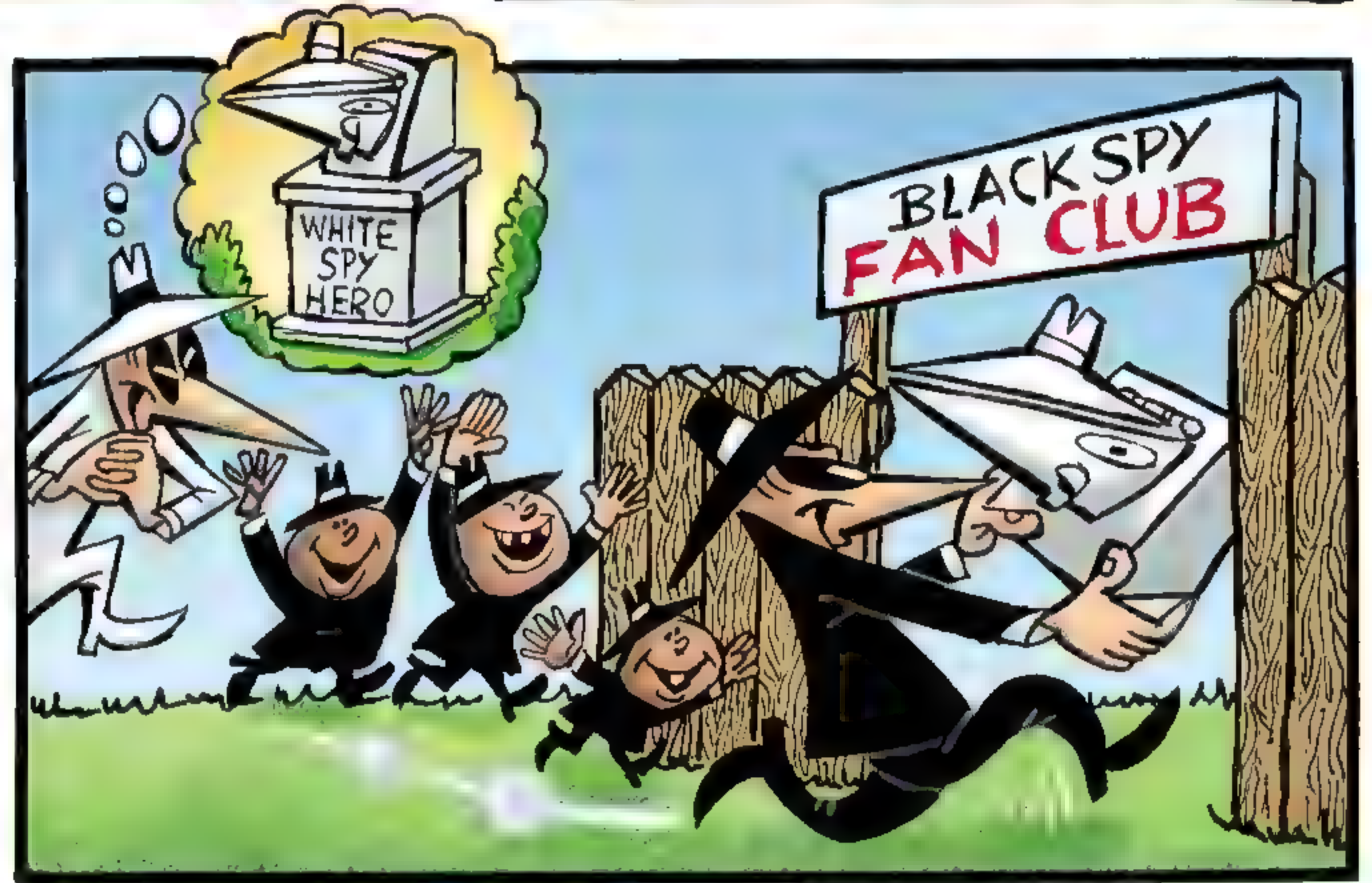
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #319, JUN 1993





# SPY VS SPY

WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN

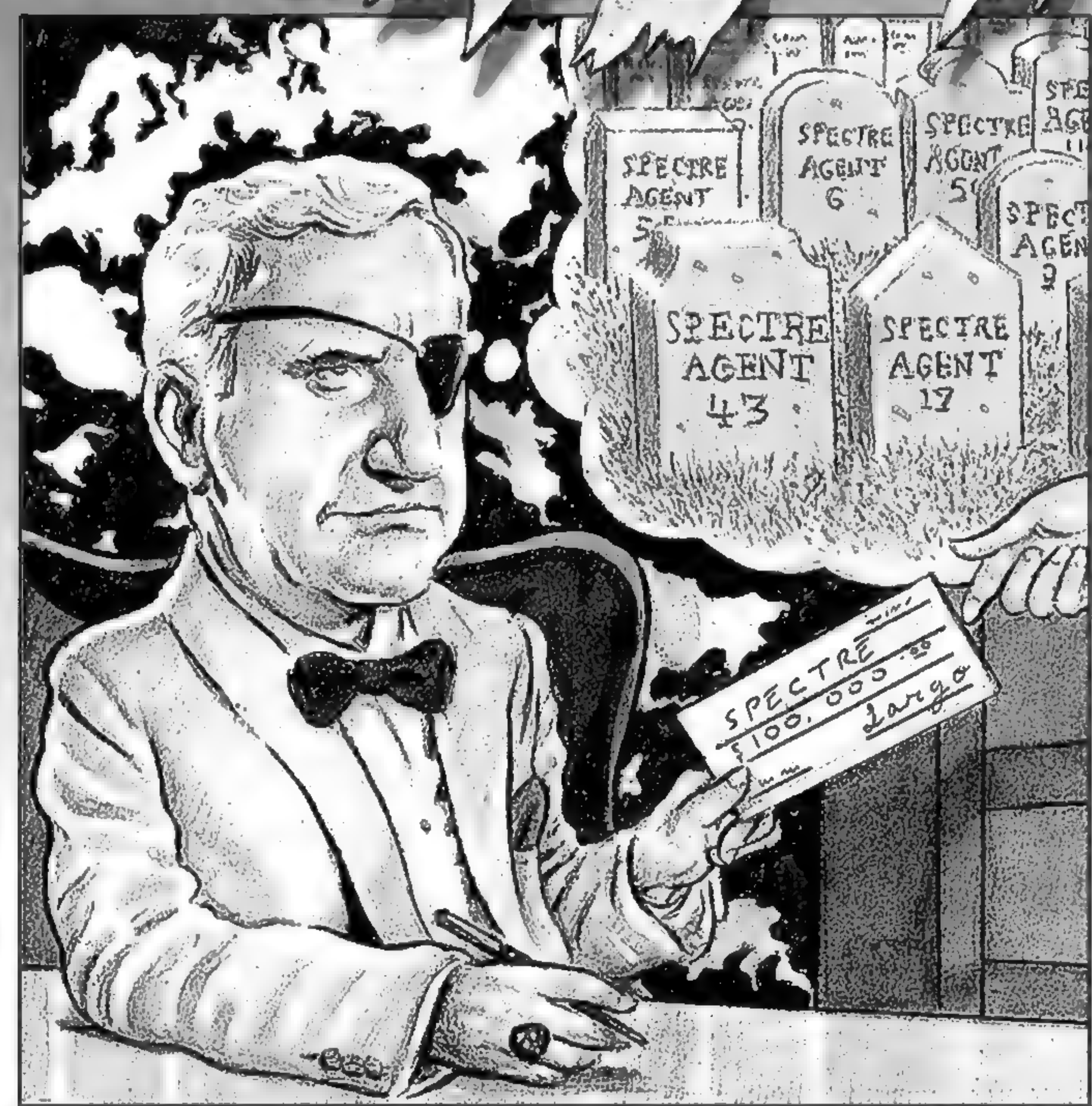




Laser beams, tarantulas, explosions, witty death threats, handcuffs, secret passages, gadgets, violent henchmen and blueprints! But enough about Marv Albert's bedroom! This article is all about...

# JAMES BOND VILLAINS' PET PEEVES

WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN  
ARTIST DREW FRIEDMAN

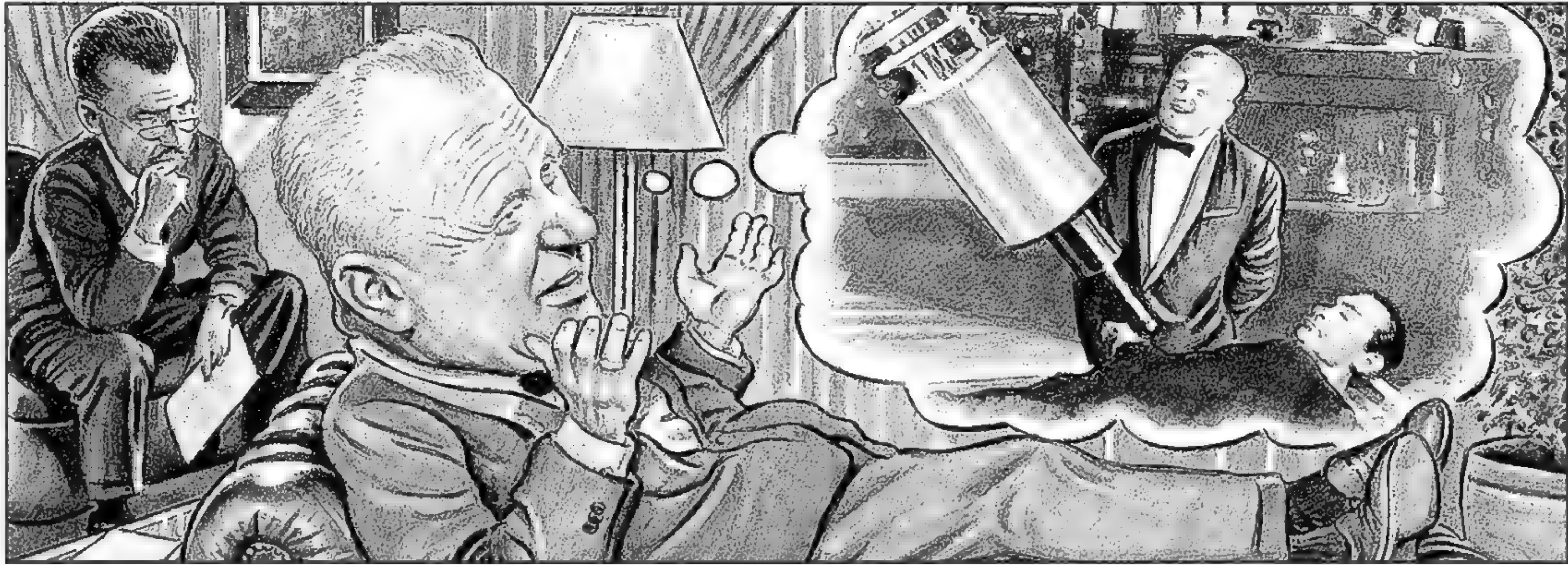


You're forced to contribute to the company pension plan, even though the average life expectancy of a member of organization is 26.3 years.

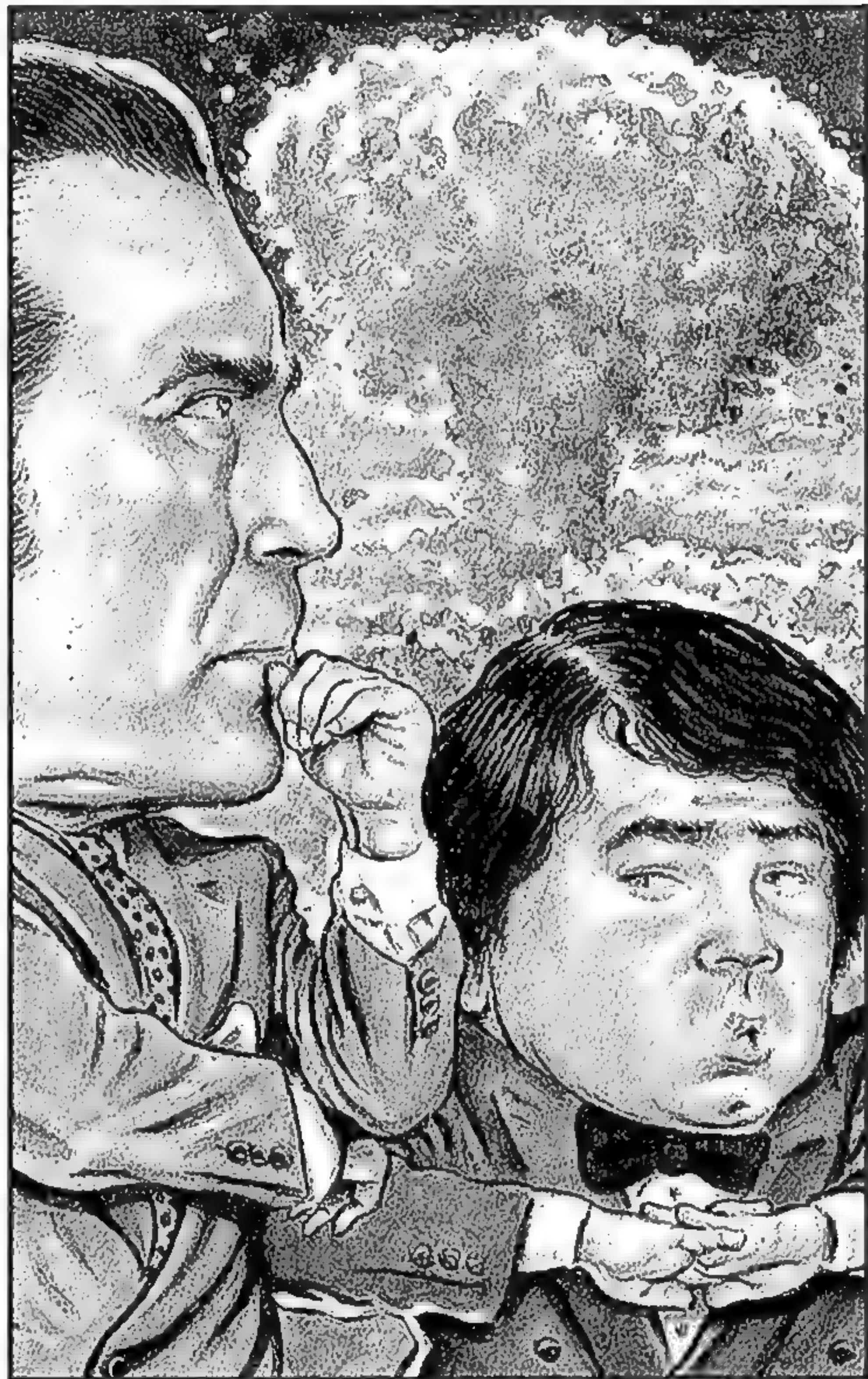


With all of Bond's hidden devices and micro-gadgets, you're too paranoid to work the friggin' coffee machine in the morning!

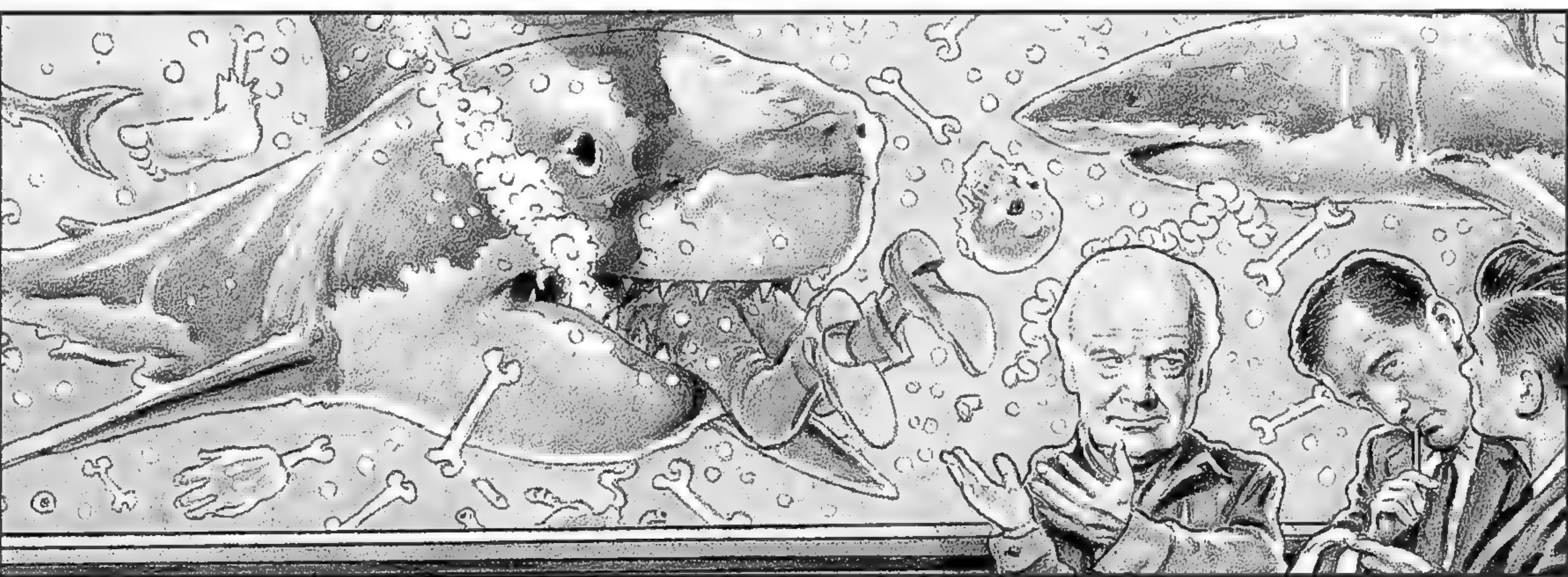
Your psychiatrist has told you and told you that so you can tell him your secret plans is "a spiraling self-destructive pattern," but you just can't help it!



Between the guy with the metal teeth, the guy with the metal hands and the guy with the metal hat, it takes absolutely forever for you and your henchmen to get past airport security!

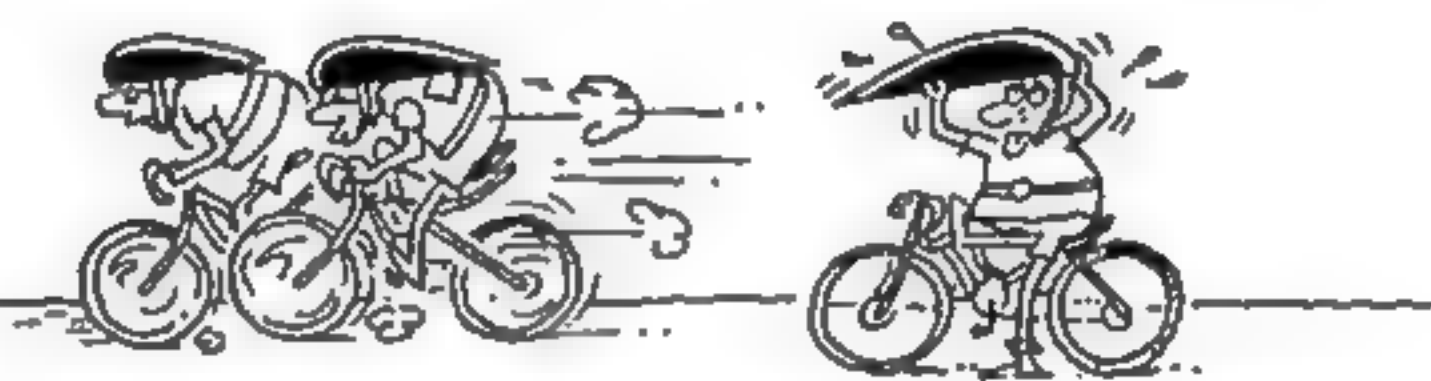


Should have spent the extra \$50,000 for the off-shore hideaway WITHOUT the "destroy entire island" button.

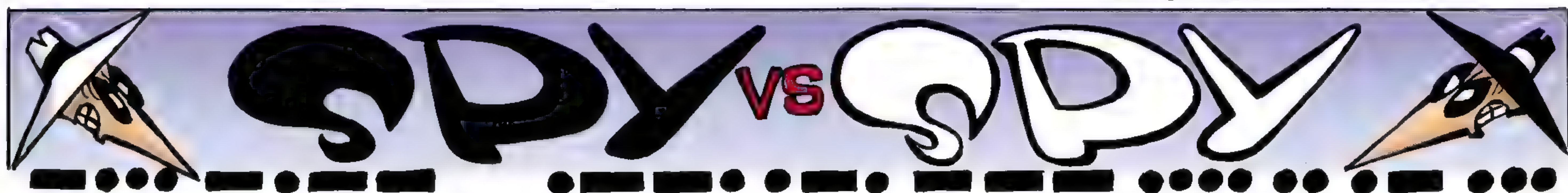


Before they'll allow the deduction, the I.R.S. demands proof that you use your 1,800 foot shark tank exclusively for business.

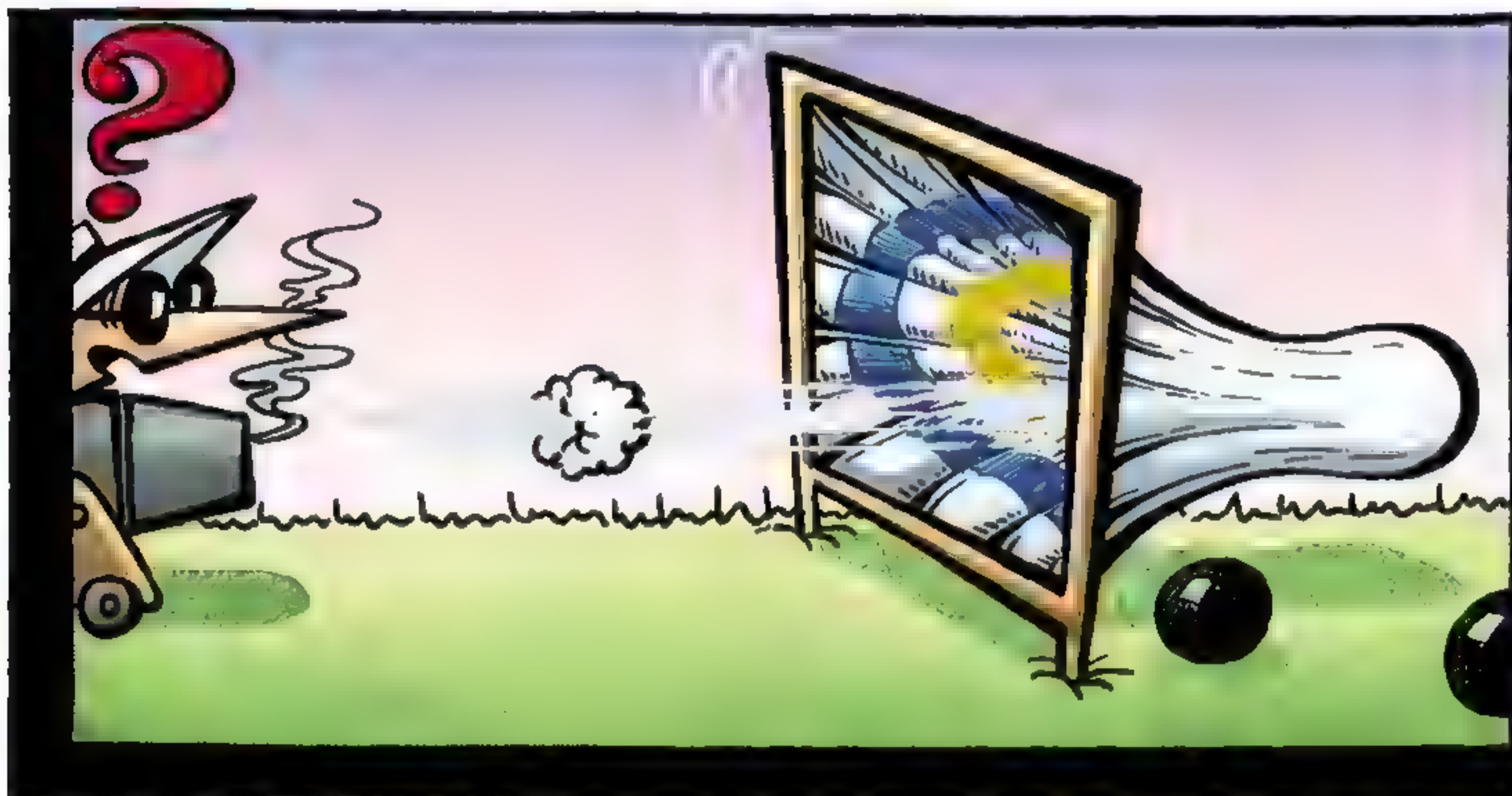
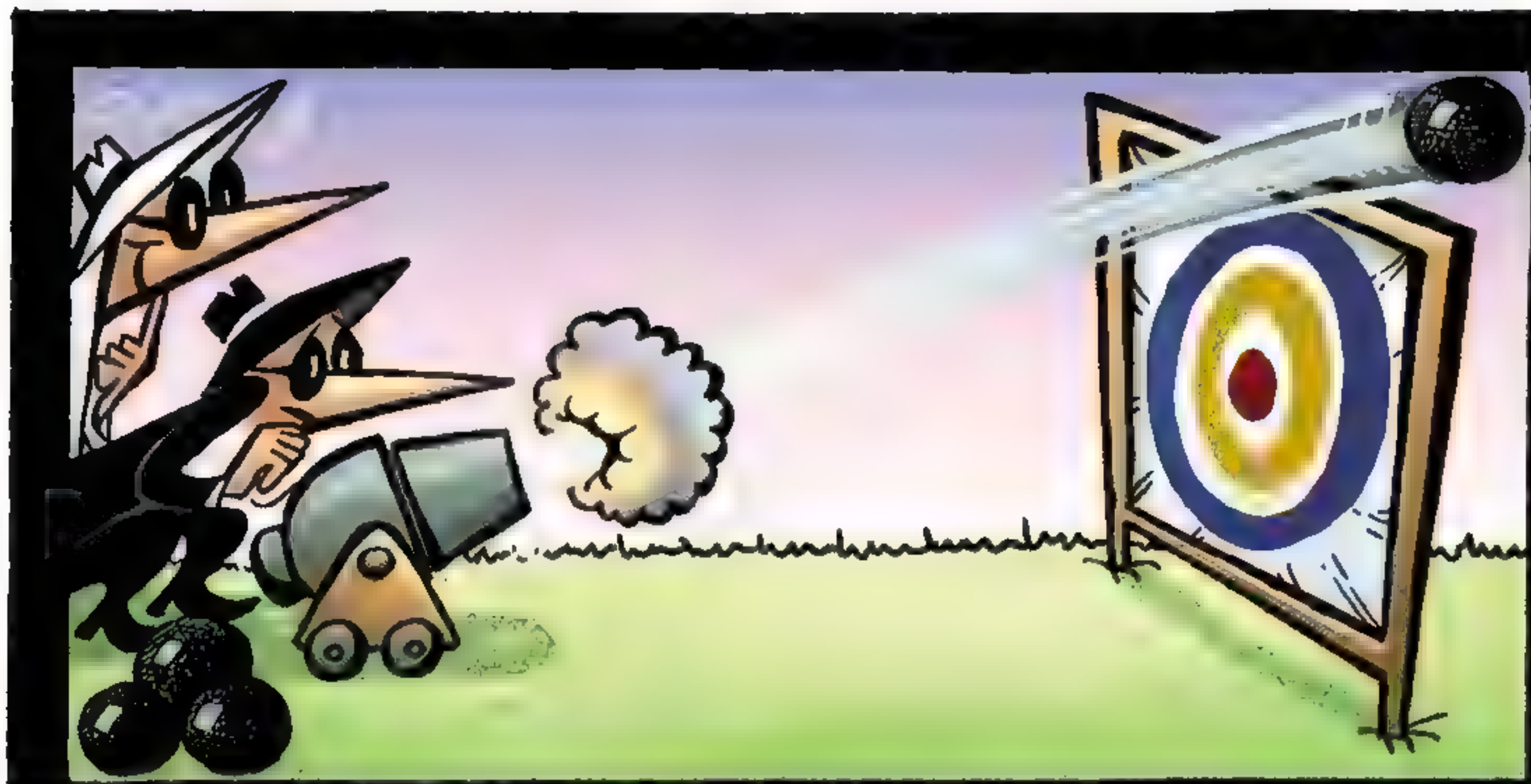
Every time you and your criminal organization finally learn to recognize 007 on sight, they send a new James Bond with a totally different face!







**WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS**      **COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #88, JUL 1964

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WHEN IS  
A SPY NOT  
A SPY?

# HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Eventually, even the most die-hard secret agents have to consider how they will spend their golden years, but it begs the question: can a spy really stop being a spy? To see the answer to this paradox, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A

B



A

B



WHEN YOU'RE A SPY THAT'S PAST YOUR PRIME, PEOPLE THINK YOU  
AGONIZE OVER YOUR LOT IN LIFE. ALTHOUGH THEY ARE FREE TO  
THEIR OPINION, THEY DON'T REALIZE HOW NICE IT IS THAT, IN TERMS  
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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

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A B



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# A **TV** SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



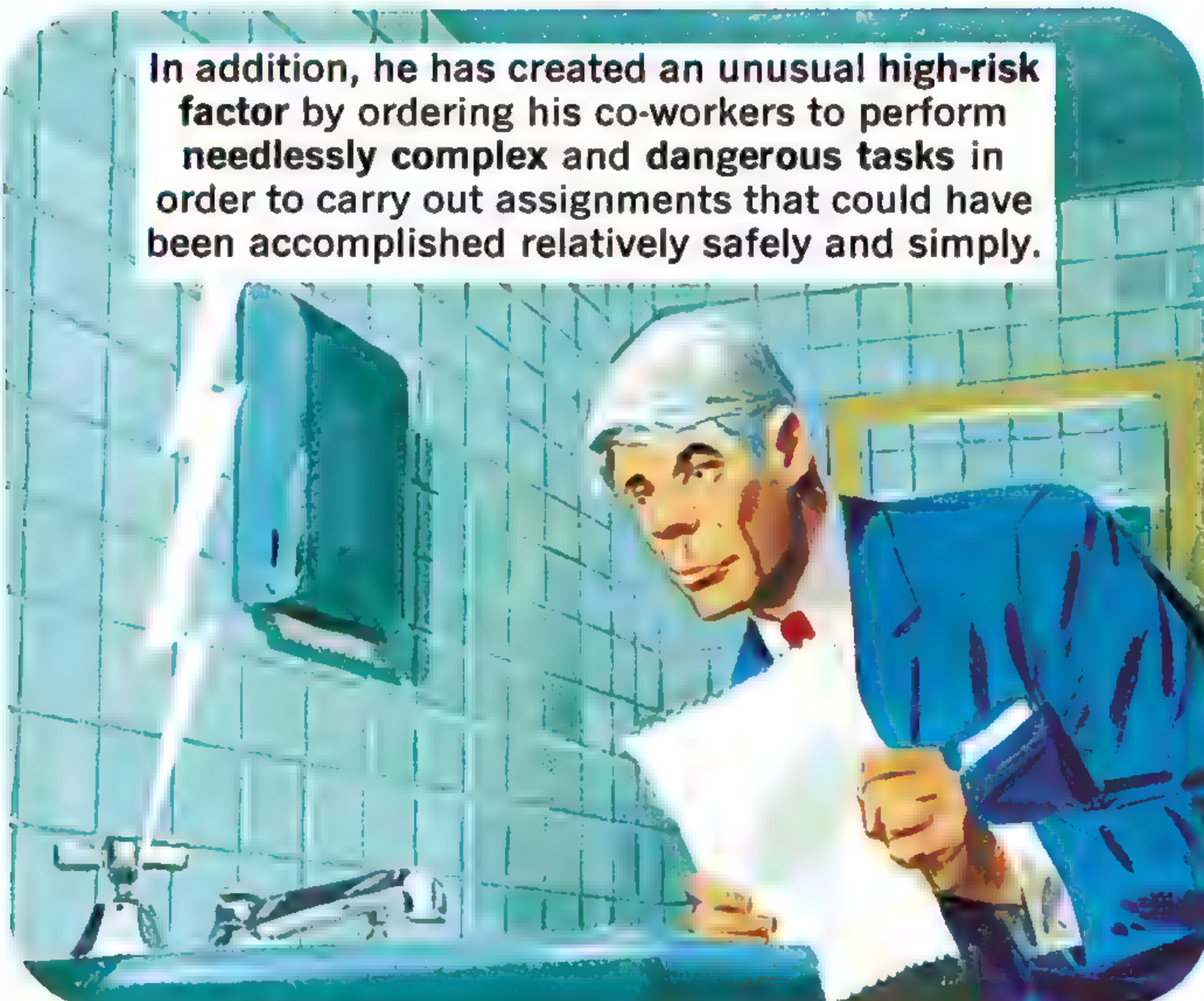
Good morning, Mr. Phelps! The man you are looking at has become a serious threat to the Impossible Mission Force.



He has squandered millions of dollars of government funds on such useless and extravagant contrivances as laser-beam fountain pens, radar wrist watches, closed-circuit mini-TV cameras embedded in belt buckles, and invisible sneakers . . .



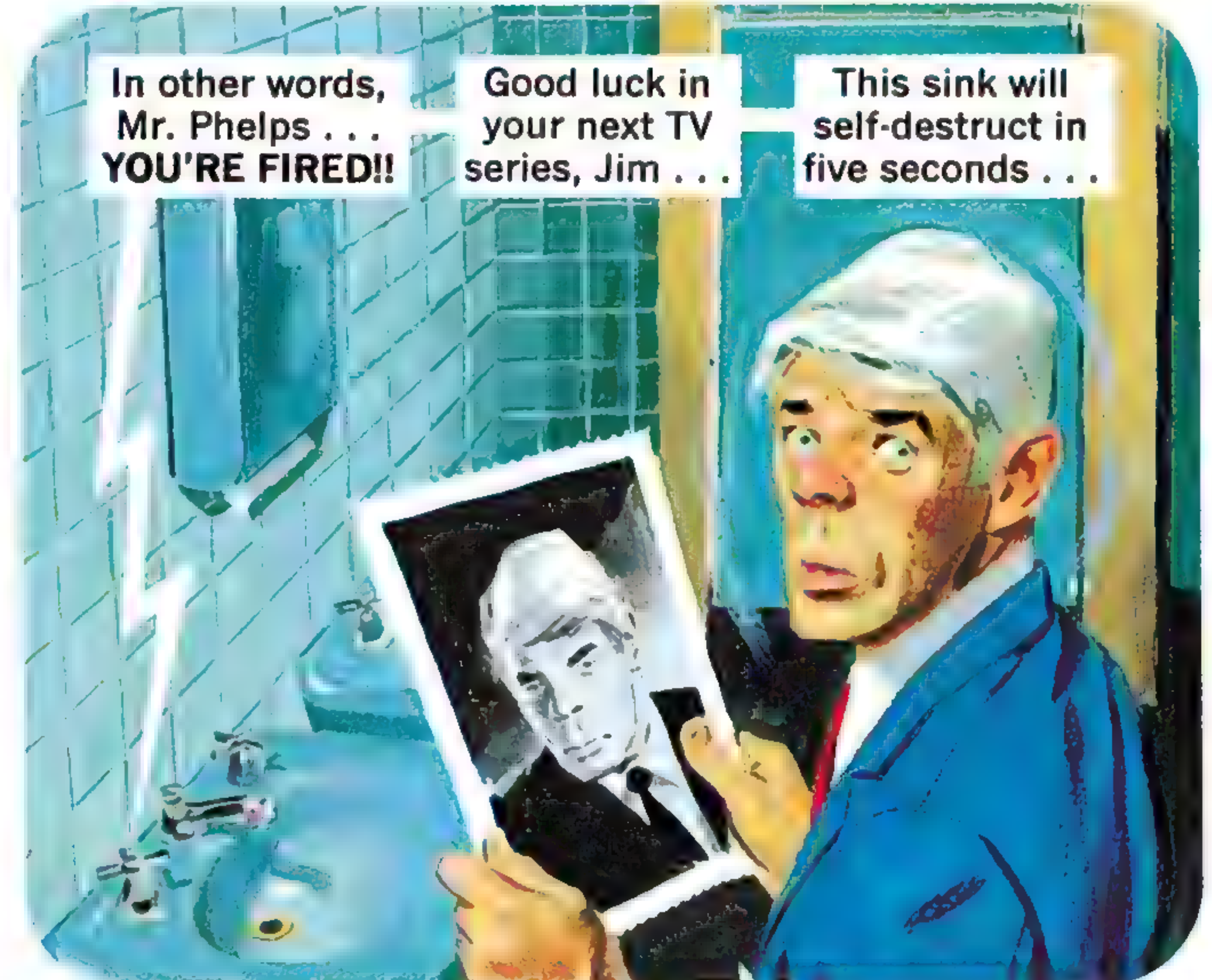
In addition, he has created an unusual high-risk factor by ordering his co-workers to perform needlessly complex and dangerous tasks in order to carry out assignments that could have been accomplished relatively safely and simply.



In other words, Mr. Phelps . . . **YOU'RE FIRED!!**

Good luck in your next TV series, Jim . . .

This sink will self-destruct in five seconds . . .

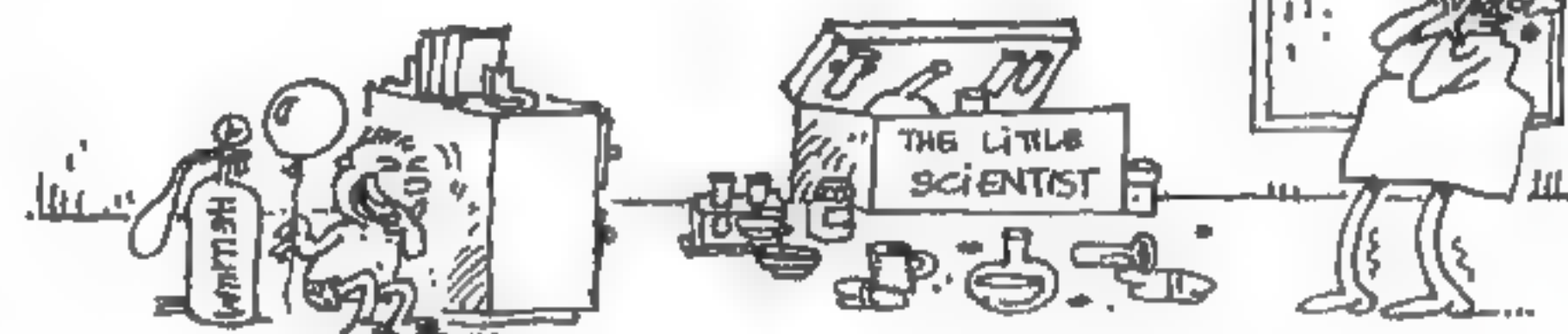
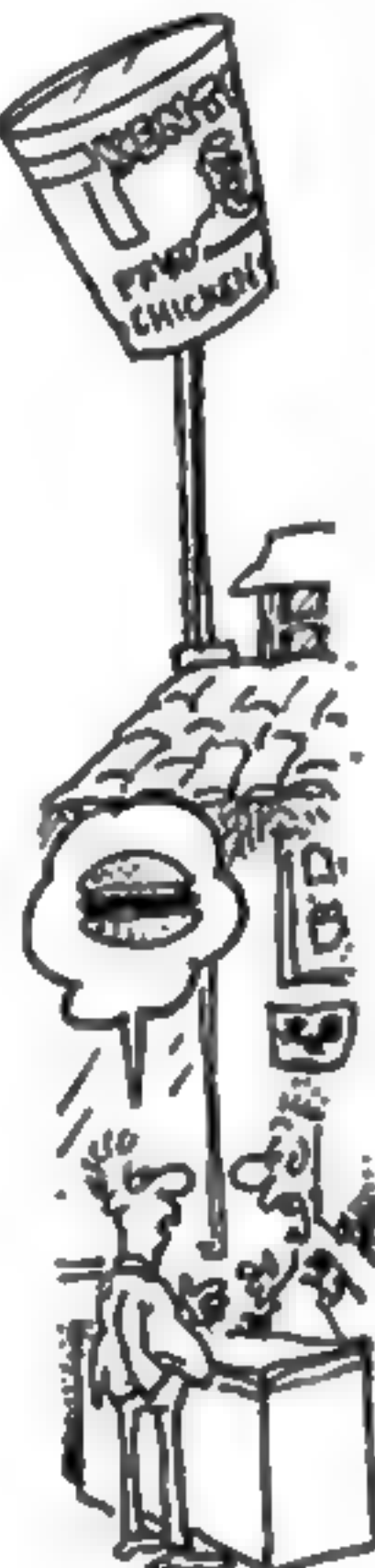
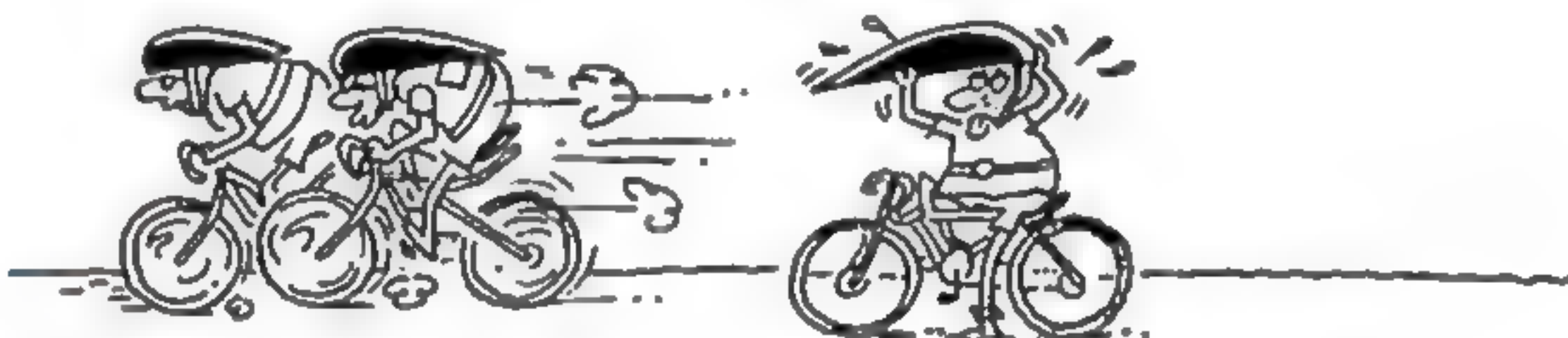
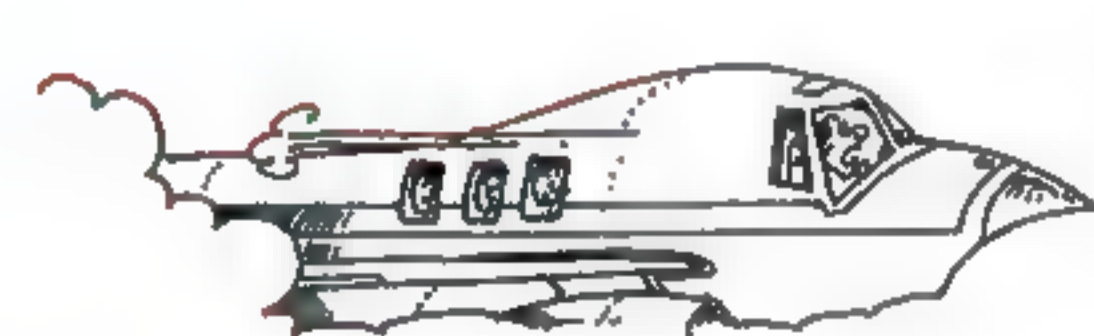
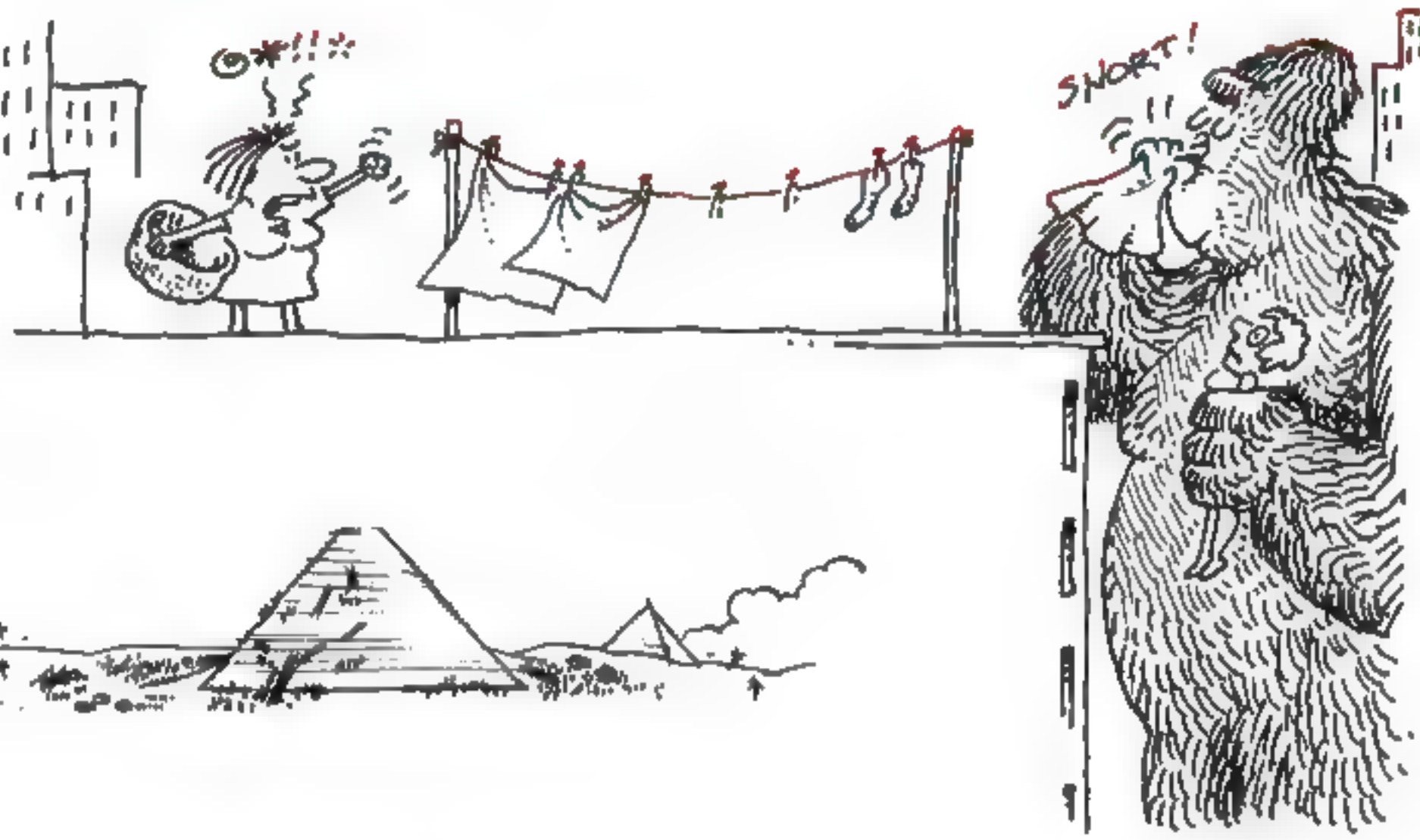
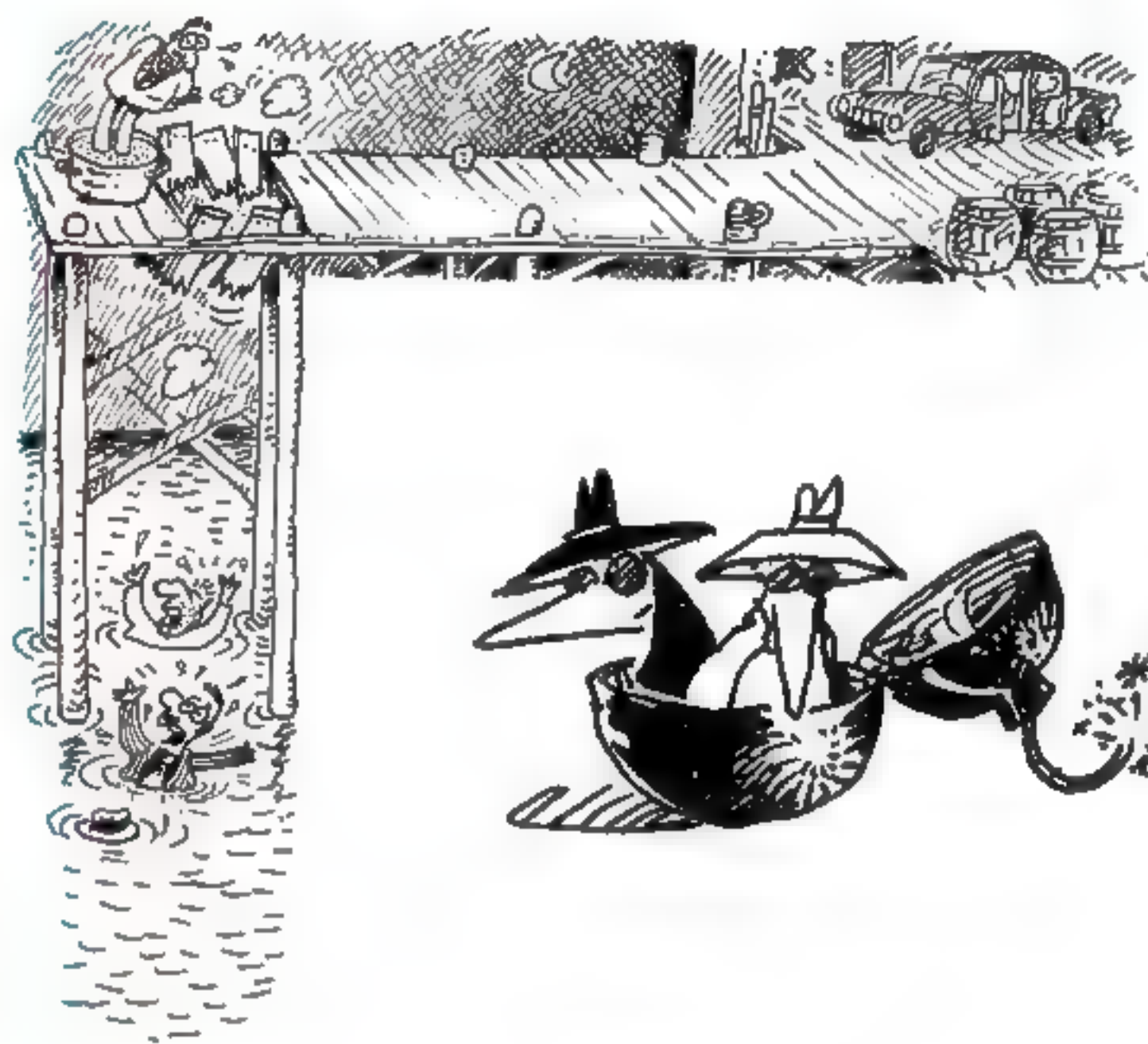




# DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

SERGIO ARAGONES



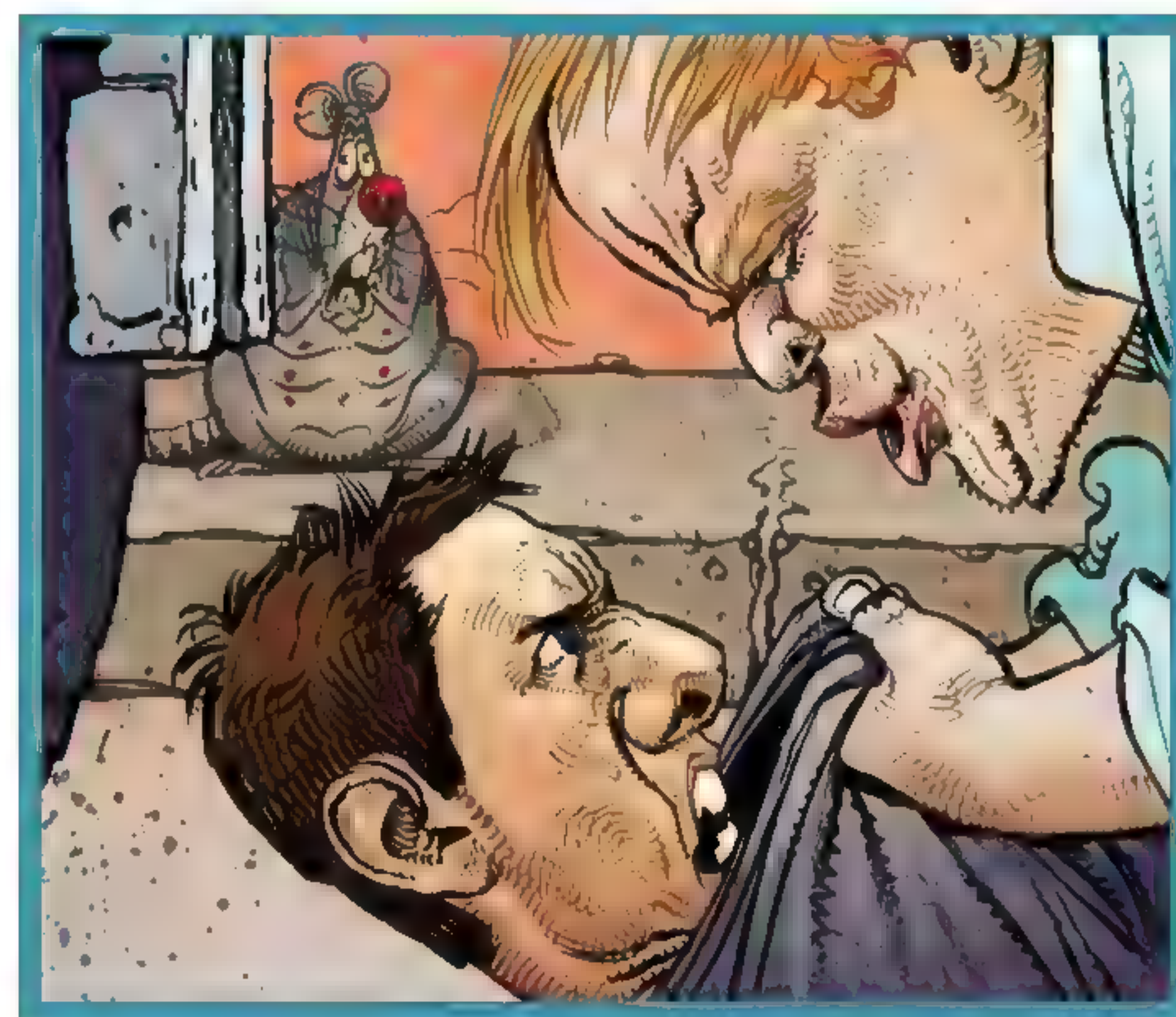


# MAD

ESPIONAGE

DIGITAL EDITION  
BONUS MATERIAL!

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to try and read one more MAD movie parody, 2006's "Mission: Implausible 3," without self-destructing!



Destroy your digital device trying to crease in a classic Al Jaffee Fold-In from 1985. Hope the warrenty is still good!







Good morning, Mr. Cruise. The organization you are looking at is Paramount Pictures. Once a powerhouse in the film industry, in the past few years it's fallen on hard times, producing such box-office fiascos as *The Honeymooners* and *Yours, Mine and Ours*. It is in desperate need of a summer blockbuster.

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to change your image from a googly-eyed, ranting nutcase who leaps on couches and puts down psychiatry and go back to being a huge superstar who can propel a formulaic action film into box office gold! This tape will self-destruct in five seconds.

If you choose not to accept the assignment, we will arrange for you to go back on the talk show circuit, where you will talk and be yourself, and your career will self-destruct in five months!

# M.I. III MISSION: IMPLAUSIBLE 3

The good news is Tom, my Tom, the father of my child and my future husband, is BACK! He still has the killer smile, the athletic moves and he does his own stunts!

Yeah, but the bad news is he still has the same acting skills he had in *Cocktail*!

I'm Ether Hunk, a secret agent who's posing as a traffic analyst! It's tough to separate my jobs! Yesterday, I beat up a 53-year-old woman who I thought was a rogue school crossing guard!

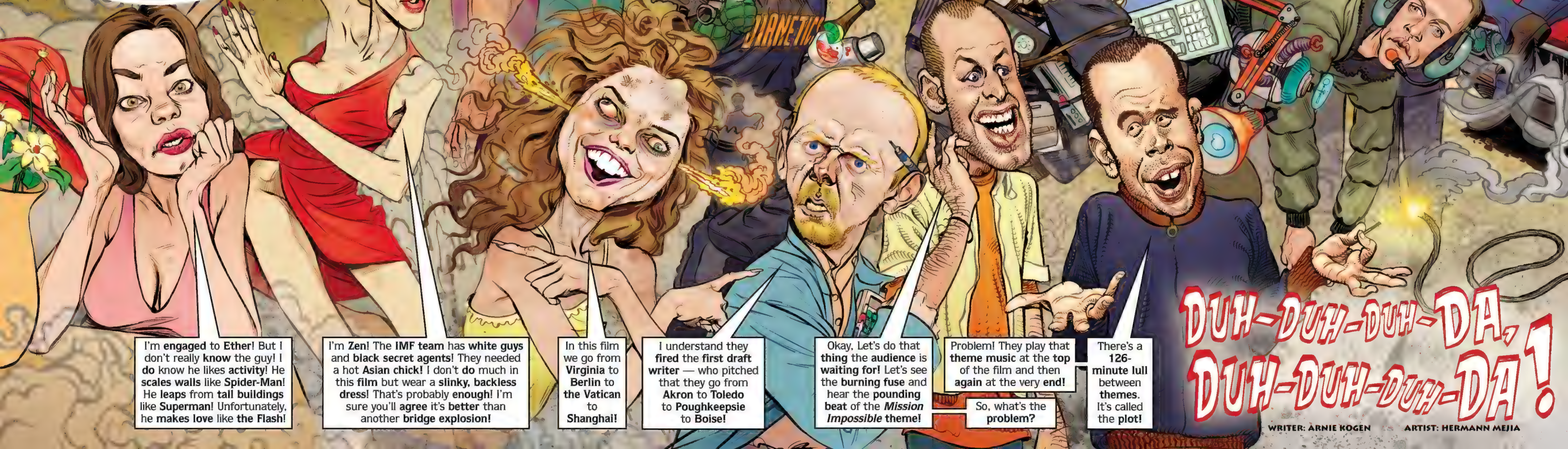
In my last film, *Capote*, I was a gay, lisping novelist! Now I'm Ormen Deviate, a sleazy, torture-loving villain who implants explosives inside people's brains for fun! I make Saddam Hussein seem like Gandhi! Hey, I love the critical acclaim, but I'm not sure I like the Hollywood casting buzz: "We need a creepy guy, get me Philip Seymour Hoffman!"

I'm Lurker! With satellite imaging and heat signature scanners, our IMF tech team can isolate and capture any international terrorist in any remote corner of the world! If only we could develop similar technology for car keys!

I'm Brassy! This is Musket! We're good guys, but then again we could be bad guys! One of us could be a mole!

In the beginning we seem good, then, one of us appears suspicious, then there are some twists, some head games, a red herring, a maguffin and a cheese danish. Hey, when's lunch?

I'm Jack Bauer of 24 and even I'm totally confused by this ridiculous plot!



I'm engaged to Ether! But I don't really know the guy! I do know he likes activity! He scales walls like Spider-Man! He leaps from tall buildings like Superman! Unfortunately, he makes love like the Flash!

I'm Zen! The IMF team has white guys and black secret agents! They needed a hot Asian chick! I don't do much in this film but wear a slinky, backless dress! That's probably enough! I'm sure you'll agree it's better than another bridge explosion!

In this film we go from Virginia to Berlin to the Vatican to Shanghai!

I understand they fired the first draft writer — who pitched that they go from Akron to Toledo to Poughkeepsie to Boise!

Okay, Let's do that thing the audience is waiting for! Let's see the burning fuse and hear the pounding beat of the *Mission Impossible* theme!

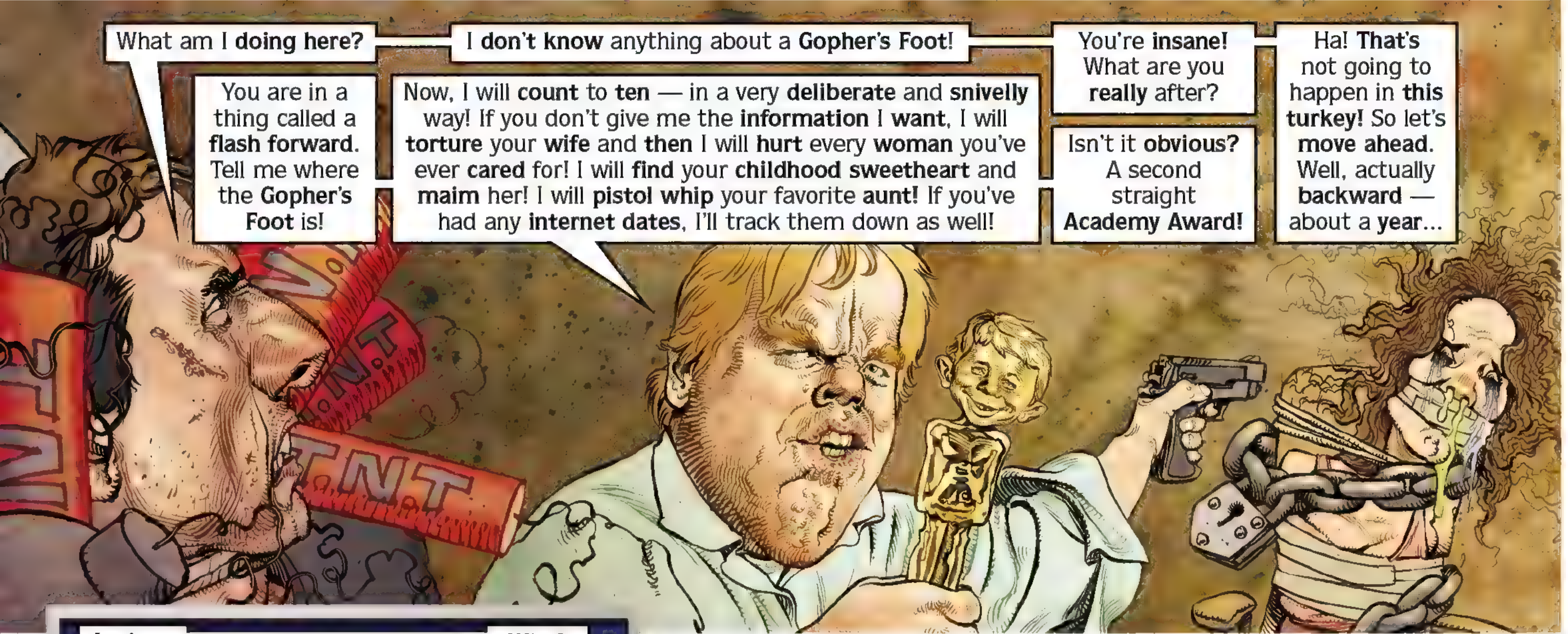
Problem! They play that theme music at the top of the film and then again at the very end!

So, what's the problem?

There's a 126-minute lull between themes. It's called the plot!

DUH-DUH-DUH-DA,  
DUH-DUH-DUH-DA!





What am I doing here?

You are in a thing called a flash forward. Tell me where the Gopher's Foot is!

I don't know anything about a Gopher's Foot!

Now, I will count to ten — in a very deliberate and snivelly way! If you don't give me the information I want, I will torture your wife and then I will hurt every woman you've ever cared for! I will find your childhood sweetheart and maim her! I will pistol whip your favorite aunt! If you've had any internet dates, I'll track them down as well!

You're insane! What are you really after?

Isn't it obvious? A second straight Academy Award!

Ha! That's not going to happen in this turkey! So let's move ahead. Well, actually backward — about a year...



Juniper, You've hooked yourself quite a guy!

Yes, but I don't know too much about him! He says he's a traffic coordinator, but I suspect he may be something else!

Why?

He keeps checking the onion dip for explosives!



Agent Linseed Flesh has mysteriously disappeared in Berlin! We need someone to rescue her!

I'm out! I'm retired! I don't do that any-more!

She's been captured by a deranged slimeball named Deviate! Who's probably torturing her!

Sorry! Can't help you!

You'll get a chance to explode things, dangle from buildings and put on goofy face masks!

When does my plane leave?



That fiend tortured me and injected a detonator inside my brain! Do you think I'll make it?

Agent Flesh, my job is to save your life! That's all I'm thinking about! Uh, incidentally, in this pose do you think I look pumped enough?



Ever have one of those days when you invade a Berlin warehouse, rescue a gorgeous agent who's had an explosive implanted in her head and, while you're trying to defibrillate her, you're suddenly in the middle of a helicopter chase through a windmill farm?

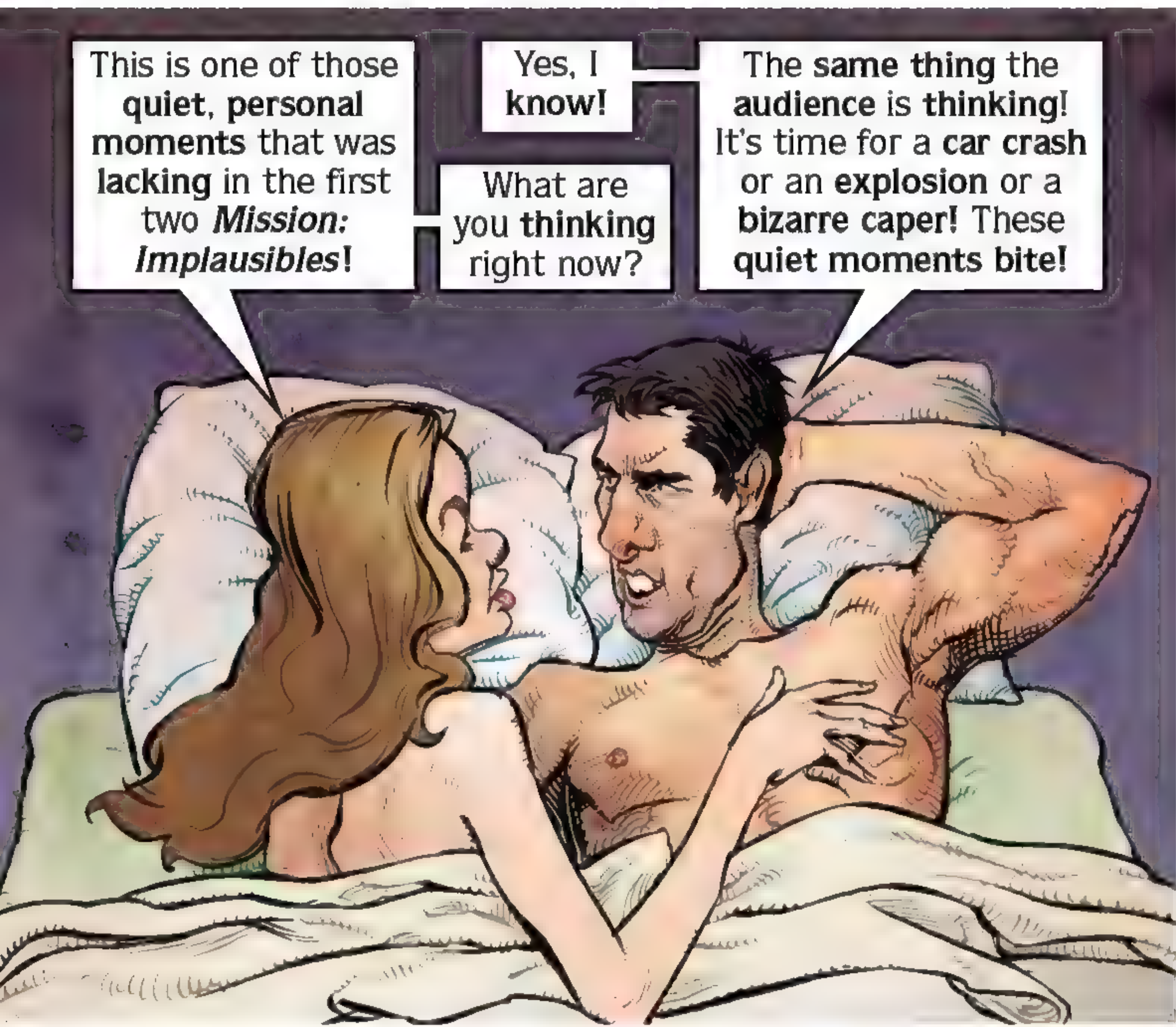
At IMF we have a name for that!

What's that?

It's called Tuesday!







This is one of those quiet, personal moments that was lacking in the first two *Mission: Implausibles!*

Yes, I know!

What are you thinking right now?

The same thing the audience is thinking! It's time for a car crash or an explosion or a bizarre caper! These quiet moments bite!



From a snapshot of Deviate we were able to duplicate his face and his voice imprint. You will have exactly the same face and same voice!

What about emotion, range and inflection?

That's called acting! You're on your own! We're secret agents, not miracle workers!



You can come easy, or I can make it difficult for you! It's up to you!

Who are you under that mask?



I am Howie Mandel! And my question to you, Omen Deviate, is... Deal or No Deal!?



This is déjà vu all over again.

You're right! This bridge exploding/ missile attack scene is an exact replica of the bridge scene in *True Lies*, that Arnold Schwarzenegger/ Jamie Lee Curtis film!

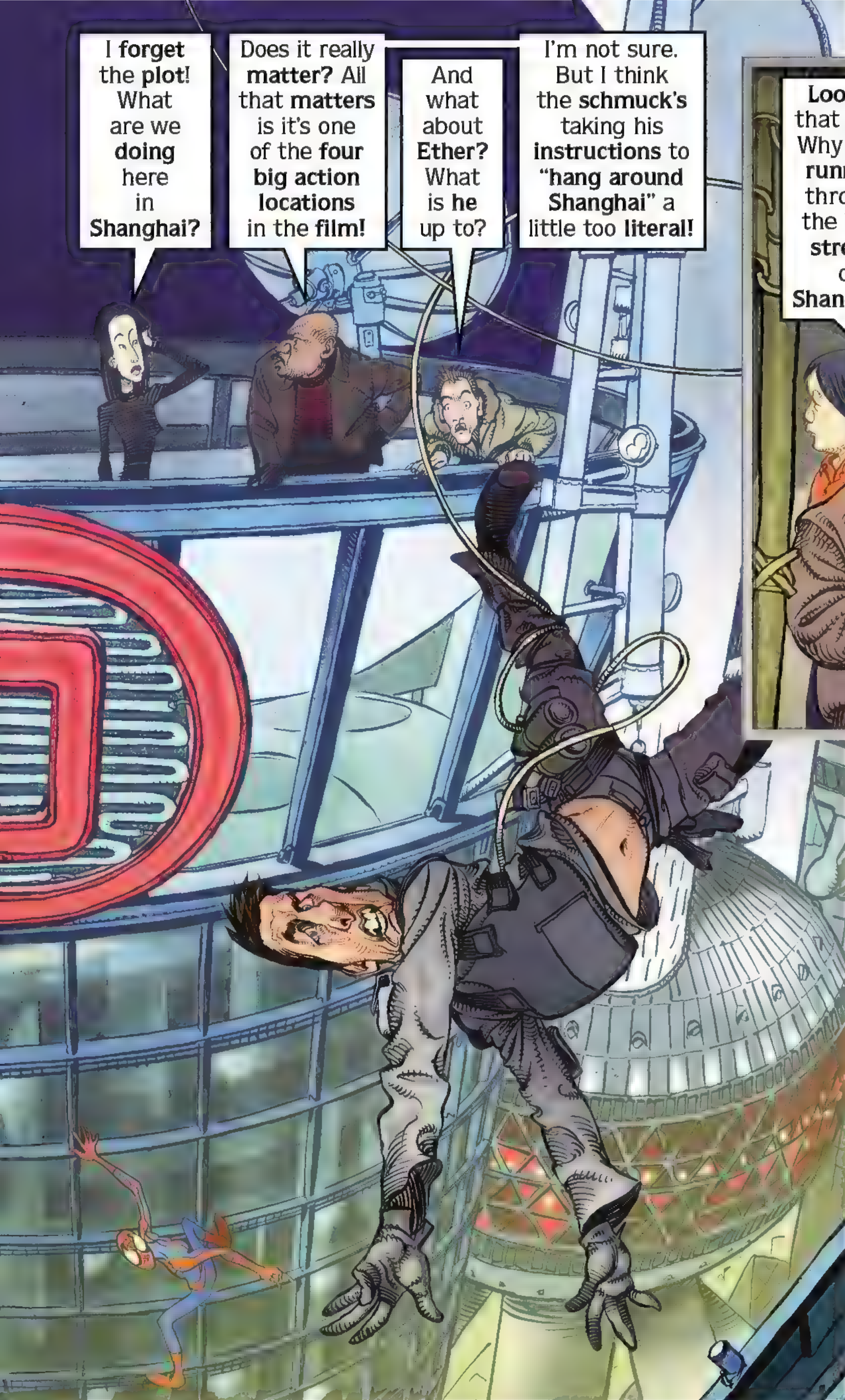
And the hero's wife doesn't have a clue to his real identity! Also ripped off from that Schwarzenegger film!

We better hurry to prevent disaster!

Like what?

Tom Cruise running for Governor of California!





I forget the plot! What are we doing here in Shanghai?

Does it really matter? All that matters is it's one of the four big action locations in the film!

And what about Ether? What is he up to?

I'm not sure. But I think the schmuck's taking his instructions to "hang around Shanghai" a little too literal!



Look at that man! Why is he running through the back streets of Shanghai?

And why is he running so fast — in one continuous film shot that's easily a minute thirty seconds too long?

Is it to save his girlfriend? To find the Gopher's Foot? To capture Deviate?

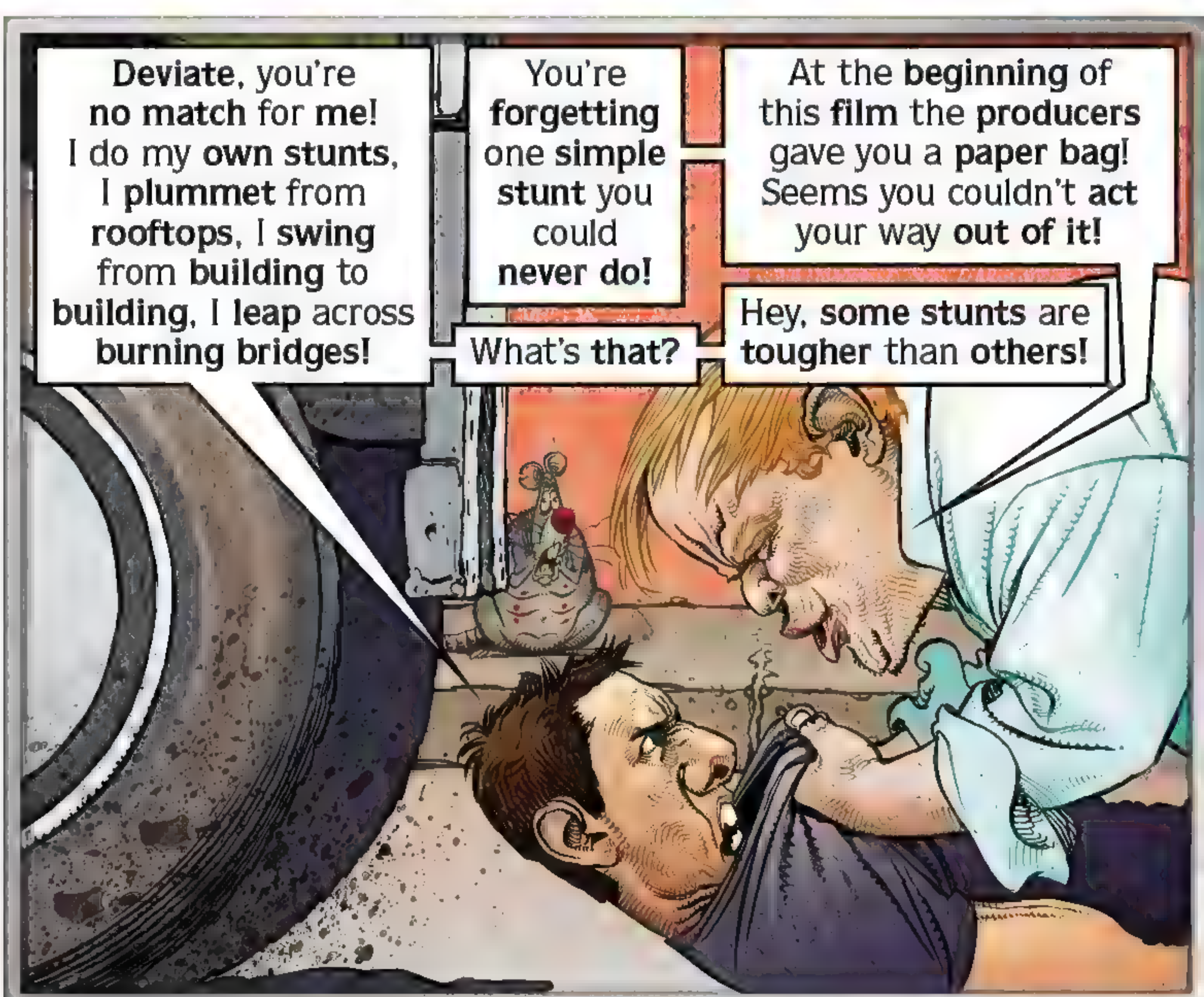
Actually, I think it's because he stopped at Wong's, the local street vendor, and had the eel gizzards, the octopus snout and the special of the day, yak salad! He's got to find a men's room and fast!



Musket! So you're the mole high up in the administration who's working for the enemy! Do you realize that's one of the oldest clichés in movies?

You're gonna be wiped out by another movie cliché: a woman who never held a weapon in her life suddenly becomes a sharpshooter!

What of it, boy scout?



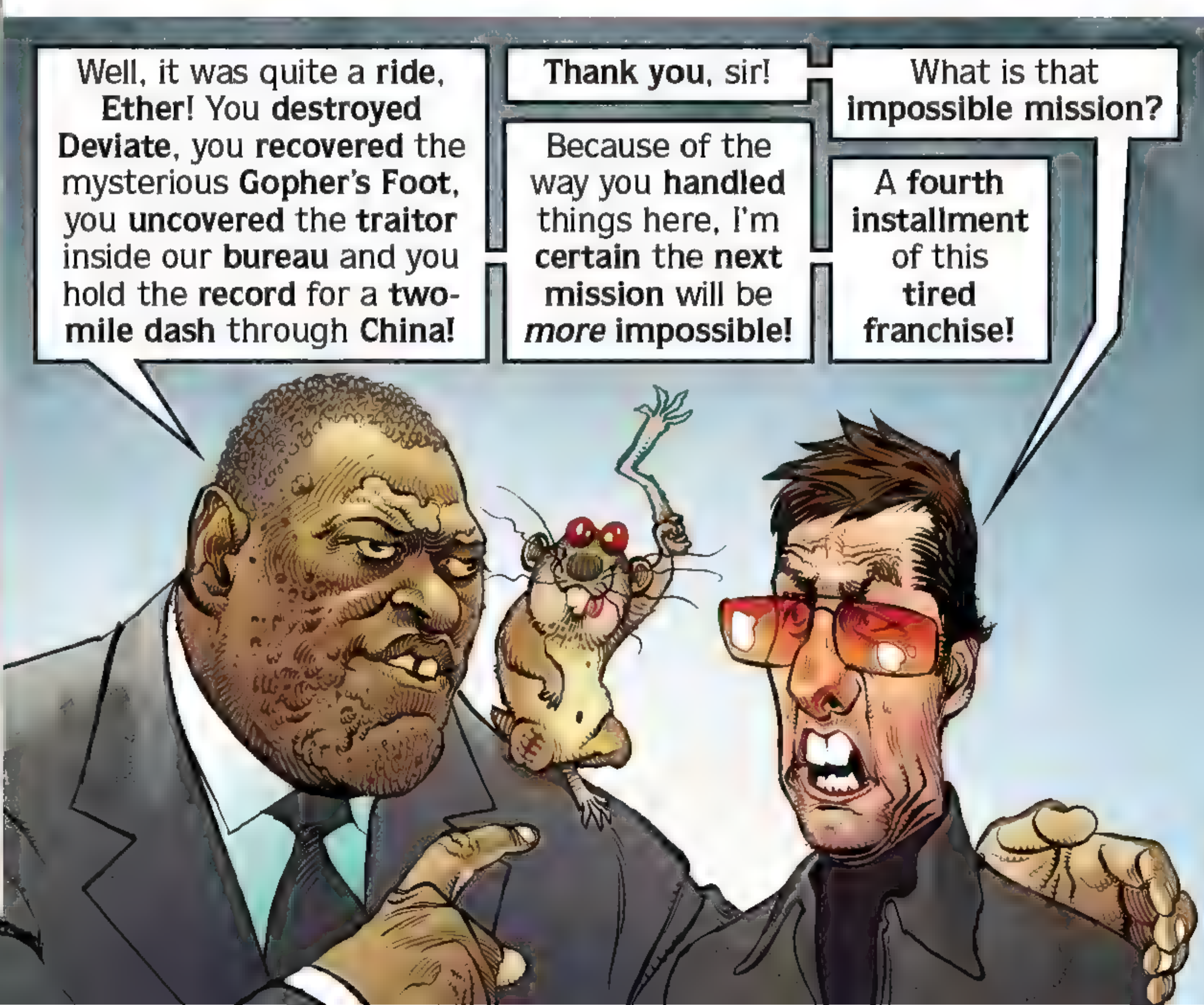
Deviate, you're no match for me! I do my own stunts, I plummet from rooftops, I swing from building to building, I leap across burning bridges!

You're forgetting one simple stunt you could never do!

At the beginning of this film the producers gave you a paper bag! Seems you couldn't act your way out of it!

Hey, some stunts are tougher than others!

What's that?



Well, it was quite a ride, Ether! You destroyed Deviate, you recovered the mysterious Gopher's Foot, you uncovered the traitor inside our bureau and you hold the record for a two-mile dash through China!

Thank you, sir! Because of the way you handled things here, I'm certain the next mission will be more impossible!

What is that impossible mission? A fourth installment of this tired franchise!



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TO DESTROY AN  
INTERNATIONAL  
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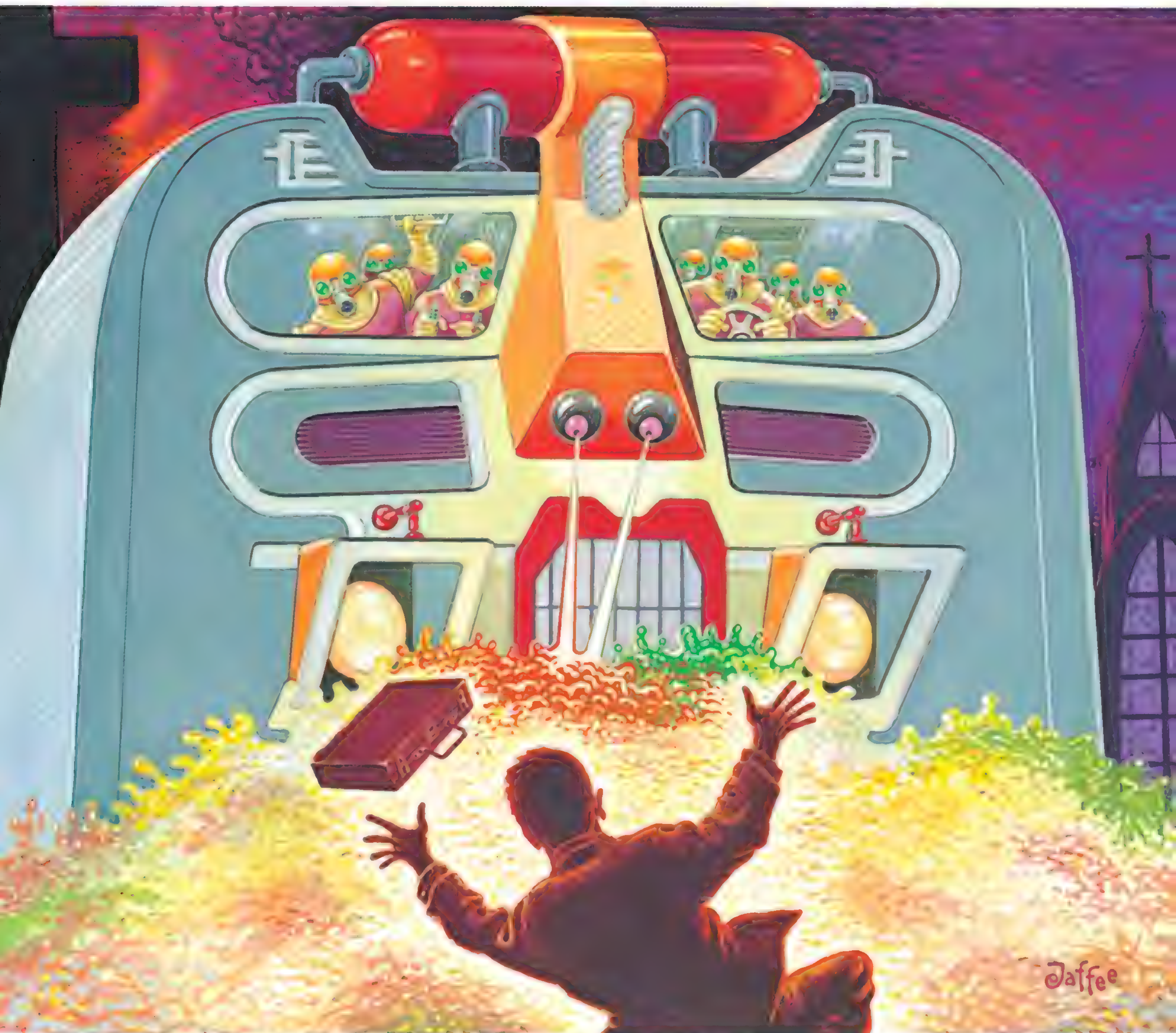
**For Solution, Fold Page In As Shown.**

**FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!**

**A▶**

**FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT**

**◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"**



ARTIST AND WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

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**◀B**



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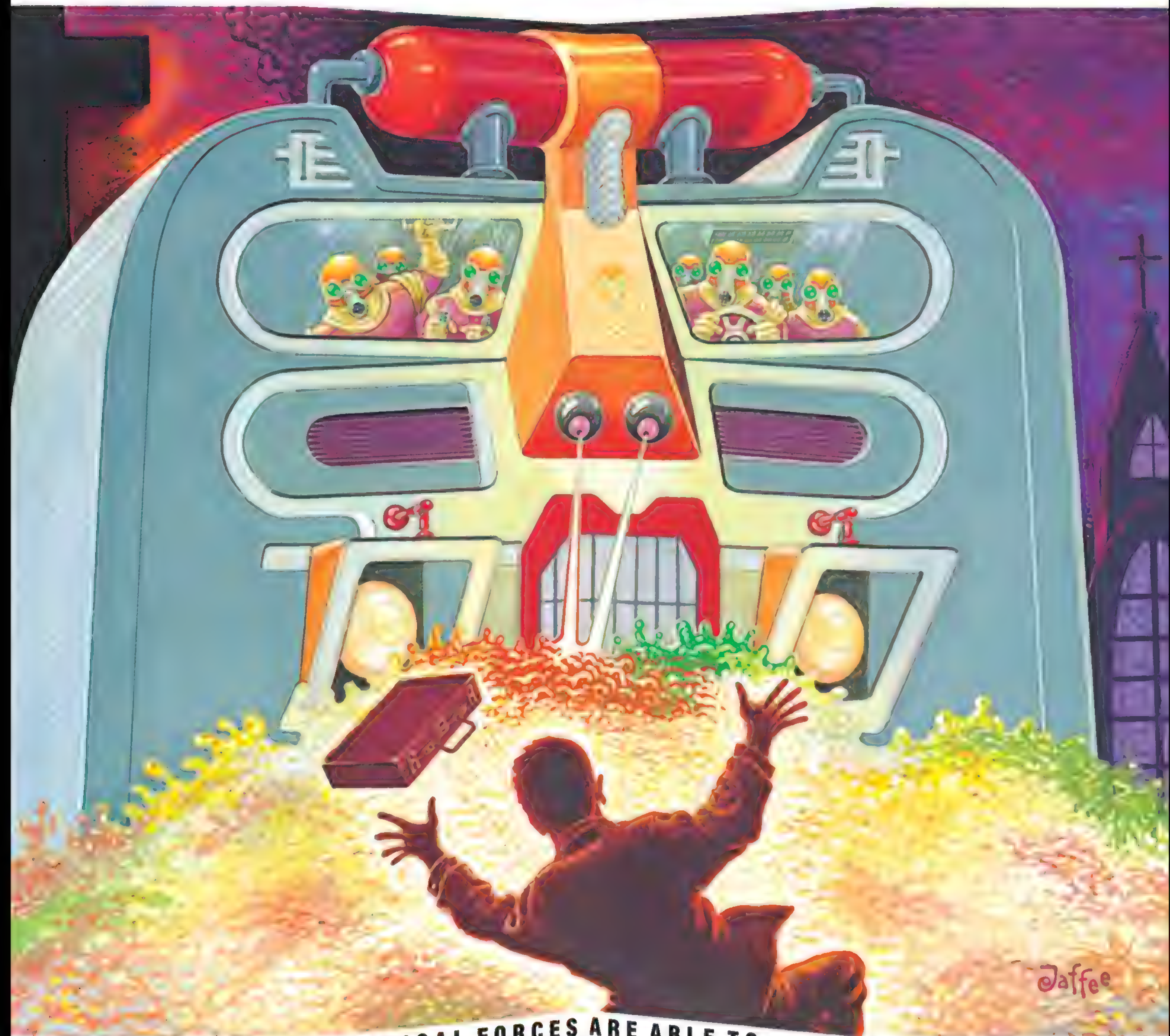


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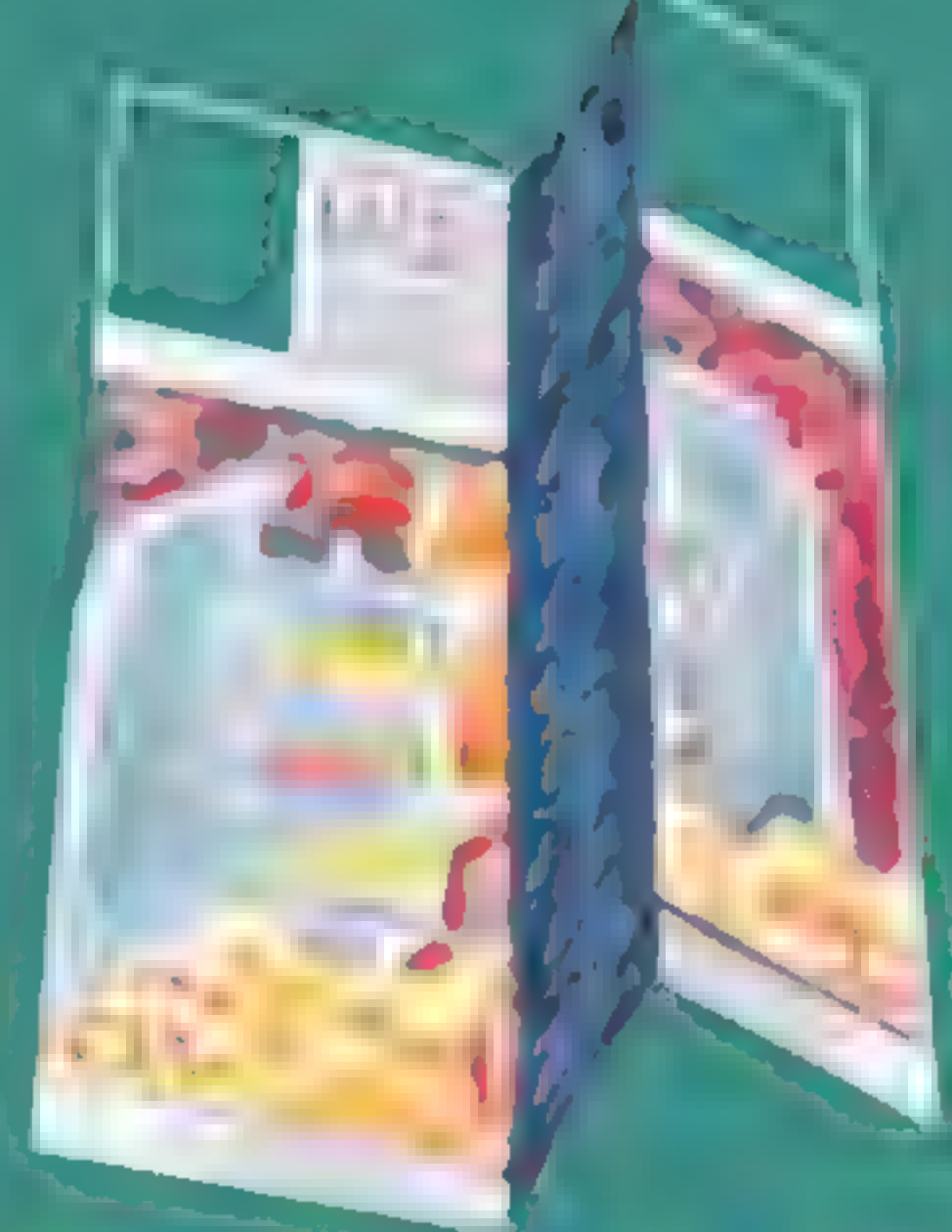
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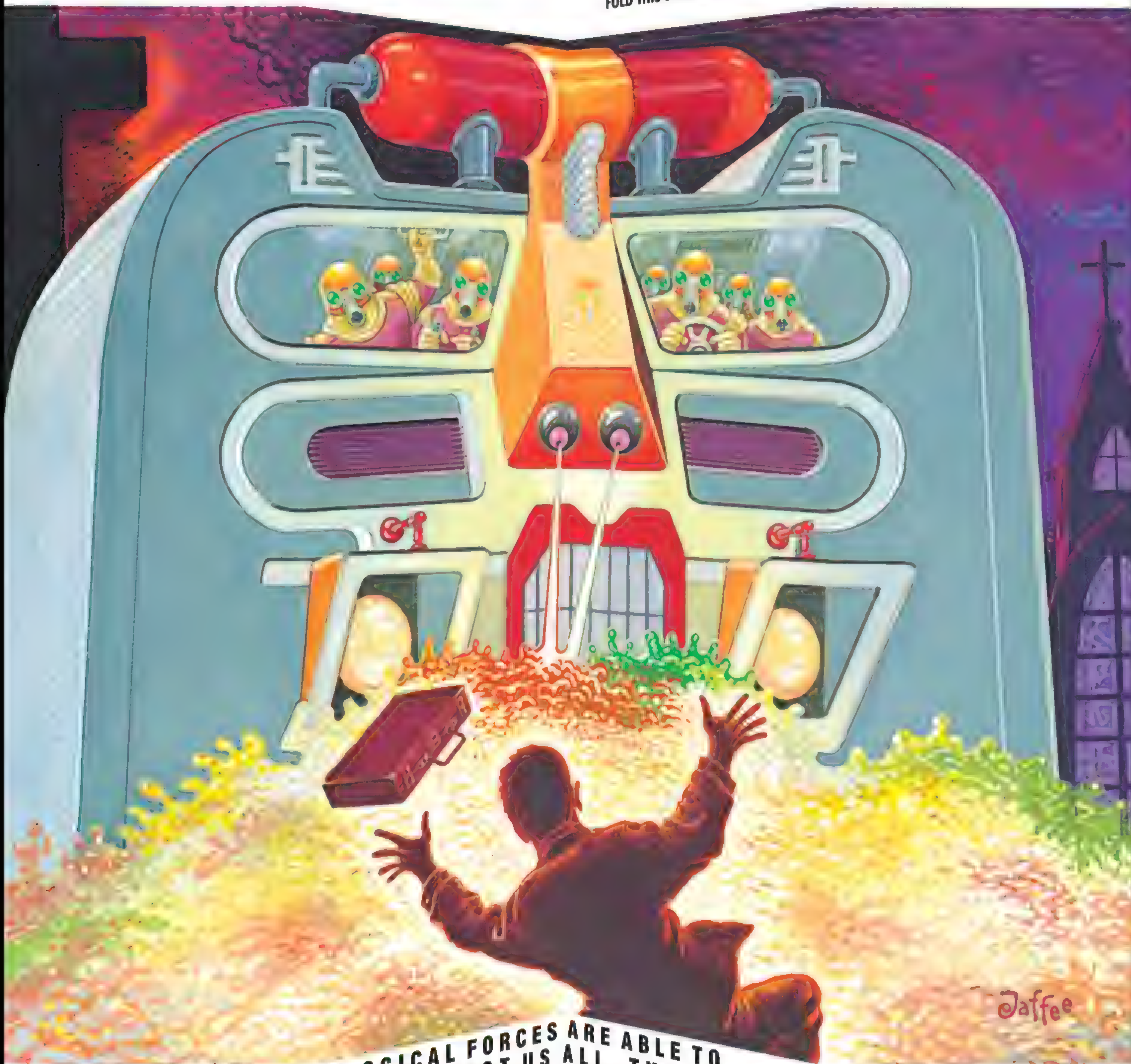


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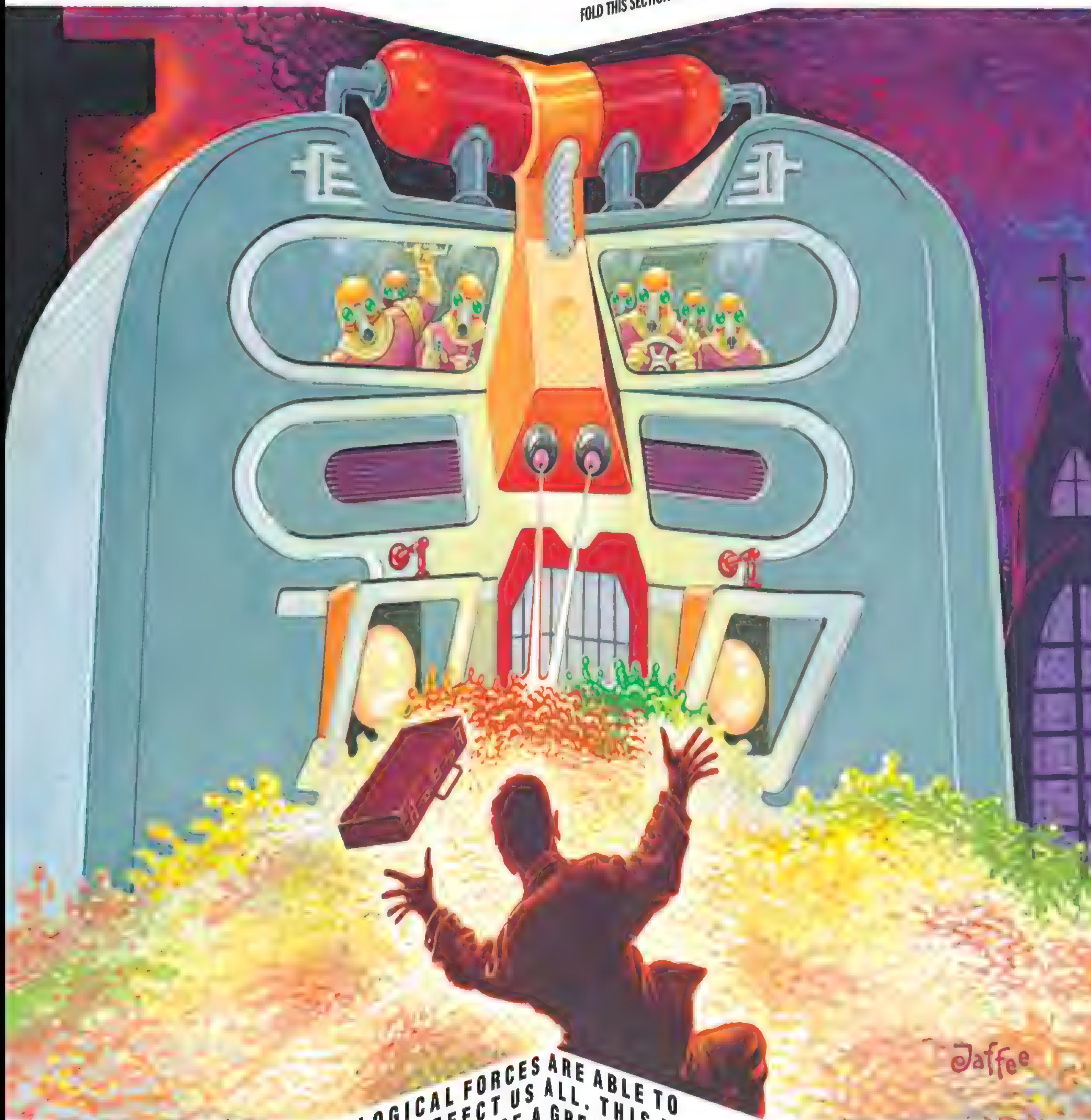
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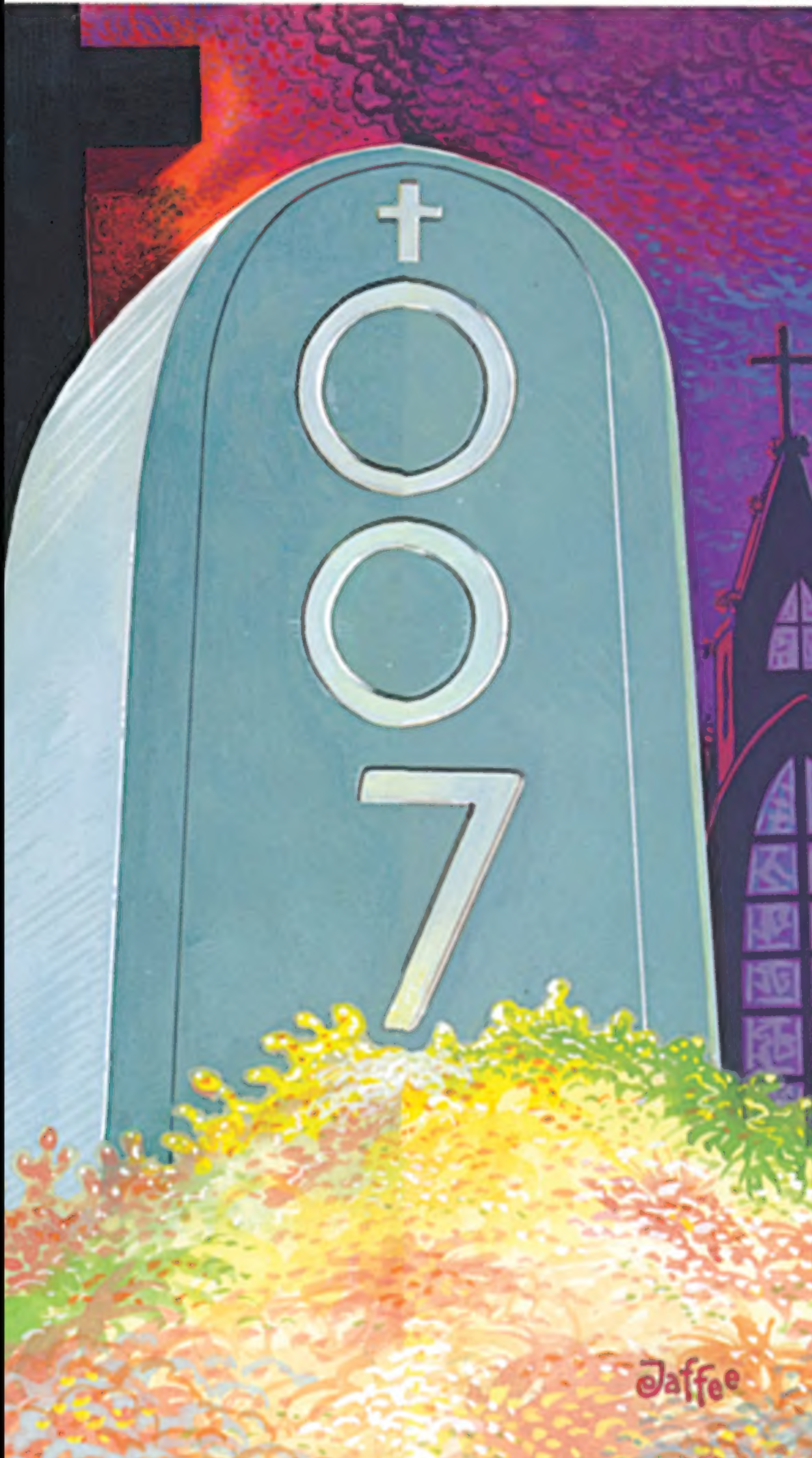


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**ADVANCING  
AGE.**

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# MAD



KUPER



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...  
THIS MONSTER!"

